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THE
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THE MAGAZINE OF
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

EDITED BY
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1899

Vol. XII, No.

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CHAS. WARREN STODDARD, ETC. }

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THE MAGAZINE OF
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



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The new President of the University of California.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 12, No. 1.

LOS ANGELES

DECEMBER, 1899.

REVERY.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

In a sea-garden where the winds were still—
My bonnie boat a cradle rocked at will
And shining ripples chasing me in play—
I heard the reef moan faintly, far away ;
I saw a bird sail o'er on wing of snow—
Across the wave her shadow swam below ;
I saw the palms that fringed the lovely land
And glowing breadths of golden sea-washed sand ;
I watched the fish that sported in my sight
Through the sea-tresses, waving, dark and bright ;
Long ropes of grass and flowers that lay asleep
On the hushed bosom of the slumbering deep ;
O, Happy Heart ! O, Idle Hours ! O, wan
And filmy cloud that ever lured me on
O'er shimmering sea to hyacinthine sky !—
Yet in my bark what precious freight bore I ?

Behold the harvest reaped from sea and shore :
Some withered grass or the dead flowers it bore ;
A handful of white dust, and nothing more.

Washington, D. C.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AND ITS FUTURE.

BY PRESIDENT BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.



HAVE been ten days in California and nine days in the president's office of its University, and every day has added to my admiration of the institution and enhanced the wonder I feel before its inner power and its unmeasured opportunity. I accepted the presidency without knowing the half. It stands by the gates of that sea upon which the twentieth century is to see the supreme conflict between the two great world-halves. It is set to be the intellectual representative of the front rank of occidentalism, the rank that will lead the charge or bear the shock. In the Old-World struggle between East and West, the *Ægean* was the arena and occidentalism militant faced east, orientalism west; in the new struggle occidentalism faces west, orientalism east. The arena is the Pacific. The old struggle made Constantinople the seat of cosmopolitanism; San Francisco is appointed by the fates of geography to be the cosmopolis of the next era. All this one could know and foresee without setting foot in the land of sunshine; but until one has felt the life and power there is pent up in the University of California one does not know how far California has advanced toward preparation for her task. For years the University has gone on in quiet development. Foundations have been laid strong and sure. Devoted lives have built themselves solidly into its walls. Less effort has been spent on tower and minaret to catch the eye of the far world than on the substantial construction of wall and buttress. Square and plummet have been faithfully used. Every day as one studies the structure one marks the traces of wise forethought and consecrated patience. Many have been the hands of faithful builders, but the wise prudence of President Kellogg has built with a soundness which commands, as I am daily coming to appreciate it more and more, my sincerest admiration. He has brought the forces of the inner university into unity and coöperation and laid this solid foundation upon which the university of the future will build. It is the only sure foundation upon which any university life can build.

The possibilities of work opening before the University and the obligations of service to the State and the nation exceed in their far-reaching importance those which are involved in the mission of any other American university. Its relation to the schools of the State through the accrediting system indicates a peculiar responsibility, and one which must be exercised, in order to be effective, in a spirit of the largest wisdom



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THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AND THE GOLDEN GATE.
Looking west from the Berkeley Hills.

Photo. by O. V. Lange.

and of fullest sympathy with the work and mission of the secondary schools. The College of Commerce just founded represents a field of activity in which the State can be benefited most directly and in most timely fashion. If properly developed, it will provide men suited to the opening need of a nation that is suddenly awakening to find itself an exporting rather than an importing country, and that is soon to be before the world a creditor nation instead of a debtor. This school will collect, collate, and teach information regarding the conditions and demands of international commerce, the state of markets, the methods of trade. It will provide the commercial missionaries, trade agents, and consuls of the next generation.

The existing departments must be fostered and developed. Among them are included some that rank already with the best in the country. New departments cannot be established to the detriment or hindrance of what already exists. The department of agriculture is already highly efficient and under superb leadership. California will justly demand that nothing be spared in the development of this work. Especially in relation to the culture of fruit-trees (pomology) and horticulture, provision for extension of the work must be provided. A department of forestry ought to be established at the first opportunity. What does California need more for its naked hills and its thirsty brook-beds? What does the whole Western slope of the continent need more for its desert stretches? Ultimately this must be a problem for the national government to deal with, but California must lead and point the way.

A harbor that produced the "Oregon" deserves to have by its side a school of naval and marine engineering. Some large-minded citizen of California will yet arise to see this opportunity and provide for its satisfaction. We cannot look to the State for everything; we must not. Private wealth can find no surer way for large public usefulness than in such endowments at the University of California. It will be a healthy state of things when every Californian who writes his will remembers to insert a clause making the University his beneficiary either for small or great—a thousand dollars for a scholarship or a special book-fund, ten thousand dollars for a lectureship, seventy-five thousand for a professorship, two hundred thousand for a department.

The new plan for buildings, which Mrs. Hearst's far-seeing wisdom and generosity have provided, offers every variety of opportunity for the consecration of wealth to noble public use. By no device known to man can wealth be established in such abiding form and monument as when delivered to the keeping of a great university whose life spans the generations; by no device is it assured a nobler use. Among all the manifold



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SOME OF THE PRESENT BUILDINGS.

Photo. by O. V. Lange.

needs of the University none ranks above the need for a great library. The isolation of the Pacific Coast from the centers where thus far the world's history has made the great deposits of the world's accumulated experience and lore makes peculiar and emphatic demand that here be established a New World's great Alexandrine Museum. The present library is utterly inadequate to the uses of the University. If we are to attract and hold here the ablest scholars, we must give them tools and material to work with. First there must be a fire-proof library building capable of indefinite extension for the storage of classified treasures of books. Without this we cannot ask men to give funds for the purchase of books. Then we want book-funds. A university-class or an individual can give to the University for the purchase of books either on a specified subject or without specification a fund small or great. The income of this will be expended each year in perpetuity, and the donor's book-plate will appear as recognition in the books thus purchased. Reckoning the average cost of a book at two dollars, a gift of \$1000 will put twenty-five books into the library each year while time and order last. This is an illustration of what university endowments mean. The needs and openings I have mentioned are only samples.

The appeal which this University today makes to the loyalty and generosity of its State, is such an one as no opportunity for the uplifting of man and society has ever made since the light began to shine abroad.

Berkeley, October 9, 1899.

THE UNIVERSITY—ITS PAST AND PRESENT.

BY PROF. ELMER ELLSWORTH BROWN.

THIS University has, in fact, had three origins. The first is the grant of lands from the national government—the seminary grant of two townships in 1853, and the still more important allotment of 150,000 acres under the Morrill act of 1862.

The second origin is found in the old College of California, incorporated in 1855 and formally opened in 1860. This was an old-line, undenominational, Christian college. It was founded and carried on with that whole-hearted devotion to higher education, in the face of overwhelming discouragements, which has made the history of American colleges heroic. Its career was crowned with an act of institutional self-sacrifice, such as has rarely been seen. A bill had been passed by the State legislature in 1866, devoting the Federal land grants to the support of a narrow polytechnic school. The trustees of the College proposed in 1867 to turn over to

the State the valuable lands which they had secured at Berkeley, opposite the Golden Gate, together with all other assets of the College remaining after its debts were paid, provided the State would build upon the proffered site a University of California, to include permanently both classical and technical colleges. They agreed that when this should have been done, the College would disincorporate.

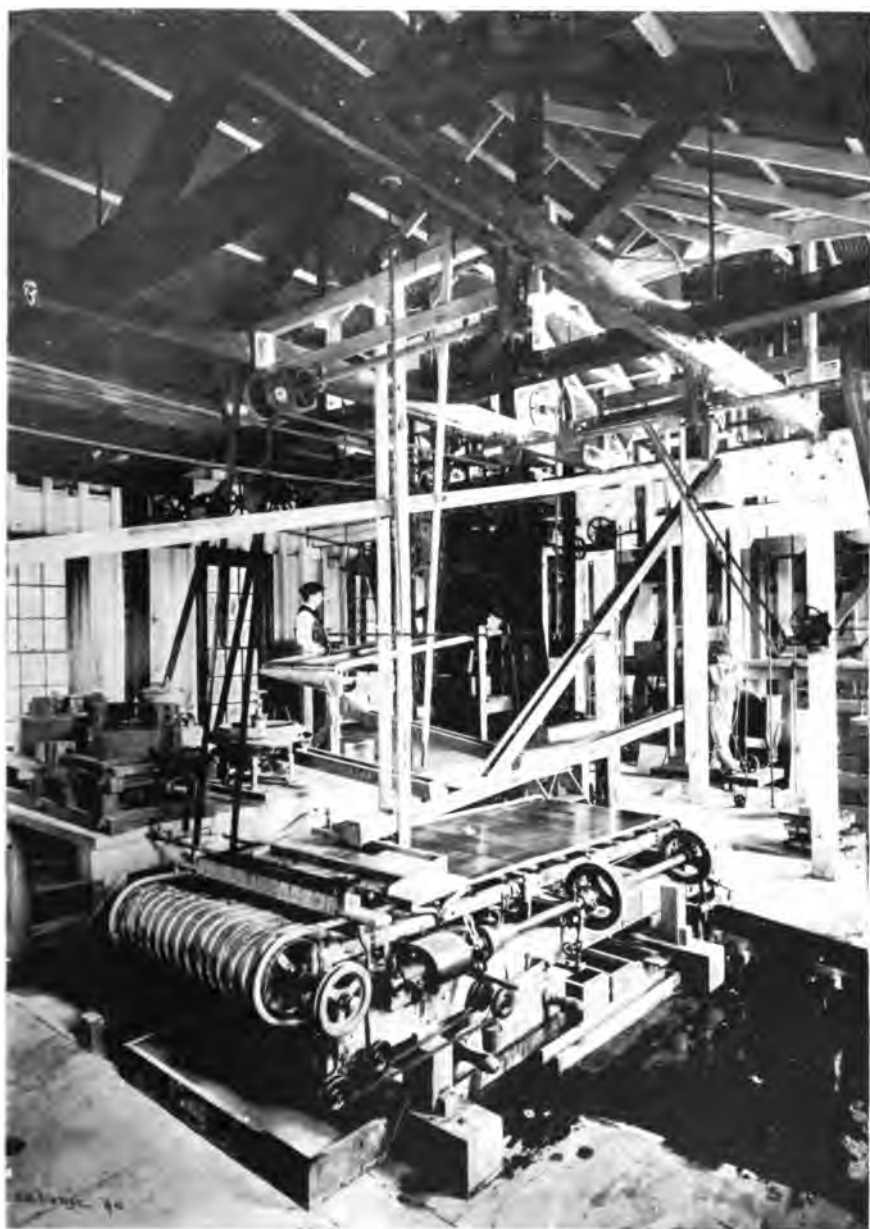
The third origin of the University is found in the organic act by which it was finally established. This act was prepared by one of the trustees of the College of California. It was passed by the legislature in March, 1868, and was approved by the governor on the twenty-third of that month. After some slight modifications, it was put beyond the reach of more legislative amendment by being re-affirmed in its entirety in the new State Constitution of 1879.

The charter established the University distinctly as an in-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. LOOKING WEST FROM THE UNIVERSITY. Photo by O. V. Lange.
Mt. Tamalpais in the distance.

stitution of the State, and made it possible for this institution to become one of the chief centers of civic interest and pride. It provided a system of administration which tended to prevent the University from becoming in any narrow sense a representative of the State government: which made it instead a real educational representative of the State as a whole. Full control was intrusted to a Board of Regents, twenty-three in number. The chief State officials are *ex-officio* members of this board, as are also the presidents of the State Agricultural Society and of the Mechanics' Institute. The remaining sixteen members are appointed by the governor, with the concurrence of the State Senate. Their terms are sixteen years in length, and two are appointed every second year. These provisions are of the greatest practical importance; they bind the University firmly to the governmental system of the State, but at the same time guard it against abrupt change with each



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GOLD MILL, COLLEGE OF MINING.

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E. Benard, Architect.

THE PHEBE HEARST PLANS FOR THE UNIVERSITY.
General Perspective View.

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GENERAL GROUND PLAN.

E. Benard, Archt.

change of the party in power. The arrangement is favorable to real freedom and responsibility.

The endeavor is made continually to avoid anything like isolation from the vital interests of the State. This appears, for example, in the effort on the part of the College of Agriculture to keep in close touch with the farmers and orchardists of the State, through publications, correspondence, and farmers' institutes; in the courses of university extension lectures and other public addresses which are given by University men in all parts of the State; in the close connection maintained between the University and other portions of the State educational system; in the inspection and accrediting of high schools, and in the preparation

of teachers for such schools. In the inspection of high schools, the University is not seeking primarily to secure students for itself, but rather to build up strong schools.

The University as now constituted consists of Colleges of Letters, Social Sciences, Natural Sciences, Agriculture, Mechanics, Mining, Civil Engineering, Chemistry, and Commerce, located at Berkeley; the Lick Astronomical Department at Mt. Hamilton; and the professional colleges in San Francisco,



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OAKS IN THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS.

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MACHINE SHOP, COLLEGE OF MECHANICS.

namely, the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, the Hastings College of Law, the Medical Department, the Post-graduate Medi-



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ROOM IN PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

Photo. by O. V. Lange.

cal Department, the Colleges of Dentistry and Pharmacy, and the Veterinary Department.

One of the earlier legislative schemes for the University, introduced in 1858, proposed to unite under a Board of Regents "all the colleges then established and thereafter to be established in the State, with whatever faculties they might have, and wheresoever situated"—a plan probably suggested by the University of the State of New York. The charter finally adopted for the University was not so comprehensive. Yet it made liberal terms for the affiliation of suitable educational institutions. Under these provisions the schools of art and the professions in San Francisco have entered into the affiliated relation, as appears above. A few years ago the Regents, because of their reputation for sound management, were made trustees of a fund for the establishment of a trade school. The Wilmerding School has been established in San Francisco under their direction, in accordance with the terms of this bequest.

The State has provided, in San Francisco, a new building costing \$250,000, in which the several professional schools are to be brought together. Ample and attractive quarters are thus provided for all of the affiliated colleges, excepting the Institute of Art, which is housed in the fine residence built and occupied for a time by the late Mark Hopkins. These professional schools are making notable advance in their equipment, their instruction, and their requirements for admission and graduation. The Medical Department enforces an entrance requirement equivalent to that in the colleges of general culture, and a full four-years' course for graduation.

The Lick Observatory at Mt. Hamilton is an integral part of the University and sustains a very close relationship with the Department of Astronomy at Berkeley. In addition to the superior equipment provided for this Observatory by the bequest of James Lick, including the great 36-inch equatorial, numerous gifts of valuable pieces of apparatus have been received from time to time. Chief among these is the three-foot reflecting telescope presented by Edward Crossley, Esq., of Halifax, England.

On the noble site provided for the colleges at Berkeley, there have been erected from time to time such buildings as were imperatively needed. There are now thirteen of these, some of them substantially built of brick, but the most of them temporary wooden structures. Yet unsightly and inadequate as the present buildings may be, they house collections and equipment of great value. The University library contains not far from 80,000 volumes, selected with great care. Students have direct access to the shelves, and the actual daily use which is made of the books is astonishing.

In the library buildings there are the beginnings of a collection of paintings, including some works of considerable value. The general museum is especially rich in collections of California minerals, fossils, birds, and shells, and of ethnological specimens. Many valuable additions have recently been made to the zoölogical collections. The Agricultural Department has extensive collections of seeds, beetles, and specimens of soils. The several engineering departments have valuable collections of machine and other models. The botanical collections include, in the phænogamic herbarium, about twenty-five thousand sheets of mounted specimens, and in the cryptogamic herbarium over four thousand sheets, besides important collections of native woods and cones. There are valuable collections of mathematical models, of coins and medals, of photographs illustrative of classical archæology. These things may be found described in detail in various University publications. But this brief reference to some of the more valuable collections may serve to show that promising beginnings have been made.

It would require an extended notice, too, to give any adequate account of the various University laboratories; but the general remark should be made that, owing to the great care exercised in the making of purchases and in the keeping up of repairs, there is a surprisingly low percentage of waste observable in them, and a correspondingly high degree of practical usefulness is secured. The physical, chemical, botanical, zoological, mineralogical, and various agricultural laboratories are well equipped for both under-graduate work and advanced research. The students' observatory at Berkeley leads up to and supplements the work of the Lick Observatory at Mt. Hamilton. It is equipped with seismographs and instruments for meteorological observations. All of the technical colleges are well supplied with laboratory facilities. Special mention should be made of the extensive provision which has been made for experiment and demonstration in mining, mechanical and electrical engineering. The new psychological laboratory is admirably housed and equipped, and proves a very valuable addition. There are botanical gardens and a well stocked conservatory on the grounds at Berkeley. Here, too, is the central agricultural experiment station, which is supplemented by four sub-stations, two forestry stations, and a viticultural station, in various parts of the State.

The courses in the several colleges of general culture lead to different degrees—A. B. in the College of Letters, B. L. in that of Social Sciences, B. S. in that of Natural Sciences. The course leading to any one of these degrees consists of 125 semester units of instruction, of which 65 units are prescribed—including various options—30 units are group-elective, and



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THE PHEBE HEARST PLANS FOR THE UNIVERSITY.
General Perspective of Grand Reception Hall.

E. Renard, Architect



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ROCK DRILLING, COLLEGE OF MINING.

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30 units are free-elective. The group system is now firmly established. It assures the student the command of a fairly large range of closely related knowledge, and also makes possible a considerable advance into the higher methods of the subject elected.

The great expansion of graduate work in the past few years has been accompanied with a stiffening of the requirements for higher degrees. For the degree of Ph. D. in particular, the requirements are severe and are strictly enforced. The Engineers' degrees in the technical colleges rest upon requirements substantially equivalent to those for the degree of Ph. B.

The value of the property belonging to the University on the first of July, 1899, was estimated at a little over \$4,426,000, and the several endowment funds at the same time amounted to something more than \$2,843,000; a total—"plant" and endowment—of over seven and one-quarter millions. These figures include the property and endowment of the affiliated colleges and of the Wilmerding school. The total income for the year ending June 30, 1899, was, in the general fund \$364,940.45; and in special funds, \$127,715.86—a total of \$492,656.31. This includes the sum of \$220,090.64 raised by the permanent tax of two cents on each one hundred dollars of assessed valuation in the State; and the sum of \$26,564.56 the income for the year from the Wilmerding fund. It does not include the income of the affiliated colleges.

A highly significant point in the history of the University was the unanimous passage by the legislature, in 1897, of a bill doubling the permanent tax for the University, which had up to that time been only one cent on the hundred dollars.

This institution has been conspicuous among the State universities of the country for the number and value of the gifts which it has received from private individuals. Prominent among these should be mentioned the bequest of \$700,000 left by James Lick for the establishment of the Lick Observatory; the gift of \$75,000 from Mr. D. O. Mills, for the endowment of the Mills professorship of intellectual and moral philosophy and civil polity; the bequest of Michael Reese, \$50,000 for a library fund; the gift of a tract of land by Hon. Edward Tompkins for the endowment of a chair of Oriental languages and literatures; the gift of a fine estate and dividend-bearing stocks to the value of three-quarters of a million dollars from Miss Cora Jane Flood; and numerous scholarships, provided by Mr. Levi Strauss, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, and others. This list is far from being exhaustive. The extremely liberal provision made by Mrs. Hearst for the recent architectural

competition, and her promise to erect valuable buildings as soon as plans shall have been finally adopted by the Regents, are matters of such general interest and information at this time as to call for no extended mention here.

The athletic interests of the University serve as its first introduction to many who afterward come to know and care for others of its varied activities. *Clean sport* is the ideal to which these athletes have held with great fidelity. The athletic team which went out from Berkeley in 1895 to make a tour of the leading Eastern colleges, set a high standard for both gentlemanly behavior and the winning of events; and these things have come to have a fixed place in the University traditions. The military side of University life is maintained on a high plane under officers assigned to this duty by the general government. Our young collegians were prompt to respond to the call for troops in 1898. They rendered intelligent and courageous service. And three of them gave their lives to the cause.

The student body at Berkeley in the year 1898-99 numbered 1716, of whom 953 were men and 763 women. 194 of these were graduate students. Including the number at Mt. Hamilton and in the professional colleges in San Francisco, the total University enrollment for the year was 2438, of whom 908 were women. Within the first few weeks of the current academic year, the registration of students at Berkeley has surpassed that for the whole of the year preceding, which makes it altogether likely that the total enrollment at Berkeley for the year will reach at least 1900.

Connected with the University in all of its departments are 118 officers of administration, and 365 officers of instruction and research; 149 of the latter number being employed in the colleges at Berkeley. In the attempt to give some hint of the general spirit and purpose which makes the University of California itself and not another, it must not be forgotten that the men who have taught here during the generation that the University has been in existence have more than all things else determined the character of the institution. Among these, a goodly number marked by high scholarship, great moral force, and world wide reputation, have given to the University standards and traditions which must be reckoned among the choicest of its endowments.

Berkeley, Cal.



A PAINTER OF OLD CALIFORNIA.

ALEX. F. HARMER AND HIS WORK.



WHETHER by shrewd deliberation or by natural gravitation, Alex. F. Harmer has made a field peculiarly his own. No other painter has given so much attention to the California of the old times—and, for that matter, no other painter knows the subject one-half so well. The plausible suggestion that a great Master might have done still more with the marvelous art material of our Southwestern



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HARMER IN HIS STUDIO.

border is after all impertinent ; for the great Masters have not cared to risk their skins where Mr. Harmer learned his material. Nor is this invidious to Mr. Harmer. The fact that he has led an uncommon life and has taken his higher education in art where few artists would dare go, does not by any means indicate that his work needs such apology. The simple fact is that it vastly enhances the value of his art. To his technical skill, which is, within certain limitations, far from ordinary, it adds the rare distinction of accuracy beyond that of anyone

else who has painted the like subjects. He is particularly and indisputably *the* artist of the Apaches and the old-time Spanish Californians; with occasional handsome successes in other lines. His sympathy with these specific *motifs* is unmistakable; and his experience with them has been long and romantic. I know of no one else, with half his talent as an artist,



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From painting by Alex. F. Harmer, owned by A. Solano

"QUE SANTA ES ESTA?"

(What saint is this?)

who has had a tenth of his touch with this frontier life—one of the most picturesque the world has ever seen. A sensitive boy who would enlist as a common soldier that he might get to what was then indeed the Far West and paint it, had something in him.



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BEGUILING THE ROAD.

From painting by Alex. F. Harner.



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"WHO COMES?"

From painting by Alex. F. Harmer.

Harmer was born in Newark, N. J., in 1856. His bent to art developed very early ; and at 11 he sold his first oil painting—for the rapacious sum of \$2 ; which was, after all, a good deal for a neighbor to give. Working as a messenger boy in a telegraph office, he saved up a few dollars and at 13 started West ; working his way by degrees as far as Lincoln, Neb. ; which in those days was rather remote. At 15 he decided to study art, and began working his way back toward Philadelphia. At Cincinnati, after a hard, vain search for work, he enlisted in the regular army for five years ; and after some time found himself a member of B Troop, 1st U. S. Cavalry, at Benicia Barracks, Cal., but was held at headquarters on detached service. He was hospital steward at Benicia and at Halleck, Nev. ; and after two years' service secured an honorable discharge, having sought it that he might pursue his art studies. Now 19 years old he returned to Philadelphia, by way of Panama. He worked a while in a photograph gallery, spending every spare moment in drawing. His work secured recognition from Wm. T. Richards and the now famous Joseph Pennell, and Sartain, the great engraver. Through their good offices and his own ability, he was admitted to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. After two years of hard work there he decided to go Southwest and paint something ; and not having means for such a journey, enlisted in the army again, with the understanding that he should be assigned to active cavalry service in Arizona where the Indians were then habitually on the warpath. Here he saw two very active years ; after a few weeks at Gen. Wilcox's headquarters, joining his troop, L, 6th Cavalry, Capt. McClellan. After a year with the cavalry he was assigned to duty at Gen. Crook's headquarters. Here he had the friendship of that greatest of our Indian-fighters, "The Grey Fox" (Gen. Geo. Crook), and of his right-hand man, the late Capt. John G. Bourke, famous as scientist as well as soldier. In the great campaign of '83, when Crook penetrated the Sierra Madre of Mexico and brought out the wily Geronimo, Harmer was picked to be one of the party—the only enlisted man from headquarters. On the return from that remarkable expedition, he was, at his request, transferred to the command of Capt. Crawford (later killed by the Mexicans) at the San Carlos Indian Reservation, where he continued his studies of the Apaches. A few months later, through the efforts of Gen. Crook, he procured his discharge and returned to Philadelphia for another course at the Academy, earning his bread and butter by illustrating. A little over a year of this, and Capt. Bourke carried him off to Arizona again ; this time not as a soldier, but as a friend. He made interesting trips through the Territory with Gen. Crook ; later with J. Armstrong Chanler. Next we find

him for a few years in Los Angeles, beginning his studies of the Missions and early California life; then a year in the interior of Old Mexico; and at last, after another term in Philadelphia, he returned to California for good. He was married in 1893 to Felicidad A. Abadie, one of the loveliest types of Spanish California womanhood; and since 1894 has lived in Santa Barbara, devoting himself chiefly to depicting the good old days before the Gringo came. His very valuable collection of Indian "plunder" is now in the Hopkins School of Art, San Francisco.

At 43 years old Harmer should still have his best work ahead of him. There are indications that it will so turn out. Certainly he has shown notable general growth in the fourteen or fifteen years that I have known him and watched his brush. He has certain strict limitations; but within them his work is all good, and much of it really fine. This magazine has printed many illustrations by him, in the last few years;* and the accompanying photo-engravings from paintings give further evidence of the scope and character of his art. L.

OOM PAUL KRUGER, SOUTH AFRICA.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

His shield a skin, his sword a prayer :
 Seventy-five years old to day !
 Yet mailed young hosts are marshaling there
 To hound down in his native lair—
 Oom Paul Kruger, South Africa.

Mars ! Ever was such shameless shame ?
 Christ's calend calls the roll today,
 Yet Christians write the sweet Christ's name
 In blood, and seek, with sword and flame—
 Oom Paul Kruger, South Africa.

Stand firm, grim shepherd-hero, stand !
 The world's watch-towers teem today
 With men who pray with lifted hand
 For you and yours, old, simple, grand—
 Oom Paul Kruger, South Africa.

God's pity for the foolish few
 Who guide great England's hosts today !
 They cannot make the false the true ;
 They can but turn true hearts to you—
 Oom Paul Kruger, South Africa.

Or king or cow-boy, steep or plain,
 Or palace hall, where, what—today,
 All, all, despite of place or gain,
 Are with you, with you heart and brain—
 Oom Paul Kruger, South Africa.

Brave England's bravest, best, her Fair,
 Who love fair play, are yours today.
 And oh the heart, the hope, the prayer—
 The *world* is with you over there—
 Oom Paul Kruger, South Africa.

The Heights, Oakland, Cal., Oct.

* See Vol. X, pp. 30, 110, 190 ; Vol. X, p. 76, etc.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS

V.



IT is a natural tendency to judge things by their abuses; but it is not judicial. These estimates of our sinful "philanthropy" toward the Indian shall not, if I know it, be emotional nor illogical, though there is temptation. I have personally known several hundred of those who make their living by educating Indians inside-out; a few of them good, if not dangerous to fire-proof rivers; the vast majority unfit to instruct anyone—either because too stupid or too something else. As an example of the brains employed in the service, I may mention a female teacher in New Mexico who acquired an ancient grey gelding, left it to pasture during vacation; found a colt running with it in the fall, and soberly claimed the colt as hers—offspring of her gelding! The morals I have observed could not be specified in orthodox pages; but I may mention the principal of a government school in New Mexico, in which a couple of hundred young Indians were being "taught." Death of a father and loss of property led a very beautiful and pure young woman to apply for a place as teacher in that school. She got it. One had only to see the principal's mouth to know she would get it. A few months later, after growing persecution, she climbed out of her bedroom window while the amorous principal begged at the door, and floundered three miles through winter mud to town to escape him. It will not surprise any one to learn that this gentleman, fattened by the government, took his revenge by going about and defaming the girl—after a vain attempt to get her to return. One of the pleasantest memories of my life is that I rescued fifteen Pueblo Indian children from this school, where they were held literally prisoners. Their home was fifteen miles away. They had been secured for the school on the sacred promise to send them home in vacation; but they had been imprisoned at school every summer for three years. When they tried to go home they were pursued with revolvers, brought back and flogged—like reform-school pupils. I myself have seen the black bruises on the arms of a father who went to the school to see his three boys, imprisoned there against his will and theirs. He is a quiet, serene man I am proud to call my friend. I have known him intimately for more than fourteen years, and I never heard his voice raised above its normal pitch. But he did not "scat" as readily as some other troubled parents. He wished to see his boys. He did not even know if they were alive. And as he hung on, quietly and respectfully, he was thrown off the grounds by the professional "bouncers," with threats of prison if he came back. His two older boys had gone to school with his consent—the vast majority of Indian parents are ambitious to have their children educated—but the youngest was literally stolen, and before he was four years old.

It was a good fight. The Indian parents had been half wild with anxiety for more than a year. But they respect their own laws more scrupulously than any American community does ours, and have an added awe of our laws. At last, however, they could endure it no longer. Their congress was convened, and I was summoned before it. Night after night—for these hard-working farmers were in their fields from dawn to dark—we counseled in the great room with its dim, wavering lights; it is one of the most impressive legislative assemblies on earth. And when these simple people who had stood by me in such dangers and sufferings as few survive; who had cared for me when paralysis and assassin potted me—when they begged me for help there was only one thing to do. We made a test case of Juan Rey's three boys, suing out a

writ of habeas corpus. The principal and his bullies came down to the pueblo by night to make way with the complaining witness somehow; but by our good luck they left, the worst scared men that ever measured New Mexico distances—and not wholly without reason. Morgan, then Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Daniel Dorchester, D.D., Superintendent of Indian Schools—two men I believed at the time to be honest bigots, but have had opportunity to know better—exerted themselves to the utmost to keep the captives, though both knew they were acting illegally. The oppressors did not dare let the case come into court—even a New Mexico court. We got not only the three boys at issue; but half an hour before the case was to be called I had the principal's legal contract to deliver to me that afternoon the thirteen boys of Isleta who were in the school, and to give up three days later the girls, who were being herded by the matron in the mountains.

Now, if any man born of woman or any woman that ever gave her



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. SOME OF THE EVICTED. Photo. by Ned Gillette.

breast to a child, could have been in Isleta those days and seen 1100 people crying over the "little *cautivos*" [captives]; could have seen white-headed men and women sobbing and praising God (for these people are all members of a Christian church, you will please remember)—and properly vote for that kind of government system, why, then I made a mistake in my own mother, that's all. For I revere the memory of a pale face that smiled last on me more than thirty-eight years ago; and for her sake all womanhood and all motherhood. But if our government system is right, then I am wrong, and a mother is as good as a cow; both to be milked by a federal officeholder.

Most of these children were sent to school again; some to the same school when it got a principal who could keep his word, and some to Miss Drexel's real philanthropy in Santa Fé.

I have known all those children from their infancy. Juan Rey's three boys have lived between them four years in my family, the companions of my wife and children. A great many people know their caliber—not one American boy in ten is so lovable. And when "Tuyo," the baby, stolen from home by a government school, before he was four years old, and forced to forget his language that he might learn English faster, was brought home by me to his parents, he could not talk to them, and my wife, who learned the Indian tongue excellently during our residence in New Mexico, had to interpret for boy and mother. And Pita—as fine and motherly a woman as I ever knew—cried; and Tuyo cried; and so I think did we all. For we were sentimental enough to think a baby and his mother should not be divided thus, and that any man who put this gulf between them to get himself a salary was, no matter how virtuous he fooled himself into feeling, a devilish scoundrel. And this is a fair, typical example of what our Indian "education" is. It is philanthropy for revenue, without brains and without bowels of compassion. And the saddest part of it is that they are mostly, nowadays, such good people, and can preserve their self-respect by means of their ignorance. If any one charged them with having been Legrees who sold negro mother and child apart in the South, their virtuous indignation would be sincere; but they do the same thing today, with Indians in place of negroes, and with a fat, respectable salary instead of the vulgar auction-block commission. But their trade is human blood just the same. And they are as sure of their righteousness as—well, as the officers of the Spanish Inquisition were.

Every American who does his or her whole duty will read Helen Hunt Jackson's *A Century of Dishonor*—a true picture of our Indian policy. It is a fearful indictment; but it has never been shaken. Manners have changed, but the charge is true today.

Here in Southern California we have just turned a new leaf—as bad as the old ones. From time immemorial a little band of Mission Indians has lived on Warner's Ranch, on the edge of the desert in San Diego county. The old Mexican government, which we affect to despise,—and it was, at last, bad enough in California—respected their rights. This nation, upon acquiring California, pledged itself to do the same. Just now, the Supreme Court of the State has dispossessed them, with the most astounding ignorance—for such jurists—of history and legal fact, and against the honorable dissent of three of the justices. Where are these people to go? Well, they may go to hell, for all the court. But I have known J. Downey Harvey, the successful party to the suit for many years; and though a sadly uninformed Supreme Court has authorized him to starve these poor devils of Warner's Ranch, I mistake him—and have all these years mistaken—if he is not the man to see that these harrassed people shall have room to live and die beside their father's graves. The "Indian problem" will be simplified to nothing if we can show that sense of justice, decency and fair play which roots in every human breast and prevails upon the basest savage, but sometimes seems to be losing itself in the muddle which we have the delicious conceit to call "civilization."



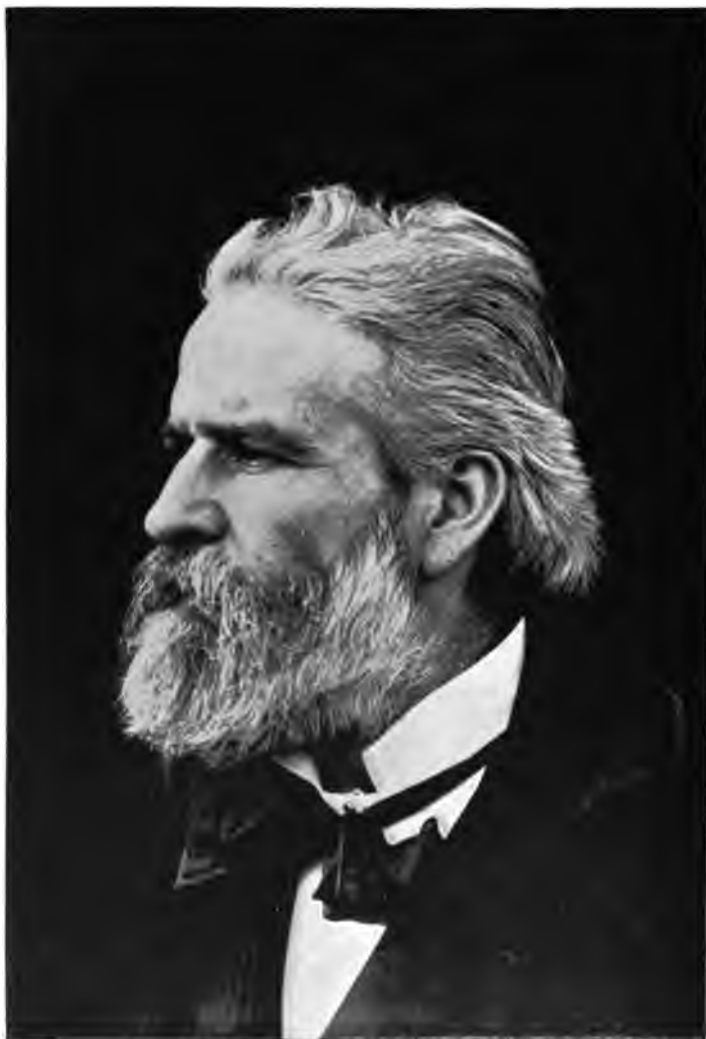


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THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF THREE OF THE "LITTLE CAPTIVES."

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EDWIN MARKHAM.

Photo. by C. F. L.

Edwin Markham, of the SUNSHINE staff, whose "Man With the Hoe" has had such tremendous vogue, is lecturing in the East and overwhelmed with demands for his work. His high rank as a poet, long known to those who know, has at last been discovered—and discovered "hard"—by the careless public. An excellent unpublished likeness of Mr. Markham is given above.

THE WILL OF GOD.

BY EVE LUMMIS.



I was when I was getting ready to start on that trip among the cannibal tribes along the Amazon river, that the letter came from McGregor which set me to thinking. I read it a second time.

My Dear Mr. Loring:

Hearing that you are about to start an expedition to South America, I write to ask you if you can make use of me in any way. I have knocked around this country long enough to become quite familiar with the Spanish language, and if I could serve you in any capacity I should be glad to join you, for I want to get away from here. I have no family, I am sorry to say, to care whether I ever return or not. Perhaps you have forgotten me—I rode in the spring round-up with you two years ago in the San Juan country.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN MCGREGOR.

Of course I remembered McGregor very well—a great, generous-hearted fellow, one of the finest types of manhood I had ever run across on our Southwestern plains. I had not forgotten the kindness he showed to some youngsters that belonged to the outfit; or his bravery in mounting always the bronco that bucked the hardest; and how, as he was one day trying to master a wild thing of the plains that had never seen man before that day, one of the animal's fore-legs went down into a prairie-dog hole, and man and horse struggled together in a confused heap, for what seemed, to us on-lookers, hours; and when he at last, by a mighty exertion, freed himself from the weight that bore him to the ground, and we found his leg broken, he took that twenty-five mile ride to the nearest place of civilization—a neat adobe village of one of the Queres tribe of Indians—without a groan, but with his teeth tight shut and his sun-burned face a deathly color. And there it was that I first saw Gertrude, as they had named her in the Eastern school, where McGregor had induced her father to send her when he found her a pretty, bright little Indian playing around the pueblo with not too many clothes on.

I had thought, when the boys had told me about this match that was to be between McGregor and the Indian girl, that they would be ill-mated—the energetic Yankee and the daughter of a dark, slow blood, and I had pitied both of them; but when I saw her quiet, gentle manner when the suffering man was laid on a bed in their house, which was cleaner than any my eyes had looked on since I crossed the Missouri, somehow I was reminded of mother and the girls at home. The costume of her people was pretty, modest and becoming, and, dressed in it, Gertrude was so charming that I might have been in danger of losing my heart to the lass myself had it not been for another black-eyed girl in the States who had been waiting many months for a certain worthless journalist with weak lungs and slender purse to acquire health enough and wealth enough to marry.

I called on McGregor a number of times and saw the improvement he was making under the care of the physician from a distant town and the good nursing of Gertrude and her mother. He was desperately in love, and one did not need to see them together long to discover that he was her hero. I had heard nothing of them lately, and supposed they were happily wed long since; so I was surprised at the letter the mail had just brought me, for I had always flattered myself that I was some-

what of a judge of character, and I never would have taken McGregor for a man who would desert a girl in two years.

I tried to go on with the article I was about to finish when Ramon had brought in the mail, but I couldn't put my mind on the subject again; I could only think and wonder about Gertrude and McGregor. So I didn't swear at being interrupted, as I usually do, especially when I saw it was my friend Leopoldo Gonzales to whom the door had been opened—a charming, courteous young man with plenty of money, a worthy descendant of cavaleros whose fame has been told in ballad and story hundreds of years ago in Spain. I was fond of Leopoldo; he never forgot to compliment my last story; or to rejoice that the glorious sun and air of his native Territory had made me almost a well man. His English was so superior to my Spanish that I was ashamed to address him in his own language.

He seemed uninterested in anything I said, and plainly he was nervous. At every sound of footsteps on the *portal* he started.

"How does your sister enjoy her visit with you?" he asked.

"She's having a fine time," said I. "Nell doesn't seem as tender as most New Yorkers do out here."

"Not as tender?" he questioned, as he watched the smoke he blew out of his mouth curl and make rings and float gently out of the open window.

I got him to tell me stories I loved to hear of life on the ranch in the days of his boyhood, when Mexican and Indian *rancheros* were ever on the watch for, but often surprised by, the cunning Navajo and the murderous Comanche. But soon it was, "How does Miss Nellie get on with her Spanish?"

"O, very well, I believe," I told him. "She has been practicing every day with our friend Enrique Garcia. The last time I heard them talk I couldn't understand a word they said. She seems to have got beyond me, and I've been out here two years."

Leopoldo didn't seem any the less nervous for my information. All my new friends visited me unusually often after my sister came out for a taste of Western life, and for a visit with me before my journey to the South; but I didn't blame them; girls were scarce in the Territory at that time, and girls like Nell were scarce anywhere.

My friend knocked the ashes off his cigarette and asked, "The horse? has he arrived?"

"Arrived! he has indeed, and how stupid I am not to have mentioned him before. We've been able to do nothing but admire him since he came."

"I am most gratified if you like him. I shall be pleased if your sister will accept him and ride him sometimes."

"She could hardly accept such a gift, you see, old man; but she says that as you insist upon loaning him for a time she will have many a fine ride over the *mesa* with him. But if he were mine, a side-saddle would never be cinched on him! Let's go out and see him."

We crossed the patio and walked past the men's quarters and beyond to the corral to talk over the fine points of the handsome sorrel that was just finishing his oats. The light body, arched neck, and slender legs showed him to be built for quick and easy action.

"Nell has ridden him before breakfast every morning since he came. I knew that some fine horses ran in your herds, but you have chosen the finest to send down here for a woman to spoil. You're too generous, *amigo mio*."

"It is my pleasure, I assure you," said Leopoldo, as he patted the shining neck fondly, well pleased at the splendid animal's whinny of recognition.

"But it's warm out here and your cigarette has all burned out. Come in and try some of the Havanas that were sent me yesterday."

The cool air of the adobe was a grateful change from the glaring sunshine of the barren out-door world; and Leopoldo praised the cigars; he was one of those agreeable persons who praise everything. As I turned to the rough table that answered for a desk to look for a match I saw that bothersome letter again, and as my friend's large *hacienda* was not far from the farms of the Indians of the tribe to which Gertrude belonged I felt sure he could tell me how she and McGregor fared.

"Ah yes, poor Gertrude," he said, "she is with the saints. No, McGregor isn't a widower. If you did not always keep your eyes and ears for your books and musty documents alone you would have heard how one day they brought Gertrude's father down to the little Indian town dying from a pistol shot given him by a cattle man in a row over a spring where old Andrés was watering his sheep; where he had watered them since he first began to herd them as a small boy; a spring that had belonged to the Indians far longer than the oldest of the men can remember; and which tradition tells them belonged to the Queres from the beginning of the world. The American showed papers and claimed to have bought the spring and surrounding land, but Andrés knew too well that the land and the water belonged to his tribe and he would not drive his thirsty sheep away to the plains again to suffer and die for what was theirs by right, and the cowardly American gave him many wounds and killed dogs and sheep until his ammunition was all gone."

"An American and a horse were missing from that part of the country that night, and it was well, for the murder made a terrible excitement among the Indians. The wise men of the tribe took council together and decided that it would find great disfavor with the Trues that an Indian woman should wed herself to one of the race of the slayer of her father, and Gertrude was forbidden to become the wife of McGregor. Yes, of course, as you say, an American girl would have married him anyway, but not so an Indian, for they are taught obedience to the old from the time they are little ones in arms—they drink it in with the mother's milk. So McGregor's prayers were for nothing; and Gertrude was ill with sorrow for loss of father and lover at once.

"Those wise men said also that to gain the favor of the Trues for the town again, Gertrude must marry her to one of her own people as soon as the time of mourning for the murdered should have passed; so a sorry wedding there was, with the bride in tears for another man. The husband was jealous and abusive, and after while that fever that attacks the sad was strong upon her. So it was not long after Andrés's death that Gertrude's grave was dug beside his. There was greater sadness in the Queres town the day of that funeral than ever before, for the girl had been much loved there. The women wept and wailed like never; many believed that Andrés had come back from that other world for the spirit of the daughter for whom he had ever cared so tenderly, to end her suffering. But her mother, unwashed and fasting, cried days and nights, 'The will of God! It is the will of God!'"

"For a few minutes I didn't speak, but Leopoldo found tongue to ask, 'Is Miss Nellie at home today.'"

I swallowed the lump in my throat to answer, "No, some friends came over from San Lorenzo this morning and took her off for a week's visit. Why, *hombre*, what's your hurry? I thought you'd come to stay with me as usual."

"My friend," he said, as he reached for his hat and picked up his spurs, "I have had such a pleasant talk with you I almost forget important business I have at San Lorenzo."

Los Angeles, Cal.

A FLOOD OF FORTUNE.

BY O. T. FELLOWS.



"GOOD evening, stranger."

"Good evening. Can you tell me how far it is to town, and the shortest road for me to take?"

The rancher was a tall, broad-shouldered man, wearing a wide sombrero. He stood at his gate looking off toward the sunset, and the above salutations were passed as I dismounted and held the bridle-rein in my hand. He surveyed me for an instant before answering, and I had time to note that, although bronzed from exposure to the

winds and sun, his eyes were blue and his complexion fair, so that the few streaks of gray in his hair and beard were hardly noticeable.

"Well," he said, "it's a good bit of a ride. You don't expect to get there tonight, do you? I wouldn't attempt it, stranger. You see the road is none too plain by daylight. You are very welcome to stay, and you can get as early a start as you wish in the morning."

I at once concluded that this would be the wisest thing to do, so, thanking my new-found host I followed him to the house. My horse was turned into a spacious corral bountifully supplied with water and feed, and I was conducted to a seat upon the broad veranda to await supper. This porch extended entirely around the house and commanded a fine view of the mountains to the east and north, the fertile valley stretching from the northwest to the southeast, and the line of the ocean to the far southwest from which the mists of the evening were rising, tinted with the fast-fading colors of the sunset.

"You have a fine place here," I said, after admiring the prospect for a few moments in silence. "You must have spent quite a good many years here, if you have made all these improvements yourself."

"Yes," he said, as his glance swept over his fields and orchards extending down into the valley, "it is a fine place, and the improvements you see are mostly the result of our labors. But come, there is a call to supper; after that is disposed of I will tell you how we came by it."

We entered the house, when the rancher introduced me to his wife, a small, dark woman, her husband's opposite in physical characteristics. It was apparent at a glance, however, that she was cultured and refined, and I concluded at once that she must be a descendant of one of the old Castilian families who had settled in the valley many years before, and who displayed such rare judgment in selecting the most fertile and picturesque spots for their habitations. Supper over, we retired again to the veranda, which, in this southern land, serves as parlor and sitting-room throughout the greater portion of the year. In the west were the last expiring signals of the short semi-tropic twilight; the stars looked near and brilliant, and the full moon, floating over the valley, made a night such as is seldom seen except in Southern California. Here, with my chair tipped against the wall, I listened to the rancher's story.

"I was scarcely past twenty," he began reflectively, "when I left my New England home to try my fortune in the West. It was some years after the first excitement of the gold discovery in California, and the country had been pretty thoroughly prospected. I drifted to these parts, and with a partner from my native town made a camp in the cañon back there by that high range you see to the north, and where we had struck what we thought was a pretty good lead. We were taking out something every day and trying all the while to locate the mother lode, but we could never seem to trace it only just so far. From a certain long low bluff making out into the cañon from the north we worked downward, finding pay dirt all the way, while above this we found but little,

and my partner (his name was Lute Clay, as dry a Yankee as ever lived) said one day:

"'I b'leve that pesky hill is a settin' on our gold mine, pard. If we c'd git it ter move we might make a strike.'

"Acting on Lute's suggestion we made excavations at various points into the base of the hill, but it was tedious work; the gravel was loose and caved in on us and we did a great amount of work with seemingly no results. Still we persevered, and although it was getting late in the fall and the rains coming on we determined to make one more trial. We selected a point midway of the bluff and well to the north of the creek and started to sink a shaft to bedrock. Many days we toiled, and each night as we left our work we anxiously scanned the heavens for signs of rain, which we knew might be expected at any time now, and which we knew, too, would be more than likely to destroy all our work, as the cañon was narrow at that point, and the waters falling upon the steep slopes of the mountains above sometimes formed raging torrents which carried everything before them. Still we worked, and hoped that we might complete our shaft before the rains set in; the threatening skies only spurring us to greater exertions. We were getting well down; a few days more and our purpose would be accomplished, and we would know if all our work had been in vain.

"It was Saturday night after a hard week's toil and we were ready to lay by our picks and shovels until monday morning. As we started for our camp which was upon a little wooded mesa below a bend in the cañon, Lute glanced over his shoulder at the line of clouds hanging below the mountain tops:

"'If I'm not mistaken, pard,' he said, 'we'll git that well of ourn fuller'n we want 'fore next week.'

"I hope not," I replied. "It has threatened rain many times before and cleared away again, and perhaps it will do so this time. We can only hope for the best. If it doesn't rain tomorrow we must make a trip to the ranch and get the mail and a new supply of grub.

"'Yes,' said Lute with a curious twinkle in his steel grey eye, 'the mail has a great attraction for you, but I doubt if we'd git it as of'n if it wa'n't for the female.'

"I had no answer for this. There was no use in answering him anyway; he would persist in teasing me about the rancher's daughter at the nearest house where we went for our mail and supplies, which, by the way, was this same place where we now are. Well, we returned to our camp and after cooking and eating our supper we sat by our camp fire talking over the experiences of the past and our prospects for the future.

"'What would you do, Lute,' said I, 'if we should strike it rich up there in the gulch?'

"'Wall, pardner,' he said at length, 'I reckon if I sh'd make a strike I'd go back'n hunt up the folks'n maybe give 'em a lift if I seen they needed it. Land knows they've had it hard enough these times, but they'd a helped me with the last cent they had; this I know. What would you do, pard?'

"'Oh, I don't know. I haven't any folks to go back to, so I suppose I would get me a ranch in one of these fertile valleys and settle down.'

"'You wouldn't have fur ter look.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'I mean that the ranch and the girl are all ready an' waiting for ye, and you know it as well as I.'

"'Indeed I don't know any such thing. If you mean Manuela Ramos and her father's ranch, why you might as well tell me to pull the stars down to light our camp as to tell me that she would listen to such a thing; and as to the ranch, although he wants to sell, I am afraid it would take a bigger strike than we are likely to make before I could talk business with him.'

"'Never you mind, pard, you didn't have all your school learnin' fer nothin'. The young lady has an idee of sech things, and the old Señor himself looks well on ye—but listen to that, will ye?'

"It was the roar of the rain among the mountains, and was coming nearer. We had no more than time to make things snug about the camp before it was upon us. And how it rained! There were lurid flashes of lightning and mighty peals of thunder away among the mountain tops. The embers of our camp fire were soon extinguished, and within the shelter of our tent we composed ourselves to sleep to the music of the pouring rain.

"In the morning, although the first fury of the storm had somewhat abated, it was still raining steadily, and continued throughout the day, which was Sunday. No trip to the ranch that day, as the stream in the cañon was rising rapidly, and as we had to ford it frequently on the way out, the journey would have been difficult and hazardous. Sunday night came with the rain still falling and the mountain streams rising in proportion.

"During the evening as we sat in our camp the climax of the storm came in one grand deluge of water. It seemed to come down in sheets for about thirty minutes, and then ceased almost as suddenly as it had commenced on the evening before. The banks of clouds rolled rapidly away to the north and the moon looked out, revealing a most beautiful sight. Every mountain creek was now a wild torrent, tearing down its own steep ravine, and these, uniting in the main cañon, made a mighty rushing river. We could hear it roaring as it tore its way through the narrow channel:

"'Plenty of water in our well up there now, pard,' said Lute, as he listened to the roar of the waters around the bend.

"'Yes,' I replied dubiously, 'and not only water but something else; in fact I don't believe there is any hole there at all by this time; it is all filled up.'

"And so with a feeling that our labors had been in vain we again sought our blankets and and slept until the sun looked over the range and lighted up the cañon all fresh and radiant. The streams had retired almost to their normal size, for they subside as quickly as they rise.

"After breakfast we took our tools and started up the cañon. Lute led the way; his swarthy face betraying no emotion, but his strides were long and rapid, and, although I am a pretty good walker myself on occasion, I found it difficult to keep pace with him. As we came around a turn into full view of the spot where we had been working we involuntarily uttered exclamations of wonder and surprise! The bluff had disappeared—washed clean away by the volume of water, which, rising higher than for many years before, had been turned by a projecting point of ledge higher up on the opposite bank, and had carried away the hill of sand and gravel which had been the deposit, probably, of previous floods.

"We hurried forward and were amazed at the change which had been wrought by the storm. We could hardly recognize it as the place where we had worked so long. Every vestige of the bluff was carried away, and where it had once stood was a broad ledge with uneven surface washed clean, but holding here and there little pools of water clear as crystal and glistening in the morning sun. And there, running through the center of the ledge and diagonally across the bed of the stream, was a wide vein of gold-bearing quartz. Lute swung his pick from his shoulder and chipped off little pieces which he examined closely.

"'Yes, pard,' he said, 'that's the real stuff an' no mistake. We've struck it now! An' to think that that there freshit what we thought was goin' to destroy all our work has jest done the hull thing fer us!'

"There is little more to tell. We lost no time in filing on our claim,

which we named The Flood, and which proved to be very rich. In one year's time Lute was enabled to go back East and hunt up his folks, and I presume to give them a lift according as he found their need."

"And you?"

"Well, I verified Lute's prophecy. I purchased this ranch of Señor Ramos, and I had little difficulty in inducing his daughter to stay. It is now many years since the Señor passed away. But it is getting chilly out here; come inside and Manuela will give you some music."

Pomona, Cal.

PIONEERS OF THE FAR WEST.

THE EARLIEST HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, NEW MEXICO, ETC.

From Documents Never Before Published in English.

II.

The translation of Fray Zárate-Salmeron's "Relacion" of events in California and New Mexico from 1538 to 1626 (begun last month) is continued below:

As these islands are so many and so contiguous and so large, those [mariners] who come from China have always taken them to be the mainland, and so sheer off from them. Between them and the mainland is a channel 12 leagues wide, called the Channel of Santa Barbara. It extends from east to west. When they arrived at the beginning of this channel, which is near the mainland, a canoe with four oars came out from land, and in it came the lord or petty king of that coast. This canoe reached the captain's ship; and though the ship came sailing with a good wind, the canoe gave three turns around it with the greatest dexterity. All [the Indians] went singing, in the tone in which the Mexican Indians sing in their dances. They came alongside, and without mistrust the petty chief came up on board and soon made three turns in the waist of the ship, singing. And having done this, soon in the presence of all he made a long discourse; and having finished, told by signs how those of the island of Santa Catarina had been notifying him for four days, by their canoes, that these white and bearded men had arrived there, folks of good heart and manners, and that they had given them many presents. And that therefore he came to offer them his country and what was in it. And as he saw no women in the ship, he asked about them by signs so clear that he made himself understood as well as if he had talked Spanish. They told him they did not carry women. Then he insisted more strongly that they should go ashore, that he would remedy that need, and promised to give ten women to each Spaniard. They laughed over the offer. The petty king, thinking that they made mock of him that he would not fulfill his word, said that some soldiers should go ashore in his boat, while he and a son of his would remain [on board] as hostages, and they should see how he would fulfill his word. It was already night, and so they put off the going ashore until next day; and him they sent away with many presents that they gave him. Within an hour the wind came up from the southeast; and as it was astern they did not wish to lose the chance. So when it dawned they found themselves at the last [northernmost] islands of the channel. These are six, and at two leagues from one another. The channel is 24 leagues long.

The coast of the mainland is sightly, cheerful, wooded and of much people. They left these islands and drew in to land, to coast it and reconnoiter. It was high and mountainous, and under its shelter it formed some coves. From one of these came out four canoes, with

two Indians in each one, and they came to the ships and gave them much fish and many salted and dried sardines. In return [the Spaniards] gave them some little articles, and soon they went back. The [ships] arrived near a lofty range, vermillion on its skirts, and very white on its summit. It is called the Sierra of Santa Lucia. It is the one which the China ships come to reconnoiter. Four leagues up the coast the Carmel river enters the sea between cliffs, at the foot of some high and white ranges. On its banks are many poplars, white ones (39) and black willows, *carsas* and many other trees of Spain. Two leagues up the coast is a famous-good harbor. Between it and the river is a forest of pines. It is two leagues across. The land forms a point at the entrance to the harbor, called the Point of Pines, while the harbor is called Monterey's (40).

23. The armada entered this port Dec. 16, and from here they dispatched the flagship with advices for the Viceroy, giving him the account of all that had been discovered, with a map of all the coast, with the ports, the islands and their confines. The general sent to ask aid to finish exploring [descubrir] the California Gulf and to emerge completely from the doubt whether it is a bay or a strait which has outlet into the North Sea [Atlantic] by the coast of Florida, as the Indians assert. The general wrote to the Viceroy that by the month of May of the following year he would be awaiting the reinforcements in California, in the port of La Paz.

24. This port of Monterey is extremely good ; it is sheltered from all winds, has deep water, much wood and good timbers for building vessels. There are oaks, reeds, the broom, wild roses, brambles, willows, sycamores, springs of pretty water, most fertile pastures, good lands for planting. There are many and good animals, and some are very great. There are bears so great that they have a paw a foot long and a span wide. There are some animals which have the foot round, like a mule, and horns like goats ; these, they say, are tapirs. There are other animals as large as bullocks, built like stags, with the hoof split like an ox's, the hair like a pelican's and three inches long, the neck and back long, and upon the head antlers long as a buck's, the tail a yard long and half as wide. There are deer, rabbits, stags, hares, wild-cats, turtle-doves, thrushes, blackbirds, goldfinches, cardinals, quail, partridges, wagtails, cranes, vultures, albatrosses. There are birds of the shape of wild turkeys ; they are so large that from tip to tip of their wings they measure 17 palms. The coast has all the kinds of fishes and shell-fish that are found on the coast of Spain. There are many sea-wolves [seals] and many whales. This port and its surroundings are populous with Indians, who are affable, generous, friendly to give whatever they have. These were very sorry that the Spaniards should depart from this their country, for they had formed a great affection for them. They are Indians who have a government. Here the captain's ship and frigate remained until the third day of January of the following year, 1603.

25. They set out in search of Cape Mendocino. The captain's ship entered the port of San Francisco to see if trace could be found of a vessel called the "St. Augustine," which went ashore in that port in the year of 1595 ; the which vessel, by command of His Majesty and of the Viceroy Don Luis de Velasco, Gov. Gomez Marifias had despatched from the Philippines to make this exploration of which we are now treating, and in a storm it went ashore. The captain's ship anchored behind Point Reyes (which is a point formed by this same port), because the frigate had gone astray in a great storm, and they knew nothing of her. The captain's ship came in sight of some lofty hills, vermillion in

(39) Alamos is a loose word in America. Most commonly it means cottonwoods. Here it is doubtless sycamores.

(40) After the Viceroy of Mexico, Don Gaspar de Zuñiga y Acevedo, Conde de Monterey, 1595-1603.

color; and 14 leagues ahead to the northwest there was seen a cape, notched to the sea, and near it some snowy mountains. By the landmarks and latitude they said it was Cape Mendocino, which is in 42°.

26. The frigate having weathered the storm, the pilot took the latitude and found they were in 43°. The land makes a point which was named Cape Blanco [white], from which the coast trends to the north-east. At this point was found a river very strong and deep, on whose banks were found great ash trees, willows, reeds and many trees of Spain. They wished to enter the mouth, but the strong currents did not permit. Seeing that they were in a higher latitude than their instructions ordered, they turned about for the port of Acapulco. These instructions I would call "*destructions*," in such cases, if the [explorers] may not do what opportunity and time give chance for and they deem best, taking counsel among themselves as to what is important.

27. They say that this river [it is the Columbia] goes by the great city of Quivira (41), which is the city the strangers gave news of to His Majesty, when by stress of weather they traversed the Strait of Anian, from which narrative His Majesty ordered that this exploration should be made.

28. The general, Sebastian Viscaino, came back to [Lower] California, but did not await there the reinforcements as he had decided, for he had hardly sailors enough to trim the sails; since besides the many who had died, the rest were all sick. So he came to the coast of this New Spain [Mexico] to see if mayhap its air would give health to the sick men. As indeed befell; for as soon as they arrived at the port of Mazatlan they all recovered health. And since, at that time, the government of Peru was entrusted to the Count of Monterey, he did not send the reinforcements, nor has anything more been done about this voyage, and so everything has stood still.

29. In confirmation of this great city of Quivira there is also a relation given to Rodrigo del Rio, governor-that was of New Galicia, the which story is thus: "As two vessels of Spaniards were fishing for codfish off Newfoundland, so great a storm hit them that it pocketed them in the Strait of Anian; and, running before the storm, one of them, despite itself, entered a powerful river which is in this strait on the south side. She reached a very populous city, girt with gates and walls. Eight sailors leaped ashore with their arquebuses, and arriving close to the city the people would not let them enter, though they received them in peace. Nearer the city—a little more than the range of an arquebuz, was a spring of clear water, and close to it a little house. They told the Spaniards to enter there and rest; and so they did. Here they were three days, being given many fowls, tortillas of cornmeal, various fruits, chestnuts and many other things. At the end of these days the king desired to see those strangers, as something he had never seen. So great a multitude came forth that they filled those fields, and last of all they brought the king, borne upon a litter of a yellow metal, the king wearing his crown, and clothed in some skins of animals (42). Arriving at a point whence he could see and judge the features and figures of the Spaniards they halted the litter (though they did not let it down upon the ground, but kept it upheld as they had brought it), and they said to the Spaniards to come forth from their lodging that the king might see them. And when they [the Spaniards] wished to come up to the litter where the king was, to salute him, the [natives] made signs to them that they must not approach but should stand upon their feet. Thus they did, and the king kept looking at them with great attentiveness. At the end of some time signs were made to them that they should again enter their lodgings; and presently the king returned to the city. He con-

(41) See "The Land of Poco Tiempo," Lummis.

(42) This is all a fair example of the fairy tales of some 16th century explorers.

tinued to make them presents, as he had constantly done. The Spaniards lost their fear ; and as the [native] women came for water to this spring, one of the Spaniards tried to put a woman inside the house by force. She went to the city to complain ; and soon many Indians came to tell the Spaniards they must go aboard [their vessel] at once. Arriving on board, they told their comrades what had happened. Beyond these two vessels having suffered great shipwreck, the ice and cruel cold so burdened the men that most of them were frozen and the rest fell sick, so that nearly all perished. Those who escaped, seeing that they were too few to get to Spain, made their way to Florida, where the one who was most anxious to report these things embarked in a frigate which was coming to this New Spain. Arriving in the port of San Juan de Ulua [Vera Cruz] the death sickness smote him ; and knowing his days were fulfilled, he called the brother in charge of the hospital and had him write this narrative, that a thing like this might be known, as worthy to be seen. The man died, and they sent this narrative to Rodrigo del Río.

30. According to the indications, I hold it to be a sure thing that this city is the same that was seen by Anian, he who gave the news to His Majesty ; and that it is the same that was seen by land by the thirty men whom Francisco Vasquez Coronado sent from the plains of Cibola.

31. And although certain inquisitive persons have given news to His Majesty of these things, they have not noted how and from what point this exploration is easy ; for experience always shows us new things, and always we continue to know more of this land. So I say, that this exploration from the port of Acapulco is labor in vain ; because of the contrary winds already mentioned ; and to explore what remains of California, one has not to go in with a vessel of deep draft, because amid the Gulf are many shoals and reefs, with much risk of being lost. The useful thing to do is to build in Sinaloa four long barges, decked in, which is easy ; since these can avail themselves of oar or sail and are more manageable to enter all the inlets and see what is there ; and without having to face a storm they can shelter and protect themselves in whatsoever nook.

32. Touching the reconnoissance of the great city of Quivira, it must be found from one of two points—overland from New Mexico, or by two caravels sailing from Florida and entering the Strait of Anian. I do not say soldiers should go forth from Florida by land (though it is on the same main land with this, as I will show at last, in the face of those unbelievers who assert the contrary), because it is swampy and is very distant from this city, according to the account. So if the entrance is to be made by land it must be by way of New Mexico ; and if by sea, then from the coast of Labrador, which is in 50° ; and not by way of Acapulco, for it is impossible to explore it from there. And if this [city] is found, two things will result—one, the good of those souls ; the other, the advancement of the royal crown, and that His Majesty enjoy such riches as they say are there ; and, Christian as he is, employ them so well in sustaining these doctrines.

Expedition of Don Juan de Oñate to New Mexico.

33. Don Juan de Oñate went forth from this city of Mexico in the year 1596, taking in his train ten priests of my father St. Francis, men of great spirit and letters. Their names were : Fray Alonso Martinez, *comisario* of this journey ; Fray Francisco de San Miguel, Fray Francisco de Zamora, Fray Juan de Rosas, Fray Alonso de Lugo, Fray Andrés Corchado, Fray Juan Claros, Fray Cristóbal de Salazar (priests), and Fray Juan de San Buenaventura and Fray Pedro de Vergara, lay brothers.

34. Don Juan de Oñate took out with him from this New Spain, for this journey, more than 700 men, the flower of the soldiery of the Chichimecs and other persons of account. But as in such occasions there lack not envious men and of evil intent, they managed to disturb this

journey, from which came great trouble and loss to the property of this cavalier, and great harm to that land; since on account of the delay in the *Visita* (43) that they kept him waiting three months for, when he was all ready, more than 200 men turned back, and many of them married ones. For in so long waiting, they destroyed and ate up all they had; and so they remained behind. Omitting long accounts, which have nothing to do with my intention, I say: Don Juan de Oñate entered that country [New Mexico] with more than 400 men, of whom 130 were married and took along their families. Having traveled 400 leagues directly north, toward the arctic pole, in latitude $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, they reached the valley of the Tehua Indians, who are settled on the banks of the river which the Spaniards call del Norte (44), since its currents flow from that direction. He established his camp between this river and that of Zama (45), on a site very much to his purpose. And since certain evil-intentioned men have misjudged and smirched it simply to speak ill of the settlement Don Juan De Oñate made, saying it is bad land and poor (these are men that ran away and departed fleeing; and being asked the cause of their departure, sooner than confess their fault, they publish these things, damning the country). Contradicting them, I say (46) the said settlement is very important and of great moment and use to all the country, each and all when the rest shall be settled up. Since, as the plan of Don Juan de Oñate was to make an entrance and explore the country, he could not have found a location more convenient than the said site. For it is the center of the kingdom and is distant 200 leagues from California on the west (as has already been seen) and about 300 leagues in an air line from Florida on the east. We are not to judge this distance by that which [D] Orantes [and] Cabeza de Vaca walked, nor Hernando de Soto, since all of them wandered lost, walking and walking over again. I count only diametrically. And to the northward about 100 leagues is the arm of the sea which is called River of St. Lawrence, an easy point of embarking for Spain; since, as I shall set down further on, this river goes out to the land of Labrador, fronting Newfoundland, where every year they come to catch codfish, and so for this purpose it is the best port that could be chosen, and the Indians there have made peace. Through all the provinces the natives are affable and settled, and they have aided the Spaniards with their provisions and appeased their hunger, and aided them to build houses, and all the rest of it; and they promptly yielded themselves vassals to His Majesty. As for the quality of the country, it is cold and healthful, with the temperature of Spain. Its healthfulness is proved by the fact that the Indians arrive at more than 100 years of age, as I have seen them. It is a fertile land, with pretty and crystal waters; much live-stock is raised, cattle and sheep [ganado mayor y menor] and if it were not for the greed of the governors, who have taken it all out to sell, it would already cover all the fields. Much provision is gathered, of wheat and corn and every sort of vegetable. As for saying that it is a poor [country] I answer that there has not been discovered in the world a country of more mineral deposits than New Mexico (47), of every sort of assay, good and bad. There are mineral [minas] deposits (48) in the Socorro mountains, in the Salt Lakes [near Manzano] in the mountains of Puaray [the Sandias] in Tunque, in the Puerto, in

(43) Official inspection. (44) The Rio Grande.

(45) Chama. (46) Fray Zárate is right. It is a fine valley. This little town of San Gabriel de los Españoles, founded 1598, where Chamita now stands, was the first Caucasian town in the West and the second in all the United States; St. Augustine, Fla., being first by 83 years.

(47) There the friar's enthusiasm gets the better of him. There were plenty of prospect holes; but not one paying mine.

(48) *Mina* in Spanish is a looser word than our "mine." It includes prospect holes and even untouched ledges and float.

Ciénega, in San Marcos, in Galisteo, in Los Pozos, in Picuries (in this pueblo are garnet mines), in Zama [Chama]. In all the ranges of the Hemex [Jemez] there is nothing but deposits, where I discovered many, and filed on them for His Majesty. From the which I took out 18 arrobas (49) of ore. As I returned [to Mexico] I distributed these ores at all the mining-camps I passed in order that all might see the ores of New Mexico. Before all things, there are mineral deposits, and there is no corner which has them not. The Spaniards that are there are too poor in capital to work the deposits, and are of less spirit; enemies to work of any sort. Well, in that country we have seen silver, copper, lead, loadstone, [magnetic iron], copperas, alum, sulphur, and mines of turquoise which the Indians work in their paganism, since to them it is as diamonds and precious stones. At all this the Spaniards who are there laugh; as they have a good crop of tobacco to smoke, they are very content, and wish no more riches. It seems as if they had taken the vow of poverty—which is much for Spaniards, who out of greed for silver and gold, would enter hell itself to get them.

35. I prove this truth, that no one may doubt if they are as spiritless as all this; and I say: It will be nine years since there came into that country, in search of mines, three Flemings, citizens of this City of Mexico, named Juan Fresco, Juan Descalzo and Rodrigo Lorenzo, very honest men of entire truth and good example. They found many ore-bodies, made many assays, got out silver—as we all saw—and came back to this New Spain, where they bought tools and other necessary articles and got a miner and a refiner. They returned the second time. The day the news [of their return] reached the town of the Spaniards, that these said Flemings were returning to work mines, that same night they set fire to the workshops in which they were to treat the ore. The which was done since Don Pedro de Peralta was governor; for he was inclined to this; and with his contracts everything became quiet. By this is seen their depraved temper, and that it troubles them, since they are enemies of silver, that others should mine it.

36. The Indians of those provinces are settled, with large houses, I mean to say of many apartments and many stories. Their clothing is mantas of cotton, which yields well in the country. They color these mantas. They also use buffalo hides and wolf-skins, and feather tunics, for the which they rear many turkeys. There is no difference in the dress of man and woman. All are shod on account of the cold. Their sustenance is corn, beans, squashes, and herbs, with which all provide themselves for the year before the cold weather comes in; meat of deer, hares, rabbits, wild turkeys, quail, partridges. They also kill, for eating, the bears, which are many; and much fish—bagres, pike, trout and matalote—is most common in all the Río del Norte, so that they need not die of hunger. There is one thing to praise in these tribes [naciones], and that is that they are not drunkards. They have no drink save the water of the river. They observe well the things of the Church and obey the priest who teaches them the doctrine. With this, all is said of New Mexico. After having put the houses in order and visited all the settled and neighboring tribes, the adelantado (50) Don Juan de Oñate set about making expeditions further into the interior. Of those which were effected I will treat here.

Journey of Don Juan de Oñate to the Great City of Quivira.

37. The Adelantado, Don Juan de Oñate, set forth from the town of New Mexico [the *only* town, San Gabriel] to discover the great city of Quivira, in the year of 1599. On this journey he took along Father

(49) An arroba is 26 lbs. (50) Officer in command of exploring force.

Francisco de Velasco, who at the time was *Comisario* of the province ; a man very learned and apostolic ; and for his companion a lay brother named Pedro de Vergara ; and 80 soldiers. He took for guide a Mexican Indian named Jusepe, who had penetrated the interior with Humafia ; the which Indian, with two other Mexican Indians, had fled after Humafia took the life of Capt. Leiva, a Portuguese by birth and a very brave man. The Indians of the interior had already slain the two companions of Jusepe ; he escaped as best he could. Later Don Juan de Oñate found this Indian in New Mexico, in the pueblo of the Picuries Indians ; and he guided the said Don Juan de Oñate by the way and road he [himself] had entered by, which was through the Buffalo Plains, where no one can die of hunger, for the immense herd of buffalo that is there. These are plains so extensive that no one has seen their end and conclusion. They traveled to the east-north-east. They saw great grazing grounds, beautiful fields, many waters, lands fertile for planting, a good climate. Afterward they went up toward the northeast. They went, according to their count, 200 leagues in these goings up and down, but not in a direct line. They reached a land of promise in fertility, where the fields of themselves, without any cultivation, produce grapes, plums in great abundance, and many other fruits. On these plains, though there are Indians, they are not settled. They have some hovels of straw. These we call the *Vaqueros* (51), because they support themselves on this herd. They do not sow nor harvest food. They dress hides, and take them to the settlements to sell, and get in exchange cornmeal, and thus support themselves.

38. The Spaniards encountered the *Escansaques* [Kansas] Indians, who were going to fight with their enemies the *Quiviras*. The hostile *Escansaques* began to do much damage in the settlements, some setting fire, others seizing the houses. The Father Fray Francisco de Velasco, being so Christian and pious, moved with pity for the damage which those Indians kept doing, prayed the *adelantado* that they be on hand amid this damage. At this the Indians got restive and turned against the Spaniards ; to their own harm—since of them near upon a thousand perished, and of the Spaniards not one was dangerously hurt, though many came out wounded. In this place they say they killed Humafia and his companions as they were returning loaded with gold. Here was found a trace of this, for some articles of iron were found, a few boots and the bones of the horses. The procedure they took to kill them was to set fire to the camp while they were resting. No one escaped except a Spanish boy named Alonzo Sanchez, and a mulatto woman, half burned up, who was alive when this [Oñate] journey was made, and, they say, was three days' travel from this spot. Only a few years ago the Indians told me that this Alonzo was alive still, and by his courage had become a chief [capitan] and was much feared by the Indians. Likewise they [Oñate's party] learned that near there were seven hills in a plain, whence the captives adopted [ahijados] by the Indians get out the gold which they work. No pains whatever was taken to see about this.

39. Likewise they tell that the *Quiviras* had sent an ambassador to receive the Spaniards ; and seeing them accompanied by their enemies [the *Escansaques*], they feared. The ambassador did not dare to cross the river which separated them from the Spaniards ; but the *adelantado* sent some soldiers to try to catch him from behind, which they did and put irons on him. He was an Indian of importance. But the Indians had a sharper trick ; for making a feint of attack, while the Spaniards were getting their arms, they took care to carry off the prisoner bodily, ironed as he was. As that country appeared very well settled, as the innumerable smokes showed, the *adelantado* sent some soldiers to the

(51) *Apaches Vaqueros*. "Cowboy Apaches ;" their "cows" being buffalo.

interior. They marched all of one day and returned to say that they had not come to the end of the settlements ; the Indians had said it was very large and that more to the north were other larger ones. They say also that when the Indians hang their clothing upon the trees, to fight, if they had examined the clothing they had found two golden blades of the lances with which they fight, and the porringers of gold from which they drink. Nothing of this was seen.

40. These adopted captives have much gold, and work it. They call it *sejas* [literally tiles]. But for proof that there is much gold and that they esteem it and work it, I wish no other witness than that which all saw in this city of Mexico, and in the court. And that is, that in the said clash with the Escansaques the Adelantado captured two Indians adopted by that tribe. One was a little fellow, the other a young man. These two (because the fight had been on the day of St. Michael) were given the name of the day when they were baptized. Well, this Indian Miguel made the smelting furnace, in which the gold is treated, so expertly that those who are of this profession marveled. And he knew no metal except gold ; for he said, "In my country there is no other thing than this, and so I do not know the other things." The silversmiths of Mexico were unable to foot him with gilded articles or with things of chemistry or of other metals.

41. This Indian was taken to Spain, so that His Catholic Majesty the king Felipe III could see him. The silversmiths of the court tried to foot him with a jumble of all kinds of metals broken up ; and they could not, because he knew at once what was pure gold. In the house of the Duke of the Infantado is a map that the said Miguel made of all those kingdoms and provinces of his tribe and those near to them, with as great skill as could a cosmographer. The witness is that Father Fray Francisco de Velasco saw it, which is sufficient. Said Indian Miguel gave in the court such an account of the majesty and lordliness of his kingdom and the great riches of gold that there was there, that His Majesty, knowing that the Indian did not lie, commanded that a thousand men should prepare themselves for this discovery. The gentleman who had taken the Indian to Spain, to do greater service to His Majesty, said he wished to furnish at his own cost the half, which were 500 soldiers. The offer seemed very good to the king, and he wrote it to the viceroy, that when this gentleman should deliver and fulfill what was promised, they should prepare another 500 men at his [the king's] cost. As he did not fulfill this, because he could not, neither did the king, and this journey has remained until God shall move the heart of some rich man who wishes to spend that he may leave a memory.

42. And returning to proceed with my journey, I say, that when the Spaniards returned towards New Mexico by the same road along which the said Quivira Indians had flown from said settlement, as from fear they had absented and deserted their houses, so they also returned to them. And seeing the great killing among their enemies they knew two things ; the one, that the harm to their pueblo had not been done by the Spaniards, but by their enemies ; the other, that the Spaniards were very brave and good for friends, and the fame of their great valor ran through all the land of the interior, and desiring their friendship and communication they sent from Quivira an Indian ambassador of high standing and gravity. He brought 600 servants with bows and arrows, who served him ; the neighboring Indians hearing of the troop that came, made known that they were coming to finish with all the Spaniards, and it was even said that the number of people was great. Afterwards they saw the contrary ; but in the meantime, God knows how the hearts of the Spanish were. At last he arrived and gave his message, inviting the Spaniards with his friendship and lands that they should help them to fight against their enemies, the Ayyaso, who are those who possess the gold. The Adelantado did not have the forces to

go there, because while he was on this journey many of the soldiers that he had left in the village to keep that place had run away. The speeches, talking and answers all were in the Apache language, which they understood very well. He gave much news of his land, of the lord of his kingdom, and of the much gold that there is there. Don Juan de Oñate, to satisfy himself of what the ambassador said and to find out if it was true that they knew gold, melted a chain of gold and a plate of lead, another of copper, another of silver, brass, metal, iron, all those metals together. He called the ambassador and the other Indians, although not altogether, but in troops at different times. And asking them of which kind of those there was in their land, all inclined to the gold. And they said that of that [sort] was what there was, and that the others they did not know. And those who did not know it at once took the gold in their hands and smelled it, and by the smell they knew it right away. And so there was no Indian who did not know it. And they said their king had much. The Adelantado asked them why none of them carried even a grain, if there was as much as they said; and the ambassador answered that their king has put heavy penalties on the one who carries it outside of his kingdom, and that whoever breaks this law will be impaled; but if they had known the Spanish esteemed it, they would have brought some.

43. This ambassador said that the Spaniards had traveled in a very round-about way by the way they had gone; that if they had gone straight towards the north they would have arrived quickly. So that, according to what they said, one should go through Taos and through lands of the great Captain Quima, through those plains. Proceeding with his message and seeing that the Adelantado was not in a disposition to go there, he said to him, that he should give him twelve soldiers, and he would go very content. The Adelantado said he could not. The ambassador said, "how could he go before his king with such a bad message? That he should give him even six soldiers; that with these he would go very content." The Adelantado promised them, and named them, and commanded them to make ready and to prepare arms and horses. With this the ambassador left very content to give the news, leaving two guides who should take them by a straight road; but after the ambassador had gone they changed their minds and these soldiers did not go. If they had gone they would have seen the truth, and they would have come out of this doubt, if it is or if it is not. Here was lost a very great opportunity, and we can say that it will be long before the lost opportunity will be recovered.

Journey of Don Juan De Oñate to California by Land.

44. In the year 1604, on the 7th of the month of October, D. Juan de Oñate started from the town of San Gabriel to discover the Sea of the South. He took in his company the Father Fray Francisco de Escobar, who was then *comisario* of those provinces, and a lay brother called Fray Juan de Buenaventura, apostolic men; and the Father *comisario* was a very learned man and had a gift for languages, as he learned them all with great facility. He took on this journey 30 soldiers, the most of them Visoños; and they did not carry more than fourteen pair of horse equipments. Traveling towards the west 60 leagues, they arrived at the province of Cuñi, that is in some plains more inhabited by hares and rabbits than by Indians. There are six pueblos; in all of them there are no more than 300 terraced houses of many stories, like those of New Mexico. The largest pueblo and head of all is the pueblo of Cibola, that in their language is called Havico. It has 110 houses. The food, like that general in all the land, is corn, beans, squashes, meat of the hunt. They dress in mantas of *istli* woven of twisted cord. These Indians have no cotton. They started out from this pueblo, and after traveling twenty leagues between the northwest and west, they

arrived at the province of Mooqui. There are five pueblos and in all 450 houses—the same number of houses and mantas of cotton.

45. In the province of Zuffi are deposits of silver of so fine a blue that they use it for paint and carry it to sell to the settlements of New Mexico. I brought some stones to show, and the painters told me it was the best blue in the world, and that in this city [Mexico] every pound of it was worth \$12, and there was not a pound [to be had]. Likewise as to the green [paint] of New Mexico, in particular that of the Homex [Jemez] is extremely fine in the leaf; and of these two sorts there might be made freight to bring here.

46. They left Mooqui, and at 10 leagues toward the west they arrived at the *Colorado River*. They called it thus because the water is nearly red; this river runs from northwest to southeast; afterwards it gives a turn to the west, and they say it enters the California [Gulf]. From here to where it empties into the sea there are more than a hundred leagues of pine forests. (52) From this river they traveled toward the west, crossing a mountain range of pines that was eight leagues across, at whose skirts along the south side the river San Antonio runs seventeen leagues away from *San José*, which is the Colorado; it runs north and south through rough mountains and very high cliffs. It is of little water; it has many fish and good. From this river the land is temperate. Five leagues on toward the west is the river of the Sacramento. It is of as much water as that of San Antonio, of as many fish and as good. It has its birth eleven leagues towards the west. It runs northwest and southeast along the skirts of some very high mountains where the Spaniards took out very good ores, and there are many mineral deposits. Until arriving at this place the Spaniards had not found anything that contented them. It is a very fit place for the dwelling of the Spaniards; it is a place where they could erect reduction works. There are good lands for crops, beautiful fields and pasture for herds, and many waters. In this mountain range the Cruzados Indians have their homes. They are ranchers; the houses of straw; they sow no supplies; they sustain themselves with the game which they kill, deer and mountain sheep (of which there are many). With the skins the men and women cover themselves; all go barefooted, little and big. They also have for their sustenance *mescal*, which is preserve of the root of maguay.

47. They call these Indians Cruzados [cross-wearing] on account of some crosses that all, little and big, tie upon the lock of hair that falls over the forehead; and this they do when they see the Spaniards. The origin of this ceremony was not known then; afterwards it has become known that many years ago there traveled through that land a priest of my father St. Francis who told them that if some time they should see men bearded and white, that so that they would not attack them nor harm them, they should put on those crosses, which is something esteemed by them. They took it so much to memory that they have not forgotten. The men are well featured and noble; and the women handsome, with beautiful eyes, and they are affectionate. These Indians said that the sea was *twenty days' journeys* from there (of those which they travel, which they calculate at about five leagues). It is to be noticed that no nation of these was caught in a lie. They also said that two days' journey from there was a river of little water, by which they went to another very large one that enters into the sea, on whose banks there was a nation called *Amacava*. And soon, farther on, many other nations who sow and gather corn, beans and squashes. They left the Rio del Sacramento, traveling towards the west and southwest fifteen leagues, finding at every stop good watering-places. They arrived at the river of little water, called San Andrés.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(52) The noble pineries of the Flagstaff region.



A republic no longer jealous of its rights has begun to lose them.

Fists are a manful thing to have ; and we all like Roosevelt for having them. But his best friends note with regret his growing tendency to think with them.

It is all very well for Americans to have confidence in the President. That is what they keep a President for. But confidence does not mean a state of coma. Let us trust in God and McKinley, but keep the Constitution dry.

Prest. Wheeler's stirring prophecy and Prof. Brown's compact record set forth the University of California in adequate light. The State is proud of its University—and with reason. Already, against many discouragements, it has earned a place of honor among the best State Universities of the Union. We shall be still prouder of it after a bit. Meantime, rich Californians should put money where all of us will put faith. The University of California should be the best-equipped in the world. It will be, if all for whom California has done a great deal will do a little for California.

Christmas in California! Christmas without snow, slush, pneumonia or furnaces; Christmas with open windows and roses nodding in at them the compliments of the day; Christmas with humming-birds whirring about the door and a mocking-bird in tune on the ridgepole; Christmas without overcoats, chest protectors, scarfs, ear-muffs, wristlets, arctics—but in their stead barefoot children chasing butterflies over a sward of infinite flowers. "It can't be did?" Oh, yes, it can—and is. "It wouldn't be Christmas?" Oh, yes, it would—and is. The Christmas heart is just as big and warm here as if it had pleurisy in its next-door pulmonary neighbor. And as for Christmas weather, you must permit yourself to be reminded that God did not send the Babe to earth in a New England climate, but picked out one like California. The traditional refrigerator Christmas is the laudable resort of those who, without knowing the Real Thing, make the best of their frost-bitten counterfeit. But here's wishing everyone, everywhere, the merriest Christmas, even if they have to come to California to get it.

WHERE
CHRISTMAS
IS REAL.

Good Americans love England ; but it is a pretty poor American that loves her politicians. They are as corrupt and as smug as ours, and possibly still surpass ours in their confidence that they can fool the people. English politicians tried twice to crush this nation in its infancy. They wished its disruption in our Civil War. Just now they are trying to murder another little republic, that they may "go through its pockets." But the England we love and honor is not the British politicians—it is the English People. They were not on the side of the stupid and brutal George ; or the feeble Colonies would have been wiped off the earth. They did not pray for Jeff Davis ; or there might have been no Appomattox. They are not fierce-hearted to butcher the Boers. And not only the People but the

THE
TWO
ENGLANDS

Statesmen. There were English anti-Imperialists in 1776—Burke, Fox, Chatham, all the men of their day we most honor—and in 1812 and 1861. And their blood is still alive in 1899. And as England has a good deal to learn from our politicians in the way of snobbery and abjectness, she doesn't "copperhead" her citizens for thinking, nor stop their mail. It is the hope for humanity—for no nation has ever yet become so unscrupulous, so selfish, so venal, as its machine politicians. The present pity of it is that decent English boys are shedding their lives to fatten a schemer who would cart-tail his grandmother for a dividend.

FROM AFRIC'S
SUNNY

FOUNTAINS.

As everyone past infancy in politics can see, the English politicians now dominant have long been slyly pushing the Transvaal Republic into a corner, for the express purpose of cutting her throat. Nothing could have saved her—except to give her house up to the robbers and go into exile; there to be robbed again as soon as she had made another wilderness worth imperial stealing. The only difference made by Kruger's manful stand is that the Boers will have some satisfaction before they are crushed. But they were to be crushed anyhow.

How innumerable we rabbit dunces is shown by the American apologies for this wicked and wanton war. It is "to protect her citizens" the Uitlanders, that noble Old England goes to war. Aye, *her citizens*. Apparently this never grazes the journalistic mind. The intruding Uitlanders are in the Transvaal to make money. They do not, and will not, become citizens. There are many able and some good men among these fortune seekers; but economically they occupy precisely the same relation to the Transvaal that the Chinese do to California. They are aliens, here to make money and take it home. Do we let the Chinese vote? Nay, do we let unnaturalized Englishmen? There are as many Britons in California as Uitlanders in the Transvaal. Unless they forswear the Queen and take the oath of allegiance to the United States, we do not let them vote in five years nor in fifty; and we know what we would say to them if they were so sublimely impudent as to demand the suffrage as aliens. If a million Americans settled in England, would they be given a vote as long as they retained their United States citizenship? Well, there are the Uitlanders for you. Their claim that a fortune-hunter is entitled to vote in a country he refuses to become a citizen of, is the most barefaced plea that ever came into court. And that is the English politician excuse for a war to exterminate a dauntless little nation which has not so many men, women and children in the whole republic as England has voters in a shire city!

BREEDERS
OF

TROUBLE.

While the administration is mumbling vague threats of the terrible things it will do to American citizens if they don't stop daring to think; and the newspaper lackeys howl that the people who protest against war are the only ones to blame for it—these troubled gentlemen are forgetting the chief offender. They want to get after the Declaration of Independence, and "proceed against" it, and exclude it from the mails, and let us know what a seditious, copperhead, traitorous document it is. And then the Constitution, which is about as wicked. For these two old-fashioned papers have done more to "encourage the Filipinos" than all the anti-Imperial speeches of today—just as they inspired Mexico, Central America, Peru, Chile, and all the other mainland colonies to revolt from Spain; just as they today inspire the people who protest against a war of conquest. These wicked manifestos of human rights should be suppressed! They make trouble, at home and abroad—for those who violate them. Let us wipe them out, and tie to Commerce and Chances for American Capital!

Some do it of willful knavery, but the vast majority because they know no better. The childish papers and paper-educated people who shriek "copperhead" and "traitor" at all who disagree with the President's war, of course know as little as they little care about even the modern history of their country. Not even the silliest of them would dare call Abraham Lincoln a copperhead—but he was one, by their definition, just as ex-Speaker Reed, and ex-President Cleveland, and Senator Edmunds, and Senator Hoar and a host more of our foremost men are now, in the mouths of the people who get their minds by "hoiler-plate" from Washington. They do not know enough to know that Lincoln stood up in Congress in Polk's Mexican War and criticised it and the President's precipitation of it as severely as Senator Hoar has criticised McKinley. But he did.

LINCOLN
AS A
"COPPERHEAD."

G. Wharton James was a methodist minister at Long Beach, Cal., till detected, tried and expelled the pulpit for indecency too base to be catalogued. Later, hotel tout, and like scientific industries. At present, lecturing where he is not known. These unpleasant facts of record would be impertinent were it not that the gentleman takes the name of California and of Southwestern science in vain; and as reliably as one might expect. California needs no unsavory advocates; and science is ungrateful for ignorant and mendacious handling.

A DANIEL
COME TO
JUDGMENT.

The retirement of E. L. Godkin from the New York *Evening Post*, by reason of ill health—though greeted with a chorus of jeers from newspapers which parrot what they hear—is a national loss. One did not have to agree always with Mr. Godkin—I for one frequently did not. But history, a few hundred years from now, will remember him as one of not more than five greatest editorial writers the United States had produced up to the end of the 19th century. Whereas, in 25 years a student will have to hunt up a quack paid "Encyclopedia of Biography" of this day to find out the names of the persons now running most of the papers that abuse him. This is the difference between fame and our conceit.

TIME
AND
PROPORTION.

It is to be hoped that the first act of Congress upon convening will be to call for the documents and information about the Philippine war which have been so sedulously kept from the people. And this from no spirit of partisanship, but from invulnerable American reasons. We are not yet ready to dispense with Congress and the ballot and leave government to one man, no matter how good a man he may be. If Congress and the people are not to "meddle" with national policies, but shut their eyes, put their minds in the safe-deposit and trust God and the President, why, let us acknowledge our dictator formally, and not keep up the cowardly pretext that the ring through our noses is a republican ornament.

WHAT
CONGRESS
MUST FACE

For nine months this country has been waging a war of conquest; a war which the country did not declare and has never sanctioned. It has been one man's war, and the people have been kept in the dark as to its status and conduct. News has been suppressed and doctored. The Administration censorship confessedly stopped all reports that "might hurt the Administration." In place of giving the people light, a bureau of glitter has been sent up and down the country to fill us with agreeable sounds but no facts. Congress, the representative of the people, has been kept outside the door while the political machine determined the fate of the Nation. It is "hands off my war"—though, of course, the President is too wise a man to say so and too good a man to be conscious that he feels so. But he *does* so.

Now it is disagreeable for Congress to remind the President of its own prerogative in this matter; and there are some Congressmen whose code of morals is to be agreeable. But there are some to whom it would be

even more unpleasant to do wrong. And even the boneless ones need not be fools. The whole drift of our politics now shows that if Congress does not guard its powers it will presently have none. There should be no partisanship in it and no disrespect. If President McKinley is the honest man he is believed to be, he cares more for the good of the Nation than for having his own way; he will thank Congress for discussing in full light a policy which everyone not a congenital fool knows to be the most important that this nation has encountered in its whole history. If Congress sees fit to legalize his acts of the last nine months, his position will be much stronger than it is now. If it does not, his position will be no worse. And it is to be remembered by all concerned that the people, and not the President, are the real government of the United States; and that they, not he, must decide whether this country shall remain a republic or become a colonial empire under William I.

NOT
QUITE A
WASHINGTON.

Aguinaldo is not Washington. But neither are you and I Washingtons. Did that ever occur to you? Yet we can love our country, can we not? We can love freedom and fear whatever gods may be, just as well as the greatest. If no one were entitled to liberty who was not as big as George Washington, the Republic would have perished long ago. But a republic is a place where *every* man, little and big, has the right to be free. Wherein even Aguinaldo does resemble Washington is that he is fighting for his country's liberty, and for doing that, no man who is worthy of liberty himself can despise another. Even Imperialists would strengthen their case by not black-guarding the "misguided enemy." The fable of Aguinaldo's having "sold out" to Spain is still parroted by stupid newspapers; though it has been proved, officially and in our own government records, to be entirely false. If the Filipino chief is such small potatoes, it is little credit that an American Major-General, with three times as many men—and incomparably more effective men—and ten times the armament, had not been able to dig him out of his hill in ten months. There is room for self-respect and common sense, even in discussions of our war of conquest.

WHERE
IT
BELONGS.

All Americans believe in the Flag—but there are several sorts of belief. Some feel that its only place is over the heads and lives of freemen. Some fancy it is just the thing for a beer sign or a soap-wrapper or the decorations of a pug dog. Some used to think it an inspiring symbol to float over the auction block on which Negroes were peddled. Not long ago a vulgar murderess (who will find justice in Mexico) showed the "who-will-haul-it-down" patriotism by going to prison wrapped in the Stars and Stripes. Now it must be a pretty inflamed mind which cannot see that true reverence for Old Glory includes removing it from places where it will get stained.

It is as much a mistake for an American President to get the notion that he is the Flag as it is for the newspapers to persist in the delusion that they are the People.

California will net more money this year than ever before in its history. Partly because it has started as a model year, and everything will do its prettiest; and partly because tens of thousands of acres will this year give their first crop. California is a marvel already; but modern California is only begun.

As American humor is reputed to be grim at times, it cannot be blamed for seeing a smile amid all the shame and pity of the case, as the giant British Empire lays consoling hands to mutual shoulders and whispers bravely: "Bear up! Keep a stiff upper lip." A whale "bearing up" under the bite of the smelt it has gone forth to swallow.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



apt. As for example: For four years the Land of Sunshine has worn on its cover the legend "The Magazine of California and the West." It is the only publication which ever carried that title—until now. The *Overland* steals the words for its November cover—using them for the first time in its history. This shows several things. First, that the *Overland* is hard hit. Second, that it lacks wit to invent a legend of its own. Third, that its notions of honor are dim. No honest person steals—even a name. No one but a fool need to. There are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught. And anyhow the legend as stolen is false. The *Overland* is a magazine in California, but not of it. It is a warmed-over imitation of an Eastern magazine; a recourse of those who cannot get into Eastern magazines. And now an imitator at home.

One of the most exquisitely beautiful books published in modern times is *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag*, by Ernest Seton Thompson. And it is as good as it is beautiful—a story of extraordinary heart and tingle, quite worthy of the author of *Wild Animals I Have Known*. The illustration is lavish and delightful. We cannot have too much of this sort of book-making, nor of this sort of writing. Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50.

It is only once in a good while that a book of such full satisfaction comes to hand as Morgan Robertson's *Where Angels Fear to Tread*. These eleven short stories have a certain virile poise which gives them uncommon appeal. Mr. Robertson's field is the sea, as Mr. Hamblen's is. He "knows the ropes" as well and writes rather better. But the structural difference between the two is that of, we may say, ethical vision. Hamblen makes heroes of the "Bucko" brutes and cowards who made the American marine a dream of hell; who broke the jaws and arms of helpless men; who were perhaps the most bestial things that ever wore the shape of man. In Robertson's stories these vulgar bullies play not the hero's but the villain's rôle; and providentially get their come-uppance in a fashion to delight every fair-play lover. These stories are ingenious, vital, actual and, curiously enough, full of a dry humor. There is no laboring to be witty; but the situations are so just, so deliciously in tune with our sympathies, and so full of grim humor that they evoke laughter of a sort few books call out nowadays. Among the year's books of short stories none is to be more heartily commended than this as one sure to please the friend who reads it. The Century Co., New York. \$1.25. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

A handsome, a fascinating and a really valuable book is Sara Y. Stevenson's *Maximilian in Mexico*. Mrs. Stevenson was a part of that strange tragedy of the Little Napoleon's toy em-

CHEAP
AND
DISHONEST.

REALLY
NOBLE
WORK.

STORIES
YOU SHOULD
READ.

MAXIMILIAN
AND HIS
TOY EMPIRE

pire in America, and while the history can be had elsewhere, the personal reminiscences of an eye-and-ear-witness are deeply interesting. Perhaps in all American history there has been no chapter more dramatic than that of the good, weak Austrian and his sacrifice to French ambition; and his consort, poor Carlota, is a proverb of universal pity. Mrs. Stevenson's personal narrative is good reading in both applications of the word. Flaws might be picked in the Spanish, and sometimes in the historical estimates; but this would be ungrateful to a book so decidedly excellent in its line. The Century Co., New York. \$2.50. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

TRAVEL
WITH

GOOD EYES.

With a Pessimist in Spain, by Mary F. Nixon, is in its second edition—and deserves it. It is a bright, instructive and just now particularly timely book of travel. For the itinerary—gossiping, and reinforced by historical information—Miss Nixon has a happy faculty. Above all she is not provincial, but sees things with unbiased eyes. The illustration is well chosen and attractive. B. Herder, St. Louis. \$1.25.

FIRST
AND

STILL BEST.

Harper's Magazine enters, this month, its one-hundredth volume. It is not too much to call it the world's leading magazine—the most interesting, the most instructive, the most virile. For many years it has been, under H. M. Alden, the most American of our monthlies; the best balance between real progress and proper conservatism; the least cowardly of its class. In the mad competition of late years it has never lost its head. Anything new and good it has had as well as the best, and generally a little better. Things new and silly it has not run after. There are just four great magazines of the first class in the world, and all in America. All have their special merits. But the old standby, *Harper's*, is, as it has been for half a century, still at the head of the table. The price has been reduced to \$3 per year, and without cheapening of quality.

A FOUR-
FOOTED

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A rare good dog-book, which will warm every dog-lover and every hunter, is *Diomed*, by John Sergeant Wise. "Diomed" is a famous setter, at home in Virginia; and his "autobiography" is more interesting and actually more heartening than that of a great many people would be. The story is excellently well done, and is a monument of loving work; while the illustration is lavish. "Di's" puppyhood, schooling and first hunting; his escapades after rabbits and his gradual development of conscience as a peerless bird-dog; the famous hunts that distinguish his prime, the mellow reflections of his old age—these are set down so vividly that the reader soon realizes that "Diomed" was a real dog, and that this is, despite its whimsical form, his real story, written by one who loved him. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$2.00.

ANOTHER

STOCKTONIAN

WHIMSY.

Stockton's fire-fly fancy seems never to settle down to a plain, folded bug. It is forever on the wing and aglow, dancing through the night of no-man-knows-whither. *The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander* is pure Stocktonesque, a whimsy beyond other invention. The hero found the Fountain of Youth in Abraham's time, drank it dry, and naturally has lived ever since, without aging, but gathering experience beyond compare. Particularly in matrimony, having wedded some pretty girl of about every generation in the last 4,000 years. After "personally conducted" acquaintance with Isaac, Samson, Solomon, Herodotus, Nebuchadnezzar, Moses, Maria Edgeworth, Petrarch, Napoleon, and other mile-posts of history, he is now a New York broker—decidedly "with a past." The story is very diverting. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

Anyone who has read Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers* will be sure to get hold of and devour his *Little Novels of Italy*. Any one who hasn't, cannot do it too soon. For Mr. Hewlett is a rare craftsman. What he writes is really literature; distinguished of style, and full of the better romance. The five "little novels" in this charming volume are all antique gems, of a cutting few workmen can do—or do do—nowadays. And a beauty of him is that his precise and evidently fond lapidarying does not dry up the human juices in his veins. It would be hard to devise a mind which would not find these romances deeply interesting. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50. San Francisco, Payot, Upham & Co.

HIGH-
CLASS
WORK.

A peculiar and deeply interesting work is Josiah Flynt's *Tramping with Tramps*. Mr. Flynt has been the real thing, in this and several other countries—no brief "slummer" but a full-fledged "hobo." And with a pair of keen eyes he has carried a shrewd head and a human heart. For of course his tramping was for study of his fellows. Few of us know how this other half live; and it is worth while to find out by Mr. Flynt's aid; as significant and informative as it is full of human interest. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

STUDIES
OF THE
VAGABOND.

No other humor in many years has hit the general funny-bone so squarely as "Mr. Dooley's." He has taken the modern place of A. Ward. And his tremendous vogue has been merited. With some allowance for the newspaper pressure, it is a mass of excellent wit. The latest embodiment of it is an attractive volume, *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen*; a book worth adding to collections of American literature. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

JUST
WHERE
HE IS.

There is no American so wise that he will be hurt by reading *Outlines of Civics*, by Prof. Frederick H. Clark, of the Lowell High School, San Francisco. Designed as a supplement to the abridged edition of Bryce's great work, *The American Commonwealth*, it is a clear, compact and valuable summary of the machinery of our government, about which we should know so much and do know so little. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. 75 cents.

A BOOK
TO BE
KEPT.

Morrison I. Swift does not belie his name—certainly there is "nothing slow" about his fiery volume *Imperialism and Liberty*. Mr. Swift thinks straight on the present shame; and having a tongue of uncommon endowment he talks upon it eloquently, not to say vitriolically. The language is as fierce as the reasoning is (in general) apt. But perhaps the book would do more good if more repressed. Ronbroke Press, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

AN 'ANTI"
AND A
TARTAR

If only for the one character of the old weaver with a heart of gold, Blanche Willis Howard's posthumous novel with the strange name *Dyonisius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest* would be worth while. But "Vroni," the masterful heroine, is a more striking creation yet; and there is no little stir of life in several other characters. It is a fresh and interesting story, and not easy to be laid aside. Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50.

AN UNUSUAL
SORT OF
HEROINE.

A rattling boy's story, sequel to the popular *Lakerim Athletic Club*, is Rupert Hughes's *The Dozen From Lakerim*. About half the book was a serial in St. Nicholas: the rest is entirely new. There are plenty of shaking-up adventures for these school-boys; and with all its liveliness the book is of good tone. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

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LAKERIM
BOYS AGAIN.

- A REAL WESTERN CAREER.** A plain, true tale of the Dakota of twenty years ago is Russell Doubleday's *Cattle Ranch to College*. A frontier boy's life is told in homely, unliterary fashion, from the Indian fight in which he was mixed at twelve, through his hard youth as coal miner, "cow-puncher," "bronco-buster," hunter, tramp—and finally (by an unexpected awakening) college boy in the East. The story is vouched for as true, and has the earmarks. There are over 100 pictures, of which many excellent half-tones from Western photographs are really valuable. Sent on approval. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. \$1.50. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.
- CINDERELLA UP TO DATE.** For any young person who has found the paint rather rubbed off the old standard Cinderella, a very satisfactory brand-new one, with artistic variations, may be found in *The Story of Betty*, by Caroline Wells. "Betty" is a little, shipwrecked Irish waif, disclosed first as a scullery-maid, and liberally endowed with hard knocks. But presently she turns out to be heir of the McGuire estate, and quite outdoes the old Cinderella by buying a grandmother, a baby sister and other useful articles. The bright story is well illustrated by Birch. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.
- GIBSON'S STIRRING ROMANCE.** *My Lady and Allan Darke* might be anything, so far as its title tells us; but as a matter of fact it is a most uncommon good novel of adventure, and one the most blasé reader will see through to the end. The adventure is fierce enough for the most strenuous, the love-story exceptionally sweet; and the author's skill in keeping the reader on the hooks of suspense is notable. It is a breathless story but a sound one; with a fine live heroine, a pretty stout hero, and a villain past damnation. Charles Donnell Gibson has made a distinct hit. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth ave, N. Y. \$1.50.
- "OURS" AND THEIRS.** A new subscription work in 24 folio parts presents *Our Islands and Their People*—Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, etc., in extremely attractive pictorial shape. Admirable photographs, and well-done colored photogravures picture these insular conquests from the most interesting side. The text, by José Olivares, a Californian, is in the customary line; but the illustrations, of which there are more than 1200, are alone worth more than the price of the work. Fifty cents a number, two or more numbers a month. N. D. Thompson Publishing Company, St. Louis.
- TO GLADDEN YOUNG HEARTS.** A gift to gladden a child's heart is the *St. Nicholas Christmas Book*, a handsome square octavo in a cover bright with candles and holly, rich, broad pages, and a wealth of very good things that have been published, in the last quarter century, in the very best children's magazine in the world. Famous writers and the best illustrators are here; and more than 200 pages are filled with stories and pictures of holiday turn. For so perfectly made a book the price is extremely low. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50. Los Angeles, for sale by C. C. Parker.
- CASTLE'S GOOD STORY.** Bright, stirring and with many unexpectednesses, Egerton Castle (whose *Pride of Jennico* won so reasonable a success) makes his story of *Young April*. It would have been easy to touch a lower level with the story of a lad of twenty suddenly become Duke and desirous to have his fling in the thirty days before he shall take up his duties. But there is nothing commonplace or vulgar in Mr. Egerton's treatment; and at least two of his characters—"Neuberg" and "Eva"—are very likeable. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50.
- A standard edition of Percival Pollard's *Cape of Storms* is issued by R. G. Badger, Boston.

A simple story of the London "other half," *Lesser Destinies*, "LIFE
by Samuel Gordon, wins interest hardly foreshown in its first AMONG THE
chapters. It is uneven, and at times the touch seems insecure; LOWLY."
but "Tabitha," the old-maid workshop girl, and her awakening to love;
"Nance," the burglar's daughter but still woman; "Jimmy" the
cripple and "Ted" the hunchback, and "Phoebe," the woman that
was—they come to concern us in their loves and hates and fortunes.
Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago, \$1.25.

A California Idyll, Ernest McGaffey's musical little poem, is A HANDSOME
issued in admirable shape by the Channing Auxillary of San CALIFORNIA
Francisco. A cover of yucca is characteristic and attractive; PUBLICATION.
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and the whole booklet is of novel distinction. Mr. McGaffey's natural
history limps in one spot; for the "road-runner" does not tackle rattle-
snakes. 318 Post street, San Francisco. \$1. (In Japan vellum, 50 cents.)

The *Mickey Finn Idylls*, by Ernest Jarrold, is a collection of HOMELY
thirty unpretentious, human sketches of a human little Mick HUMAN
in Harlem and his animal friends. There is a certain unob- NATURE
trusive pathos in these slender stories, and a good deal of naturalness.
A strong commendation by Charles A. Dana introduces the volume.
Sent to any address on approval. Doubleday & McClure Co., New
York. \$1.25. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

Mrs. C. W. Earle, whose former volume was so much esteemed MORE "FROM
by the enlightened, now issues *More Pot-Pourri from a Sur- A SURREY
rey Garden*. It is a pot-pourri indeed—a genial gossip of GARDEN."
gardens, flowers, bulbs, continental travel, the servant-girl question,
cremation, cooking, and pretty much everything else. Mrs. Earle is
authoritative on gardening, and interesting elsewhere. The Macmillan
Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$2.00.

Geo. Ade, who has made his hit in these lines, is now out "FABLES
with a book more enjoyable than its predecessors, because IN
more in keeping. *Fables in Slang* is not only an able exposi- SLANG."
tion of the vernacular Chicagoese, but its "fables" are pretty typically
of the sort called "American humor." Even those who talk English
will enjoy its whimsical plotlets and jargon. Herbert S. Stone &
Co., Chicago. \$1.00.

Michael Rolf, Englishman, by Mary L. Pendered, is a Jane- LOVE
austentatious love-story between a young lady of "birth" and a AND
—a person in the Englishly-dreadful way of trade. The "TRADE."
power of the nominally "gentle" passion could not be more severely
tested. But it is enough; and the lady loved "shop" and all. Sent on
approval. Doubleday and McClure Co., New York. \$1.25. Los Ange-
les, C. C. Parker.

Blood sometimes tells, and Julia Ward Howe's daughter (Laura GIRLS
E. Richards) has the communicative sort, as readers of *Captain AND
January* need not be informed. Her latest, *Quicksilver Sue*, is GIRLS.
a story young girls will enjoy, and with benefit. The book, like all that
its publishers produce, is handsomely made, and is well illustrated. The
Century Co., New York. \$1. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

In a critical trial of seven months the Los Angeles Times has NOTES.
won the prize offered by *Printer's Ink* to the newspaper giving
best service to the advertiser; open to all papers south of a
line drawn from ocean to ocean through San Francisco, St. Louis, Cin-
cinnati and Philadelphia. With Washington, Baltimore and New
Orleans in the fight, it is significant of many things that the prize comes
to a California city which had only 25,000 people a dozen years ago.

It is pleasant to record that Wm. Doxey—who has done so much for artistic book production on this Coast—has risen from failure and resumed business as the Doxey Book Co. If the new firm contains business skill up to the measure of Mr. Doxey's taste, it should make a winning. Better-dressed books are not common anywhere than he puts forth. His first important enterprise will be a new edition of *Hawaii Nei*.

The Development of the English Novel is a scholarly and useful essay by Wilbur L. Cross, of Yale. One may disagree now and then with the dicta; but Prof. Cross's book is clear, well co-ordinated and of much authority. It would be helpful to any one taking a course in English literature. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. \$1.50.

Doubtless as bad poems have been written before as those in Greville D'Arville's *Omega et Alpha*, but they seldom get into book form. And a very pretty book the publishers have made of this assault upon grammar and poetic feeling. D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. \$1.25.

City and State is a high-minded weekly by Herbert Welsh, well known as Secretary of the Indian Rights Association. Its motto is "Commonwealth Above Party;" and though it deals chiefly with Pennsylvania affairs it has much sound comment on national issues. 5 cents, \$2 per year.

"Pastor Russell" puns on the death of the Redeemer, and proves evolution false, with much more in the same sort in *The At-One-ment Between God and Man*. This is a good deal for 25 cents (paper). Bible and Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa.

Juliette Estelle Mathis, a contributor to this magazine, has issued a neat volume of *Songs and Sonnets*. Mrs. Mathis's verse shows poetic feeling and much heart, and the little book is a credit to her. C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco.

Mina Ward, of Escondido, Cal., has issued *The Dictator*, a collection of graded dictation exercises, which will be found useful by all who study or teach shorthand. Phonographic Institute Co., Cincinnati, \$1.

The current (1899) *School Manual* of Riverside county, Cal., is out of the ordinary run of publications in this sort. It can be commended to the boards of education in many older and larger communities.

Frank Carleton Peck puts forth in a neat little brochure a collection of reasonable verse *Under Western Skies*. New Whatcom, Washington. 50 cents.

A strikingly well-written, convincing and handy weekly is *The Public*, by Louis F. Post, box 687, Chicago. \$1 a year, 5 cents a number.

The Macmillans issue a very attractive little edition of Harriet Martineau's classic *Feats on the Fiord*. Cloth, 50 cents.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS

"BUT YET A WOMAN."

IT is a matter of more than passing interest—and of more than mere newspaper significance—that a woman has been made Sunday editor of the leading newspaper west of Chicago, the San Francisco



C. M. Davis Eng 'Co MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

Chronicle. So far as I remember, it is the first time in the United States that a woman has won this place on a journal of such standing. And success was never more squarely earned. Mabel Clare Craft, whose fine and authoritative volume *Hawaii Nei* has been mentioned in these pages, is the plucky woman. She was the first woman to carry off the gold medal of the University of California; and beginning on the *Chronicle* as a green reporter she has earned every step of her ascent by honest and competent work. In these days of Nellie Bly and other petticoated cheekinesses, it is a pleasure to watch the career of a real woman, who succeeds better in newspapering than they by the opposite methods. Miss Craft has risen not by impudence nor by favor, but by sober

work. As a woman she is respected by all who know her; and despite the driving of newspaper pressure she shows a distinct literary gift. Her book on Hawaii goes to a second edition—and deserves many more—and a volume is announced of her "letters" from Mexico.

THE LAND WE LOVE

AND HINTS OF WHY.



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"A SEVERE WINTER."

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to 7:30 p. m., and hourly to 11:30 p. m. Saturdays, extra cars at 5 p. m. and 6 p. m. Cars leave Plaza 10 minutes earlier.

Via Bellevue Ave., Colegrove and Sherman, every hour from 6:15 a. m. to 11:15 p. m. and 11:45 p. m. to Sherman only. Cars leave Plaza 10 minutes later.

For Los Angeles: Cars leave Hill Street, South Santa Monica, at 6:50, 6:40 a. m., and every hour to 10:40 p. m. Sundays, 7:40 a. m. and every half hour from 8:40 a. m. to 7:40 p. m., and hourly to 10:40 p. m. Saturdays, extra cars at 4:10 p. m. and 5:10 p. m. Leave band stand, Ocean Ave., 5 minutes later.

Cars leaving Hill Street, South Santa Monica, 40 minutes after each hour from 6:40 a. m. to 9:40 p. m. connect at Morocco cars via Sherman and Colegrove.

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A "BOOM" STORY }

Vol. XII, No. 2

Lavishly
Illustrated

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THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



THE MAGAZINE OF
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS



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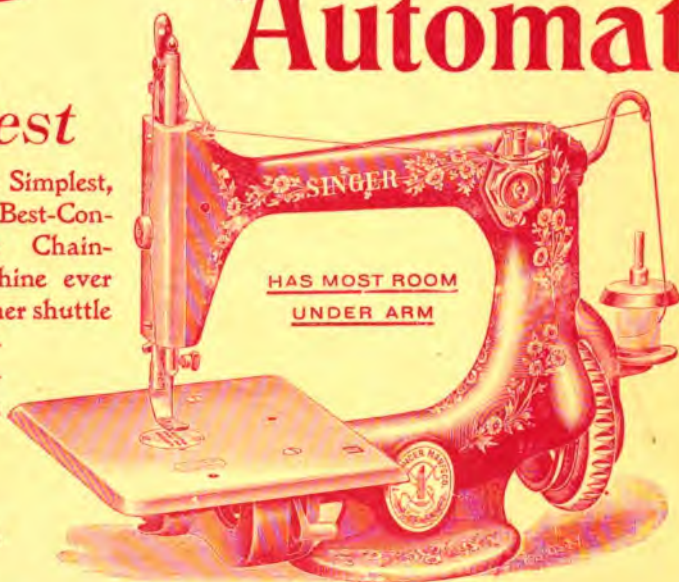
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"SAN LUIS WAS THROGGED WITH PEOPLE." Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.
(See page 34.)



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 12, No. 2.

LOS ANGELES

JANUARY, 1900.

THE GARDEN OF SOULS.

BY DR. C. W. DOYLE.

Author of "The Taming of the Jungle."

God walked within His garden of sweet savours
Of souls assoiled; there dimpling pansies set
Had infants' faces culled for heaven's favours,
And roses of fair womanhood from fret
Released, and from the world's temptations—
From tears, and wrinkles, and hard fate's negations.

But most a bed of lilies Him delighted—
Souls of fair maids caught up unstained and bright;
Amidst the throng my daughter's flower I sighted
Bending before her Maker, meek and white.
There shall she bloom till God's awakening thunder
Thall rouse the dead, and rend the hills asunder.

Santa Cruz, Cal.

THE MISSION GRAVES.

BY NORA MAY FRENCH.

By man forgotten,
Nature remembers with her fitful tears:
The wooden slabs lose name and date with years,
And crumble, rotten.

The Father, there,
One Saint's Day from an evening mass returning,
Set for each unknown soul a candle burning,
With muttered prayer.

Glow-worms, they shone—
Strange, spectral-gleaming through the lonely dark.
Whose nameless dust did each faint glimmer mark?
Skull, crumbling bone?

Ah! the Dead knew—
Each to his taper drawn through voids of space,
Each on his grave (eyes, in a formless face!)
Watched—the night through.

La Cañada, Cal.

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ONE OF THE OLD GUARD.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



F WENDELL PHILLIPS still walked the earth, thrilling us now and then with that most perfect classic of a lecture ever spoken from an American platform, it is not impossible that he might add to his list of Lost Arts that of newspapering. For, as all the thoughtful of us know, the American newspaper has in a generation changed from an art to a business. Once a mission, it is now a money-maker. Enormously multiplied in numbers and in "enterprise," its relation to the public has nevertheless wholly changed. It still clings to the rôle of educator; though everyone knows that it is nowadays as wholly a commercial affair as Standard Oil. It has already come among the dangers and excesses that were inevitable unless we should circumscribe by some elective system such power as is wielded by the press. Irresponsibility has bred vast abuses of that power; and we have yielded full room for abuse. These unelected masters are to-day far more potent in this nominal republic than the government we do elect. They are far more powerful than ever before, and far less scrupulous in the use of that power. But they are not more *influential*. People fear their frown and hunger for their smile. But where are the newspapers we used to *believe*? In all the United States today, you can count upon your fingers—and probably with a hand to spare—all the dailies of serious circulation that are trusted by their clients as implicitly as the Springfield *Republican* has been for half a century, and the New York *Evening Post* for more than a generation. The type of conscientiousness they represent has become so old-fashioned in American journalism that its survivals are almost curios. They seem as strange as would the statesmen we have "outgrown" among the politicians we are growing. And if conscience has become rare, courage no less—though impudence did never so abound as now.

It has been more than the good fortune of Southern California that it has had during the most crucial formative period one of the few newspapers of that sort which still survive; and it has much wider than a provincial interest. The career of that paper is, in fact, a scientific document, shedding light not only upon a social phenomenon entirely without parallel (and it is no careless speech to say that of the evolution of Southern California), but upon every-day matters all Americans may take home with profit—not excluding the Americans nearest this blackboard. Among my many shortcomings I have never been convicted of flattery; and what is here to be

said has place because it is far-reaching in application, as I hope to make it just to men with whom I very often and very earnestly disagree. These fifteen years have given me a chance to know the facts; for in that period I have watched, and not carelessly, the growth of Los Angeles from a very tough little Western town to a very respectable and extremely Eastern city; and its chief newspaper from the caliber of a country sheet to a journal which in every way invites comparison with any in the United States.

How these two agents have reacted upon one another; what Southern California has done for the *Los Angeles Times*, and what the *Times* has done for Southern California, it would take a book to relate. And it could be made a very interesting book, not without scientific value. But the gist of it can be summed up here. It is my deliberate belief—not without entitlement of some fair chance to know—that no growing community ever had more, or more important, help from any journal. Nor,



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS AT 16.

indeed, do I know in America of a case quite parallel; for our evolution has been without precedent in its swiftness. From the "wide-open," saloon-ridden, raw frontier town I first knew, to the Los Angeles of today, is not only a long-distance march, but a long war—with more picket-firing, skirmishes and pitched battles than most of us realize today, even of the "old timers." And not ten per cent. of the present population has been in California long enough to have seen that whole campaign.



OLD FORT STREET AND THE TIMES BUILDING ABOUT 1888.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Campaigns, of course, are fought by soldiers ; and ours has been won by recruits of such character and in such numbers as never before in history enlisted so fast for a new land. But the best soldiers must have leaders ; and in our American organization a newspaper is the easiest leader, if not always the best. Unfortunately, too many newspapers prefer to be camp followers. But our army of lions has had a lion for a leader.

Now this is a large thing to say, but a true one ; I cannot recall a single considerable reform or forward movement in Los



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Angeles in 15 years of which the *Times* was not the standard-bearer. I cannot recall any case in which it has been found among the enemies of local good government. In the big campaigns, it was the *only* newspaper leader. And time was when these civic wars were not so innocent and polite as now. A hundred thousand good citizens have made some difference in the complexion of things. Fifteen years ago the saloon power was practically supreme here. The *Times*, single-handed, led the long, fierce, high-license campaign which at once and for-



THE TIMES PRESSES.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

ever relegated that insolent influence from the head of the procession to the tail. Even to get sewers was a fight hotter than we can kindle nowadays — and the *Times* captained and won that battle. The first serious bonded improvements—another *Times* victory. And so it went, through those strenuous formative years which made Los Angeles livable for something besides its climate. The people did it of course; but the character of the *Times* was that it believed they would do it, and got out in the open and rallied them to the charge when no one else thought of such a thing as possible. The extraordinary and sensational fight of this community against a selfish corporation and a corrupt government official for their American rights in a harbor, is modern history familiar to nearly all. To those on the “inside” it is more than doubtful if that victory could have been won without the *Times*. It was celebrated by an episode, perhaps unique in American journalism — when the public set a memorial tablet of thanks in the granite walls of the *Times*. And the “San Pedro harbor fight” is a fair type of what the paper has done for its community.



MRS. ELIZA A. OTIS.

In the great railroad strike of '94, the *Times* was the only daily on the Pacific Coast which “stood fast, stood firm, stood true” (as is its motto) for law and order. We, of this city, shall probably never know just how much we owe this one unflinching paper that in this end of the State we escaped bloodshed and riot in that crisis. It stood erect and outspoken when thousands who “think no small” of their valor, found it convenient to talk soft; and other newspapers either abetted the strikers or dared not ruffle them. It made a diversion in the ranks of the enemy. Like the donkey between two bundles of hay, they hesitated which to “eat” first—the *Times* or the railroad. And like him, the strike starved of indecision. But for a few days it was not a comfortable forecast. So much (and so bitter) among the malcontents who thronged the streets was the talk of “dynamiting the *Times*” and of “shooting old Otis,” that a man, of whose funeral it was none, went up to see if a double-barreled shotgun and a forefinger with an easy crook might be helpful in an office where he had spent the least profitable years of his life. Col. Otis (for the Philippines had not been



ALBERT MCFARLAND.

discovered then) was quietly at his routine. Possibly he was not anxious to be blown up. But he said simply, after thanks, "My heart is here, my work is here. If they must dynamite the building I do not know what better grave I could have than under these stones."

It has been an incident of my business for several years along the North and South American frontiers to watch and try to understand what passes for courage—and there are several classifications.

There is the brute-brave, who gets too mad too think of consequences; the fool "who does not know what fear is;" the man who does know, and cannot forget, but masters it; the man who is afraid lest it be known how much afraid he is—and so on. I have never seen Gen. Otis on the battlefield; but the man who can withstand a mob is brave enough for me; and for every man that dares do that I will engage to enlist a thousand for a charge up San Juan hill. I have seen a good many men killed, and a good many deeds that would generally pass for brave. But I never saw a braver act than that of the man who stood to lose not only his business but his heart's

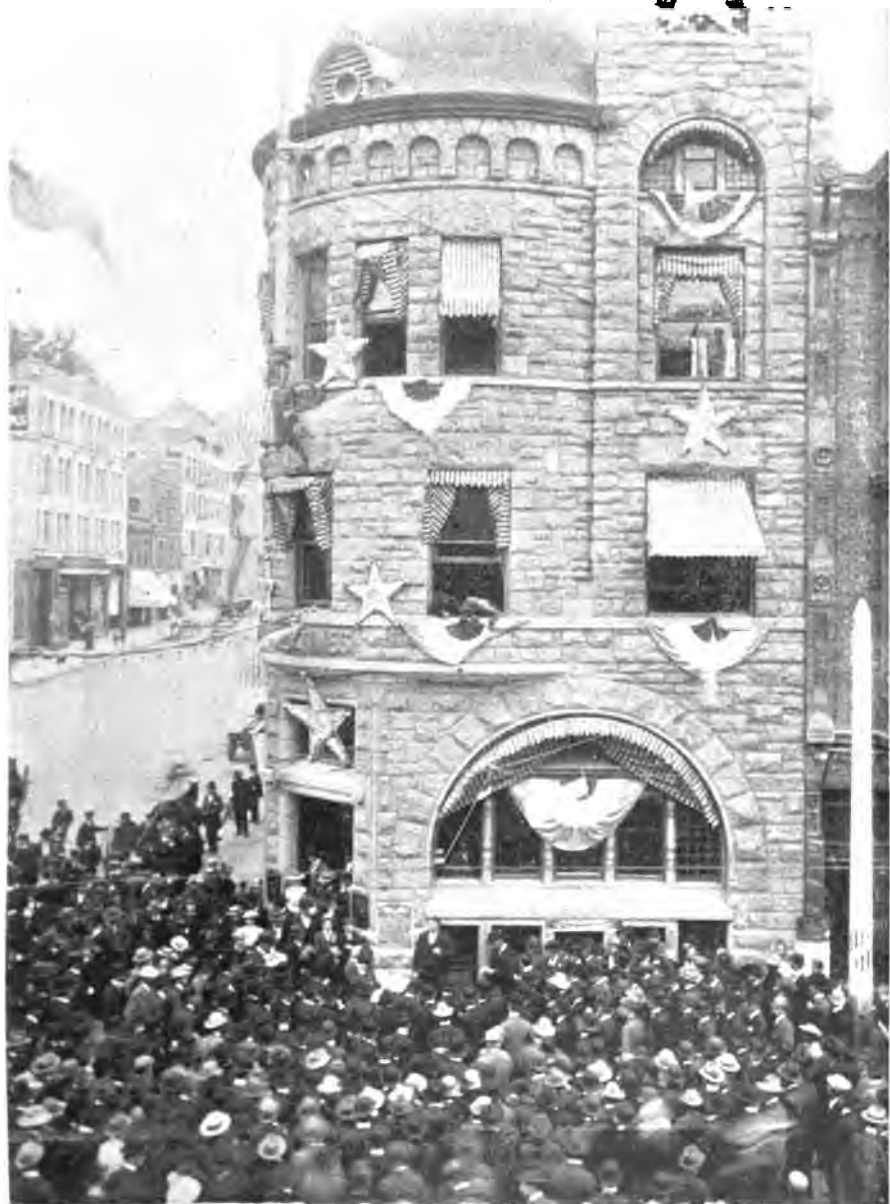


HARRY CHANDLER.



L. E. MOSHER.

desire; a poor man (then) who had to have \$20,000 or (it seemed certain) be ruined; who could have it simply by supporting the political ambition of an unobjectionable candidate; and who answered the proffer, while the sweat ran off his forehead: "— is a good man. If the convention nominates him, we will be glad to support him. But I cannot tie this paper beforehand." A man who can do that in these elastic days, shall commit several good-sized crimes before I am ready to scratch him off my slate of Men.



If the fact is clearly of record (and it is) that this one newspaper has been more influential than any other one concrete factor in the evolution of the community along the right lines, it is an equally significant fact that *it has paid*. When the *Times* started, Los Angeles had two dailies long established and popular, and with every material advantage over the stripling newcomer. They are good newspapers still; few American cities of this size have as good. But in these years and under their noses the *Times* has grown to be the most profitable newspaper property not only in the city but in the whole West. It has a larger advertising patronage than any other newspaper



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

THE LINOTYPE BATTERY.

west of the Ohio. Only four newspapers among the 10,000 of the United States print as many "ads." It prints more than all the big San Francisco dailies put together. Its plant is unsurpassed. It pays larger dividends than any other newspaper in 1000 miles.

Now, why?

By running after the crowd, and putting its ear to the ground? By "studying to please" everyone? Hardly, those will say who know it. Probably it is no exaggeration to say that all the other papers in Southern California put together have not amassed so liberal a fund of rank hostility. Nor is it altogether a case of "loving it for the enemies it has made." Most of them do it great credit; but many I think it has

made needlessly, and some unjustly. It is assuredly disquieting, for instance, to find such a paper slang-whanging such a man (to take a prominent case near home) as David Starr Jordan



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

BRIG. GEN. HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Photo. by Marceau.

dan. California never had a better citizen nor a more useful. No newspaper ever did more for good citizenship nor so much for education as he is doing. And the humor of it is that if the *Times* really knew Jordan's work it would be first to re-

spect an integrity and courage equal to its own, and a brain which no one in California, certainly, can disparage without appearing rather ridiculous. It is so much, however, in the newspaper air nowadays to be irreverent and to "pitch in" blind, that perhaps we should not wonder if the contagion strikes even a journal in most respects vastly above the level of its fellows. Somewhat more care in remembering that wise and honest men can better employ their pugnacity in fighting dishonesty and folly than in abusing equally honest and wise men for going to a different church or employing a different tailor, would probably remove the only serious criticism of a paper in many ways so great that it should allow itself no little weaknesses.

Yet despite its hard and not always discriminate blows, the *Times* has prospered beyond any of its more considerate contemporaries. It is not universally beloved, but it is generally trusted. Also considerably feared—mostly by those whose awe of it is distinctly useful to good government. Its opinions may or may not convince the reader; but no one fit to be out without a guardian distrusts its integrity or its courage. There may perhaps be a moral hidden away in this tremendous financial success of such qualities, in a field strewn with the bones of papers that tried to be "popular." And in the teeth of this object lesson there are still people who will "play policy!"

The whole secret has been simply character; and throughout its significant career the character of the *Times* has been Harrison Gray Otis. There have been and are other men in the winning—men I shall be last to forget; but the guinea's stamp has been this big, rugged—sometimes rough—personality; loyal as a child to a principle or a friend, vindictive as an Indian toward any enemy of his friend or principle, a soldier by every instinct, and so staunch for what he believes to be the right as not one man in 50,000 is. It may be said that "it paid"—but I am measuring by the time when it didn't "pay," and few dreamed it ever would. One reason that it has "paid" is that he would have done it anyhow—and a community comes to trust that sort of a man.

Gen. Otis has an honorable record in two wars. In the rebellion he earned his way from the ranks to a colonelcy, and won the friendship of Hayes (later President), McKinley (now President), and the lamented Crook. These relations logically explain his position on some policies wherein many of us disagree with him. The *Times* is Republican, but not "yellow dog" Republican. More than once it has revolted against folly—or worse—in the party: and in the most sensational campaign the State has known it beat, absolutely single-handed among newspapers, the surest (but least fit) candidate on the ticket.

In our current war President McKinley commissioned Col. Otis a brigadier-general, and he had six months' active service at the front in the Philippines ; then resigning and returning, with an honorable discharge, to his place at the head of the *Times*.

The *Times* was first issued Dec. 4, 1881, by Nathan Cole and James Gardiner as a small 7-column folio ; absorbed a month later by Yarnell, Caystile & Mathes who were publishing the *Mirror* (founded 1873). Col. Otis entered the firm Aug. 1, 1882 and took editorial charge. A. W. Francisco became business manager in 1883, Yarnell & Mathes retiring. He remained a little over a year. In 1886 Wm. A. Spalding, Albert McFarland and Chas. F. Lummis became members of the company. Mr. McFarland, full of good, grey years, is still at his post ; both the others have long since gone into other fields. May 1, 1887, the *Times* moved into its own new building, corner of Fort street (now Broadway) and First. Since then a large addition has been made to the land by purchases on each side and the building is now being notably enlarged. L. E. Mosher entered the firm in 1887 and has made his mark both as business manager and as editor. In 1897 Harry Chandler became business manager, and during Gen. Otis's absence in the Philippines he was in full charge, developing administrative power of a high order. Mr. Mosher, during the same period, had the editorial management. Will E. Chapin's cartoons have been a feature of the *Times* since 1894. Frank X. Pfaffinger has been book-keeper since 1887. From the first, Mrs. Kliza A. Otis, a lovable and talented woman, has been an effective member of the editorial staff.

From the old water-power threshing-machine of a "Potter drum cylinder" which pounded out one side of 1400 sheets an hour in 1882, to the magnificent perfecting Hoe press which today prints, stitches, folds and delivers 48,000 eight-page, or 24,000 16-page, or 12,000 24-page copies of the *Times* per hour, is a long step. Between have come also five other presses, each bigger than its predecessor and more competent. Ten Mergenthaler linotypes were put in in July, '93, and four have since been added. In 1885, if I remember right, the circulation was about 2700 ; now it is over 23,000. The capital stock at incorporation (Oct., 1884) was \$40,000, increased two years later to \$60,000, and since then doubled four times—being set up to \$960,000 Dec. 18, 1899. These figures speak not only the success of the *Times*, but the astounding growth of the field in which it is published.

TO CARMEN.

BY C. P. HOLT.

I've bowed before Australia's Rose,
Columbia's Lily charmed my eye,
While in my memory often glows
The Red Hibiscus of Hawaii ;
But here to thee the truth I'll tell,
Time *never* can dissolve the spell
By thee laid on me long ago,
My Marigold of Mexico.

Vine, Cal.

A MISSION SAINT'S DAY IN 1868.

BY D. M. D.



OR nearly a century the 19th of August had been the great holiday of the year in the little California town of San Luis Obispo. It is an anniversary in the Mission's history—a Saint's day and a festival, consequently a notable day to all believers in saintship and bullfights. We accepted both with all the faith and reverence we could command. We knew that the history of a great State had been preserved in these old Missions. The annals that have come down to us are meager, the incidents are briefly told; but the record is authentic.

A few Franciscan Fathers, remarkable for their piety and courage, came to this western coast to christianize the native Indians. When they founded a mission it was their custom to give it the name of the saint to whom the day upon which it was founded was sacred. Thus, every mission has its patron saint, and this one is under the special care of Saint Louis, Bishop of Toulouse (1275-1298, A. D.), son of Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, canonized in 1317.

The figure within the church, which represents the Mission's especial saint, is young and fair and pleasing; and with the name and face are the associations of solemn ceremonies, and the yearly festivities of an older San Luis Obispo than is known to its present population.

On the 19th of August, 1772—the date is over the entrance to the Church—this Mission was established. Our first anniversary observance of the day antedates its Centennial celebration four years—Aug. 19th, 1868. It was something to remember, and we enjoyed the strangeness and surprises of the day. This fourth Mission founded upon the Pacific Coast is four years older than American Independence.

It has had its seasons of prosperity and adversity, and has been the silent witness of many changes.

Upon the Southern Californian coast, the late summer is the season of dusty slopes, parched valleys and sunken streams. The land rests, and nature gives you a soft, sleepy welcome. There are no rain-clouds in the sky to soften the glare, while the fierce brightness surrounds and subdues one. This 19th of August, in the year 1868, was no exception to the general rule of summer days, which follow the cessation of the trade winds; but we felt that we could not afford to neglect our first opportunity of honoring our own good Saint. We approached the straggling little village, of thirty years ago, from the southward, on the old Santa Barbara stage road. Even then it made a rather pretty picture in the distance. The encircling hills, the Bishop's peak and the Mission buildings and ruins were the chief features. The cultivated fields, pretty cottages and flower gardens were still in the future. The ancient church was the object of especial interest. The necessary repairs of later years have made it less interesting. When we first visited it was hanging on desperately to the old Mission style. Now it is too much repaired; and consequently spoiled. The former old roof and adobe walls were more in keeping with its age and history. The unsightly ruins at the side and in the rear told their own pathetic story of neglect and decay.

The Latin inscription over the entrance might frighten timid souls: "How dreadful is this place. It is the house of God and the gate of Heaven." On entering we got our first glimpse of the old paintings, silver censers, incense jars, and candlesticks with saintly images, sacred

cloths and vestments. In the little room behind the altar we found an ancient wardrobe and chest of drawers. These contained treasures in the line of rich robes of silk and velvet, some of which were brocaded with silver and gold, and bordered with shining braids and fringes. These gorgeous vestments were from Spain—gifts to the Mission in its infancy. The splendor of the robed Franciscan on festival occasions must have impressed the untutored Indian.

We turned from the inspection of things sacred and curious, to follow the gathering multitude through the narrow street to the *plaza* where we might see the bullbaiting. Upon "San Luis Day" it seemed our Christian duty to take in this old-time ceremony. The very unspiritual diversion came from Mother Spain. The sweet-toned bells that called to prayers and worship were from the same far country. The small town was alive with people. Matrons and maidens crowded the sidewalk, while their husbands, brothers and lovers, in all the bravery of Mexican saddles, jingling spurs and coiled reatas, charged up and down the one crooked street upon their favorite mustangs in the most reckless



SAN LUIS OBISPO MISSION.

manner. The outer fringe of the motley gathering was composed of curious spectators—a fair and rather mixed contingent composed of French, Germans and Americans. Undaunted by the glare and heat of the August midday, we waited for the fight. We could not deny that we countenanced a barbarous entertainment, but we would wilt and bake and choke with dust to honor the good Saint Louis.

Arrived at the place which had been enclosed for the sport, we found that seats had been prepared for the ladies. The men were generally mounted, and so well did they sit and ride, that horse and rider seemed one creature. The managers of the performance were gay and distinguishable in red and yellow scarfs. The hum of voices in many unfamiliar tongues disturbed the stillness, while the expectant throng waited and simmered.

At last, after we had ceased to care for the promised "show," there was an uproar of trumpets, tambourines and voices, and the Toro victim, with his tormentors, entered the enclosure. The skilled horseman whose duty it was to provoke the animals was armed with spears and barbed darts, with tiny flags attached. These were thrown at the bull to improve his temper, and it improved with each admonitory sting. A few footmen were in the enclosure, armed with dark-colored blankets.

It was their part to divert the maddened creature and throw the blanket over his head in case of danger. One at a time, some twenty bulls were brought into the corral. Some ignored the hostility of the enemy, and others accepted the challenge and fought until exhausted.

The festivities of our first attendance lasted from 10 A. M. till late in the afternoon. When the crowd dispersed, the more piously inclined returned to the church for prayers and vespers, while the gay and pleasure-loving folk proceeded to dance the hours away till morning dawned. The ball was a success, for pretty, dark-eyed girls and graceful dancers abounded.

The centennial celebration (in 1872) of the founding of this Mission, outshone all previous affairs within the memory of the townspeople. Its like will never again be witnessed, as the Franciscan Fathers have left these sheltering walls. The more precious relics have been removed to their last outpost, beautiful Santa Barbara. Bullbaitings are diversions of the past. At best they were poor imitations of the cherished amusement of a Spanish ancestry. A later generation and civilization will have none of it. Our Saint Louis, the Bishop, has outgrown the barbaric sport of his earlier occupation of this Mission town.

A FIESTA AT MESA GRANDE.*

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

Author of "A Soul in Bronze."



PON the return to the fiesta grounds the secular pleasures of the day begin in earnest. A subdued murmur of laughter and conversation fills the air. Intelligent looking Indian youths ride at a ring, or test their skill by picking up a handkerchief from the ground when at full gallop. It is not planned to give the Indian dances, for

Father Antonio has long discouraged these reminders of barbarism; but the few white guests who are present take up a collection to bribe the dancer of the feather dance to show his skill, and a half dozen aged men and women enter with enthusiasm upon its accomplishment.

The master of the dance puts on a feather cap, and taking a wooden disk attached to a thong he whirls it rapidly through the air, producing a peculiar resonant vibration which is the summons to the dance. The old people range themselves together and begin a minor chant to the rhythm of a large rattle with which the master of the dance keeps time. The younger members of the tribe stand in a circle about the space reserved for the dancer, and the white people look on from the vantage point of horses' backs and carriage seats. Suddenly the dancer runs into the ring, poises lightly before the elders, and salutes them by bending forward till the ends of two short sticks which he holds touch the ground. He wears a skirt of eagle feathers with short tights beneath. His bare chest and

* See November number.

Illustrated from photos. by the author.

arms are painted in a fashion improvised for the occasion with wet wood ashes, and his face is unrecognizable through a coating of the same, hastily applied.

Inspired by the monotonous rhythm of the music, he begins to whirl lightly upon his toes, spinning like a top while he



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. AN OLD INDIAN OF MESA GRANDE.

makes the circuit of the ring, at intervals leaping into the air and bringing his sticks together with a tapping noise, at which signal the master of the dance startles the echoes with an unearthly whoop, and the elders' song becomes louder and more exhilarating. It is the weirdest music, rising and falling in wild cadences which seem of no relation to the laws of harmony, but possess a certain rude consistency of form. An old squaw, whose earliest religious worship was, no doubt, that of the In-

dian dance, throws heart and soul into her singing. In the rapt expression of her dusky face there is no hint of the gentle ecstasy which filled old Angela's eyes as she sang the *Santo* in the christian church. An artist should have painted the one as the christian, the other as the pagan sibyl.

The dancer continues the exercise until it becomes a wonderful feat of endurance, trying to the beholder. This seems to



THE BRUSH CHURCH AT MESA GRANDE.

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

be an underlying idea of the Indian religious dance. Occasionally he pauses and rests his sticks upon the ground with his face toward the elders. The master of the dance enters the ring and traces mystic symbols upon the ground. The gyrations of the dancer are continued until suddenly he breaks through the circle and disappears amid the silence of the Indian spectators and the plaudits of the white men.

The "catamount dance" is given later by some visiting Indians of the same tribe from over the hills. This is performed by eighteen or twenty of the younger men, who stand face to face in a double row closely linked together by interwoven arms, and who move as one body with a singular rhythmical action forward and back, one foot advanced with emphasis, and the swaying motion accompanied by a sing-song chant as wild and unmusical as that of the feather dance, and like it timed by the rattle vigorously wielded by the leader. This dance seems to typify the solidarity of the tribe, as well as to testify to their powers of endurance. They continue it without respite or relaxation until the complete circuit of the booths is made, the whole lasting nearly three hours.

The moon climbs high, and throws a mellow light over all. Lanterns hung here and there illuminate the brush houses, and fires built upon the ground for the preparation of the evening meal throw a bright glow upon the moving figures, the sleepy children and the gaunt dogs who make of these interiors a picturesque and homelike scene.

In one ramada the floor is cleared and boards laid down for a white people's dance; and here the younger Indians, bright-faced youths and girls carefully and neatly dressed, end the day by dancing quadrilles and waltzes to the accompaniment of one dismal violin which wails in time to the voice of a white man who "calls off:" "Ladies to the right; gents to the left; swing your partners"—thus the dance goes merrily on. In the progress of civilization, the Indian braves have become transformed into "gents."

Dignity and decorum are maintained throughout. The manners of the dancers are quiet and modest. They glide through the waltz with a reserved aloofness of manner which robs it of the objectionable features which certain moralists find in it; allowing it to serve as a civilizing agency in contrast with the rude war dances of the past.

It is pathetic to witness the yearning of the younger Indians for the refinements of civilization which grinding poverty for the most part denies them. It is the ambition of one man to have some day a five-roomed house with a "sitting-room." To possess lace curtains for the windows is the acme of their dreams of luxury.

In accordance with the commonly observed rule that land worth anything to any one else shall not be left in possession of an Indian, the reservations allotted to the Diegueños are for the most part lots on rugged, barren hillsides where it is impossible to gain a living from the soil. The industrious worker, husband and father, is confronted with the following problem: either to do such jobs as he can obtain with the neighboring farmers and ranchers at the rate of a dollar a day,

meanwhile leaving his patch of ground neglected ; or to stay at home and work his land, out of which he cannot make a living for his family. At Mesa Grande there are frequent killing frosts, and late storms that wash the pollen from the corn. There are often meager harvests when famine stares these people in the face.

Forced by the greed of the white men to sell at the lowest figure and to buy at the highest, the Indian is ground beneath the upper and the nether millstone.

His deep love of race and family, and the fondness with which his heart clings to the resting places of his dead, are factors of the case unregarded by those who urge that he shall leave his reservation and go out into the world to make a living like other men. What opening is there for his success in a land where white men, owners of broad and fertile acres, complain of hard times and scant profits?

It is hoped by the friends of the *Diegueños* that the government may be induced to furnish them with a few herds of cattle which might be raised on the wild grasses of their barren hillsides.

It is only necessary to compare the general character of the Mission Indians with that of the tribes who have known the white man only as a selfish conqueror, to realize the capabilities of the Indian's character for culture and civilization.

The good deed of the Mission friars still shines brightly in contrast with the selfish neglect, the conscienceless greed, and the cold-hearted cynicism which, from that day to this, have characterized the treatment of these disinherited children of the soil.

Waterbury, Conn.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

VI.

THIS little series of papers as to our American duty toward the first Americans (whom we call Indians, still content with the blunder of Columbus in 1492) has struck responsive chords all across and up and down the United States. Literally hundreds of letters and scores of press clippings have been pouring in upon the writer. Without a single exception the letters, and with only one exception the papers, express keen sympathy with this crusade for justice and mercy. That was to be expected of Americans. Fair play and common sense are not lonely in this country. The hearty godspeed of these widely scattered people, hardly one of whom is personally known to me, is gratifying even to a hardheaded person who needs no "bracing-up." Dozens of these correspondents are Indian-teachers—not the pampered officials who fatten on our Indian policy, but the single-hearted men and women who are giving their lives to the work, on slender pay, and with scant consideration from their political "superiors." There is a mass of personal testimony from personal experience, sufficient to convince an



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AN INDIAN MOTHER.

Photo. by C. F. Lummis.

unbiased person. But I shall use little or none of this material ; partly because it is notorious that teachers who venture to see the brutalities and follies that are in our present system are punished by the machine, and I will use nothing anonymously ; and partly because, without any borrowing, I have seen with these eyes enough and to spare. To detail even a tithe of my own experience with the ignorance and injustice of our Indian policy would outwear the patience of average readers. I do not wish to tire them. There are many topics easier and pleasanter to write upon. But I do desire to set such Americans to thinking as care to think for humanity and that finer sense of honor which should be the touchstone of real Americanism ; and to give them sufficient data for thinking straight in a matter too little understood. Even those who do not intimately care for Indians *per se* may be able to care for justice and wisdom. Even an Indian is entitled to these things ; and surely we cannot afford to give even an Indian less. But we *are* giving him less. I speak quite as much for the sake of Americans as of Indians. It is worse to be oppressor than oppressed. It needs no Virginius to invoke the

"Dwellers in the nether glades,
Avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you
Do right between us twain ;
And even as Appius Claudius
Hath dwelt by me and mine,
Deal ye with Appius Claudius
And all the Claudian line."

History—some call it God—does so, anyhow. With whatever measure we mete it shall be meted to us at last. Not by lightning strokes nor by the rain of brimstone, but by the political and social decay that comes soon or late to any people that fail to deal justly. This is an age of astonishing benevolence ; and no nation is tenderer hearted than this, *when it sees*. But it does not always see, and it sometimes trusts too much to the interested dispensers of its charity.

There are differences of official attitude toward any criticism of the Service. Some are willing to learn ; some take discussion as a personal affront.

Miss Estelle Reel, General Superintendent of Indian Schools (whose "job" I am sure this does not jeopardize), closes a womanly letter thus :

"I have been trying to follow your advice to 'learn all I can, and trust my instincts as a woman.' The longer I stay in the field, the more I see the necessity of patience in the attempt to civilize the Indian, and not to expect him to become the equal of his white brother in civilization at a single bound. I am trying to proceed very cautiously and very slowly, and if at any time you find that I am making mistakes I will appreciate your advice and be very grateful indeed."

No such modesty marks Major Pratt, autocrat of the Carlisle school. He is the only person thus far heard from who has nothing to learn and nothing to feel. This is not strange, as he is the head and front of our offending against a wise and just treatment of the Indian. In his Carlisle school organ, *The Red Man* (a very appropriate index to the Major's eyesight ; he never saw a red Indian—except by virtue of paint. The Indian is brown ; *we* are red, and Indians are observant enough to make the distinction), Major Pratt comforts himself and meets my charges by calling this "a thin little magazine," and me "a fantastic litterateur." This is the horizon of his logic—except his telling argument that I am "conceited" for calling attention to his utter lack of scholarship in the literature and science of the thing whereby he makes his living. Other people than I, he says, have known the Indian and mastered what scholars have learned. That is true. But he leaves it to be inferred that Maj. Pratt is one of them—and that is not true. He not only has not read, he *cannot* read, the vast majority of the scientific literature of this subject. Nor is it true, I believe, that any person who

is a master of that field does or would approve of Maj. Pratt's drill-sergeant methods. He is loyally supported and admired by thousands of the kindest-hearted people in the United States, who wish to do good but do not care to study a dozen years and live in the wilderness to find out just how. They take his word that he knows how—and he believes it as fondly as they do.

It is true that this magazine is "thin." So is a razor. A leaf from the fifth chapter of Matthew is less paper than a volume of the *Congressional Record*, but I presume it can be just as truthful.

While I am not a "litterateur," it is very probable that the "fantastic" charge sticks—though it is of an ill grace from Maj. Pratt. That we are both uncommonly homely men is not our fault; and it had never occurred to me to use his face as an argument. That heaven has visibly pictured him of the brute type, plain for all folk to see, is a minor matter—what concerns us is that his *policy* is brutal. He is, I believe, honest and well-meaning; that he is forceful we all know; but if ever spirituality was left out by the Creator from a bull's physical tenement, it is here. Whatever comfort Maj. Pratt can find in the fact that God took very little pains with *my* frontispiece, he is welcome to. But whatever *it* may be, there is nothing "fantastic" about mercy, fair play, justice, knowledge—except to politicians.

This is germane here only as showing how dumb of logic are the enemy. Some pretty serious charges have been made in these pages; responsibly, openly and of knowledge. The only answer is to the effect that the prosecutor weighs one hundred pounds less than the accused; that he would not fetch as much on the hoof, if both were pork, at fifteen cents a pound; that therefore he must be wrong. No argument is brought from history, none from the study of man—they could not be. The shapers of this misguided and oppressive philanthropy are not only not scholars—they are not even readers. Major Pratt's system satisfies Major Pratt. Therefore it is all right. Now, "men of action" are a good thing in their place. I have even been suspected of being one. But the most strenuous man who tries to "do statecraft" without reading what mankind had learned before he came, is merely an ox. He may be strong, he may be good—but God have mercy on the load he drags at his heels, if it be human.

The natural doubt whether Major Pratt ever read a book in his life is dispelled by a choice production of his own school, which he has certainly read. Whether his idea of Indians inspired this book, or the book gave him his idea of Indians, is immaterial. Either hypothesis is equally likely, so far as the evidence shows. The book is a slender volume called *Stiya, a Carlisle Indian Girl at Home*, and is alleged to be "based upon the author's actual observations." This is mendacious at the outset; for most of the book is confessedly hearsay. Written by and published for (the printers are an honorable house which disclaims all responsibility) one M. Burgess, then and now an official in Maj. Pratt's school, the book is grossly ignorant of Indian nature, ridiculously untrue in its color of Indian life at home. It is a printed reflex of Maj. Pratt's mind about the Indian, as of record in his speeches. It seems also to be the only "historical source" from which Dr. Gates, Secretary of the Indian Commission, has drawn his information. But I trust—and believe—it does not stand for the code of honor of either of these gentlemen. For the book is a monument not only of ignorant untruth, but of intentional dishonesty. In unmouthed English, it is a thief. It is in violation of the laws of the United States, as well as of common honesty. Its only important illustrations are stolen. The author has taken copyrighted photographs, mutilated them to remove the property-mark, and added insult to injury by using them to hurt the friends of the owner.

Law and honesty may also be "fantastic" to Major Pratt; but I do

not believe so. Heretofore his underling was to blame; but this day it is Major Pratt who becomes responsible for the theft committed and perpetuated under cover of his school. I do not expect him to recognize the ignorance of the book, nor its absurdity. But he knows now, by these presents, that he is employing a thief. And if these presents are not good enough for him, he may consult the copyright records of the Librarian of Congress.

It would be absurd to blame Major Pratt for the first commission of this peculiarly brazen theft. It is only now that he takes the place of M. Burgess at the bar; and his acquittal is easy. Along with some severe strictures, these pages have repeatedly expressed conviction of Maj. Pratt's honesty—and by two simple things an honest man can acquit himself altogether from this predicament. Of course an honest man will not keep a thief on a salary as an example to the nation's wards. And of course an honest man will fulfill the law of the country regarding violations of copyright. That law calls for the destruction of the stolen plates, and the payment of \$1 to the owner of the copyright for each and every copy printed of each plate. I for one would much rather see Major Pratt's heart enlightened than his very comfortable pocket mulcted; but he will agree with me that money is nothing to a man's honor. As for the person for robbery of whose property Carlisle and its absolute ruler are responsible from now on, I am authorized to say for him that he will contribute to the Landmarks Club, a corporation engaged in a public beneficence, whatever moneys Maj. Pratt may forward or cause to be forwarded to said owner of the stolen pictures, in satisfaction of the law of the nation. Under the law, that would amount to several thousand dollars—a noble lift for a worthy enterprise. The stolen photographs face pp. 12 and 74 in *Stiya*. It is now up to Major Pratt.

A NEW FORCE.

IF any doubt as to the "arrival" of Dr. C. W. Doyle, of Santa Cruz, Cal., survived the publication of his *Taming of the Jungle*, it is fully set at rest by his *Shadow of Quong Lung*, reviewed on another page. The man who can write two such books, hand-running, has a seat reserved among the few California writers worth cataloguing. Both are thrilling stories; both are rich in local color of the better sort; both are dramatic to a rare pitch, and both are strong with the strength which does not spill over. Though their scenes are so far apart as India and California, they find humanity in each—and the elemental humanity which is possibly best in life, certainly best in literature. The little artificial humanities are like the ante-bellum State banknotes—possibly good where the bank is known. The older, larger sort, are like a British sovereign, current the world over. And it is Dr. Doyle's success that he strikes the elemental gold.

Dr. Doyle was born Aug. 29, 1852, at the foot of the Himál-yas, in the little hill-station of Landour. His father, a British officer, was killed in the Sepoy war five years later. Educated in India, the son studied medicine in England, and graduated with honors from the University of Aberdeen, in 1875. A dozen years ago he sold out his medical practice in



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

C. M. Davis

England, devoted some time to travel, and came to settle in Santa Cruz, where he is still a practicing physician. He has had the advantage of a competent and friendly critic in Ambrose Bierce, resident of the same pretty town, to whom his second book is dedicated in terms at which Bierce will perhaps smile quietly, and some shall doubtless sneer.

Doyle's literary career is young but encouraging. He has won several short-story prizes—whatever that may amount to—including the *Argonaut* competition last year and a preceding one for the San Francisco *Examiner*. The vital part, however, is not that his stories win prizes, but that they are good. A man whose launching upon literature is so full of promise may fairly be expected to make a handsome voyage. Dr. Doyle is now gathering together a book of poems. Of the quality of his verse some notion may be had from the well-set stanzas printed upon another page.

L.

SAVING THE RANCH.

A STORY OF THE BOOM OF '87.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE,

Author of "Millionaires of a Day."



IN three years you can get it back for government price," said Buggins, a prosperous cactus-ranchero from San Ignacio, to Miggles, a thriving tarweed-farmer from Santa Rosalia, as the latter told him he had just sold his ranch to some Eastern fools for \$35,000.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I would have it back at any price?"

"Why, you have been in California so long you couldn't get away."

"Maybe you think you are a judge of dust. Wait till I get the rest of the twenty-five thousand in coin, and if you have any freight for the East you can ship it on my coat-tail. By the way, I heard you had sold your ranch,

too. What are you going to do with *your* money?"

"Well, I can get married now. The blasted ranch wouldn't support *one* person."

"Look out you don't lend it to somebody else with a ranch, or you will be ranching again before you know it. I had to take ten thousand of mine back in a mortgage, and I'm awful shaky for fear I'll have to take back the whole. I'm looking for a fool to saddle it on."

"Well, don't be looking at me. I wouldn't take back a mortgage for five cents on mine and have the other fellow pay taxes and cost of recording," replied Buggins.

It was in the winter of 1886 and 1887, that period that in perspective now seems so incredible, but before the great real estate "boom" in Southern California had reached the crazy point. Nearly all the old settlers, whose ignorance of the land's peculiarities, with their shiftless methods of doing everything, made them think the country worthless except for stock range, were laughing at the strangers who came in such numbers to tell them the land was really good for something. They hastened to take the "tenderfoot's" gold and chuckled over their

shrewdness in getting such prices for nothing. The only thing that dimmed the brightness of their smiles was the mortgage they sometimes had to take for a part of the purchase-price, and against which they rebelled as far as they could, no matter how small it might be.

"I give it up!" said Miggles a year later. "I could stand the cold winters of the East; but the summers, with the hot nights, the lack of elbow-room and the smell of the towns was too much for me. California is the place for a gentleman of means."

"Yes, and it's all right now for business," replied Buggins from under a shining silk hat. "I have made two hundred thousand while you have been wasting your money."

"Not much! I've got twenty-five thousand in United States bonds back East in a

safety vault. And they'll stay there, too."

"Rust, man, rust! The worst kind of waste! Why, it's like sneaking around a cactus patch for a cotton tail with an old-time muzzle-loader, the way we used to do. We are hunting elephants now, with cannon—and bagging 'em, too, at every pop. I'll double my money in three months. I'll be rich yet."

"Don't you call two hundred thousand rich?" said Miggles, whose bonds suddenly failed to look as large as they did.

"Why, I suppose so, for folks that don't know anything about finance. But when you have a dead snap on a million or two, it ain't much account. You know I always said the country was no good except for a playground for rich people. The world is

just finding out where it is, and the moneyed folks are pouring in so fast we have to lie awake at nights to keep them from getting away with our best land before we know it," said Buggins, as he took Miggles into his twenty-thousand-dollar house and introduced him to the diamonds that glittered on the breast of his new wife.

"We sat around and let 'em get away with our best goods, but we have waked up. There's my old place, that I took thirty thousand for, is worth a quarter of a million today. Think of that sacrifice! But if I hadn't had sense enough to stay here and buy some more I would have been left as bad as you are," continued Buggins.



"Don't see as I'm left so mighty bad," replied Miggles, whose voice lacked the firmness of conviction, however.

"You never had any sand, anyhow. You see you don't even dare to ask about your old ranch. You wouldn't know the place. They are making a city of it, and she is going to be a daisy, too. Sale begins next week. You want to go out and see how the world does business when it gets a genuine move on," said Buggins.

"But how can they sell it without paying my mortgage?" replied Miggles, who thought it time to say something that showed he, too, knew something of business.

"Ho-ho-ho! Lord! man, what an unturned flap-jack you are! Why, to get property at all nowadays, you have to lay down the cold stuff so quick there is no time to monkey with such trifling matters. They fix them afterward. They'll pay the mortgage so quick it will make your head swim, and throw in a chromo to boot."

"They will? Then you could sell it for me, couldn't you?"

"Say, it's almost a shooting insult to offer a man a ten per cent. security here now, when he can double his money in sixty days on almost anything in sight. I wish you had your bonds into money so that you could try it. It might make a man of you. As an old friend I feel sorry for your verdancy."

Strange coincidence. Something of the same line of thought flitted across Miggles's fancy. The bonds began to look contemptible, instead of small.

Linganore was a network of white stakes, covering some six hundred acres that lay on a charming bench on the breast of a range of hills, looking down upon the sea that miles away smiled in silvery peace beyond a panorama of hill and dale, rolling in a thousand shades of green beneath the sunlight of a perfect winter day.

"Jewhilikins!" exclaimed Miggles, who almost failed to recognize the place. "Why, the cactus and cobblestones are all gone, and there isn't a horned toad in sight."

"All the country needed was new blood to show us what it was worth. We put on airs over the Mexicans and Indians, but we were no better. The first American settlers are all horned toads, anywhere," said Buggins.

"What a fool I was," said Miggles to himself, as he saw the grove where his shanty had stood turned into a park, with the live oaks all in the golden tinge of new life, while the thrush and the mocking-bird were singing their best to the warm sun that sparkled on the myriad leaves. Beside the grove in the glory of fresh paint was the new hotel, surrounded with roses, geraniums, heliotropes, and the many other flowers that here make such a brilliant display in so short a time. Miggles had never supposed it possible to get more than enough water to drink; but now fountains and sprinklers were playing on the lawns, and on the hill back of the hotel was a large reservoir with the marks of a pipe-line running to a cañon some three miles away, where there was plenty of water. His bonds suddenly looked meaner than ever, while the mortgage on all this glory seemed absolutely ridiculous.

The regulation free ride and free lunch had brought out, as usual on such occasions, a goodly crowd which, with the crash of brass and drums, still farther expanded the ideas of Miggles, who stood with mouth and eyes wide open, as the auctioneer began:

"This choice bit of the earth has some peculiar advantages. You see that ridge, down there between us and the sea, divides the fog, and throws it each side, so that this place rests in God's pure sunshine."

"George! That's so," exclaimed Miggles.

"Didn't I tell you?" replied Buggins. "Even fog-splitters are worth money nowadays."

"You'll have nothing but pure sunshine the year round, and in two years you can sit under your own vine and fig tree and suck ozone and oranges of your own raising," continued the auctioneer.

Those who saw bright skies, soft air and brilliant earth in December, 1887, combine with a flood of crazy strangers to set even more crazy the Californians themselves, need hardly be told that the first lot brought \$200, though nearly ten miles from anywhere, and with no more excuse for the existence of even the smallest village than there was on any other of a thousand spots equally beautiful in scenery and climate within fifty miles. But in those times no one ever asked such questions. Eyes were fixed only on advancing prices and the ever increasing flood of wealth direct from the old solid East, where people were supposed to know something of values. Consequently it was but a few minutes before lots reached \$250, and went faster and faster as the price increased.

"That's old Bowler, one of the biggest manufacturers in the West. You bet he knows a good thing when he sees it," said Buggins, as a portly old citizen with gold spectacles bid \$275 and took six lots at that much a lot. "He's buying to double his money before he goes home in the spring. He'll do it, too. Lots of these rich folks are paying the entire expenses of their trip on just one buy."

"That's Mundell, one of the big bankers of 'Frisco," continued Buggins, as a sharp-eyed man took several lots at \$300. "Folks north have been turning up their noses at this country for years, just as we did. But they have found out it is the best part of the State."

"Yes, and they're getting in out of the wet as fast as their money will let 'em," added a stranger by the side of Miggles. "That banker is going to retire and build here. His house alone will almost double the value of lots. The plans are in town already drawn, and it's a beauty."

"Durned if they are going to get away with the whole of it, anyhow!" said Buggins, as he bid \$25 over everyone, "I'm tired of seeing these outsiders come in and make it all."

"So am I," remarked another old settler, whom Miggles had failed to recognize in his shaven face, glistening high hat, and diamond pin. "Three-seventy-five," he called out in a sonorous voice that indicated plenty of money back of it.

"Four hundred!" yelled Buggins, to the auctioneer.

Big-eyed and silent, Miggles stood wondering whether he was a fool or what; while lot after lot in blocks of three, four and five, as well as singly, went at a constantly advancing figure to actual buyers of a kind never seen at auctions elsewhere and nearly all of the highest respectability. There never was a fairer sale, for on this last swell of the great wave there was no need of "cappers," and no auctioneer would be bothered with them. Before Miggles could decide the question, over a hundred and fifty lots had been sold, the price was at \$650, and he was beginning to wonder why he had not bought a few at the start, just for fun if nothing else. From that stage it is but a step to wondering if there is not still time to do the same thing and make some money, even if not as much as you could have done by starting at the bottom. Miggles took that step.

Under the midday sun of the loveliest of winter days, surrounded by wealth, brains and ripe business experience from all parts of our country, in a steady fire of enthusiastic talk, all directed on one point—the future of the section and especially of the new town—the idea grew.

"This morning I offered only residence property so as to get a little idea of what the society is going to be here," said the auctioneer after lunch. "You can judge of that now from the character of those who have bought. From the character of those who own the property and the money they have already spent on the hotel, waterworks, railroad

and other improvements, and the amount they have invested here, you can see that they will keep their word about making it a great business town as well as a residence city. Not only will it be a nucleus from which will spread a civilization and refinement that will take the world by storm, but it will capture the trade of the vast country back of it that is now being so rapidly developed. I will now offer the finest business corner in the whole."

"Hanged if I don't try a whack at it, just for fun," said Miggles to himself. But before he could bring his timorous lips to act somebody had bid \$800. A wealthy widow from Denver raised the bid twenty-five, a Chicago lumber merchant called out eight hundred and fifty just as Miggles was getting ready to do so, and a heavy paper manufacturer from Massachusetts swept it away at eight-seventy-five before Miggles could whip his tongue into shape.

"Am I going to let them make it all?" he growled to himself, as the wine and the excitement acted and reacted. "Why, that was the best corner in town. But the others can be made as good by getting enough of them."

A sudden new light gleamed in his eye, and he pushed a few steps toward the stand.

"One thousand dollars," he bawled, as the next corner was offered. There was a sensation in the crowd as this, the largest raise of the day, was made. A minute's time was lost in trying to get a look at the rare mortal who operated on such a heavy scale, during which the auctioneer, who rarely loses an opportunity to gratify anyone that wishes to astonish a crowd in that way, knocked it down to him before anyone could interfere.

"There is the greatest triumph of foresight we have yet seen," said the auctioneer. "That, ladies and gentlemen, is the man that sold us this property. He is not too proud to admit that our judgment in buying it was far better than his in selling it, and he is hastening to retrieve his mistake. He looks, too, like a man that can do it, for—"

"Take the other two corners at the same price," interrupted Miggles.

"They're yours, my friend," said the auctioneer in a twinkling, while the crowd stood astonished for a moment at this unusual proceeding. But the auctioneer was ready for this emergency and quickly said—

"I will reserve for the owners of the property every alternate inside lot. Time moves so fast in this country that we may get left ourselves. Now, who wants the next lot to the corner?"

"Give you a thousand for it," yelled Buggins, but the crowd that had hesitated a minute to take in the full extent of the reservation came surging back with bids and swept it away from Buggins and Miggles both at eleven hundred before they knew what they were doing.

Reader, were you one of the old settlers who sold out for a handsome competency, and afterward nobly resolved that no Eastern nabob should get rich on your property? Do you remember how you rushed into the breach with the money that would have kept you in old age and left your family in comfort when you died? And do you remember how easy that rush was, when gold was jingling and genuine bank checks floating like snowflakes down on the table of the clerk of the auction? Do you remember when it looked as if money had just been discovered, and everyone was trying to find out by experiment what it was good for? If so, you can understand how, before the close of the sale, the mortgage was paid off, and Miggles owed more than the bonds would sell for. And possibly you remember that this was not the only time something similar happened during the great boom.

* * * *

Three years later Miggles was hoeing potatoes in a block that stood in the center of a silent town, while Buggins was sitting on the fence.

"Pretty hard times, isn't it, Mig?" said Buggins.

"Why, no," replied Miggles. "On the whole I don't see as I've got any kick coming. I had lots of fun out of it. I've only got one three-hundredth part of the ranch I once owned, but I'm making just three hundred times the amount of grub out of it that I did before out of the whole. The boom has been a benefit that way; anyhow."

"Well, you've got the city waterworks to play with. I haven't either water or land."

"You can live off the old woman's diamonds, though, like lots more of 'em."

"They're done eat up already," sighed Buggins.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE STORY OF TIN-A.

BY SUI SIN FAN.



IT WAS a fresh winter morning. I had been riding many miles; and feeling tired and hungry, I dismounted and knocked at the cottage door. It was opened by a stalwart Chinaman in a blue blouse, who, after listening to my plea for breakfast, invited me to enter a room, above the door of which was inscribed in Chinese characters, "Here is Peace."

The perfume of flowers stole to my nostrils from the plot of ground below the window, which was cram full of color. In California, flowers scarcely seem to need much care, but those that bloomed in that small space gave me the impression of having been lovingly and patiently tended by one whose fondness for flowers was inherent. As my eyes strayed over the garden they rested upon a tiny Chinese woman bending over a large bush of scented-leaf geranium, and plucking therefrom superfluous leaves. She was a quaint little thing, not as pretty as some Chinese women that I have seen, but by far the most interesting. Her small oval face was a transparent yellow, her mouth large, her nose diminutive, but the goodness that speaks from lips and eyes was hers, and her bearing was graceful and simple.

Who was she? Why was she living there? When my sturdy host reappeared with an appetizing breakfast of boiled rice, broiled chicken and salad I questioned him.

"Who that little lady?" he echoed, then added, "Wait for one minute, perhaps you know more I bring her to you."

In answer to some whispered words from him she shyly came toward me. I was myself somewhat embarrassed, but said, "It is so unsatisfactory eating alone. Won't you breakfast with me?"

Whereupon she demurely helped herself to a lump of sugar and began to munch it between teeth which resembled nothing so much as two rows of fresh sweet-corn.

We talked of flowers, and her knowledge of the life of plants amazed me; also her original remarks on America and what she had seen of life on the Coast. Surmising that the circumstances of her life had not been ordinary, I drew her out to talk of herself, and here give her story as she related it.

"I was born on the island of Formosa, so I am not a Cantonese like most of the Chinese who come to this country. My home was very beautiful. When I shut my eyes I can see it through a rainbow of col-

The several simple, naive, human stories of the California Chinese written by this bright little Chinese woman and printed in this magazine in the past few years, have been widely enjoyed and copied. The Youth's Companion announces her among its contributors for next year.—Ed.

ors. It was built on the side of a mountain which was ever green. Below our house and grounds were tea plantations, and further down, with trees and grasses lying between, were my father's rice terraces.

"I was but seven years of age when my own mother died, but No Dong and Sie Yau, my father's secondary wives, were always very kind, and treated me like a young and favorite sister.

"Not far from where we lived dwelt a family with whom my people were very intimate. One member of that household, little A-Ho, was the dear friend of my childhood and youth. We were of the same age, but she was so sweet and pretty with her little round mouth, bright eyes and soft shining hair. Many a happy day did we spend together, picking flowers on the hillsides or seaweed from the rocks on the seashore.

"But happy days go by. A-Ho married a wealthy young man of good family and went to live on the other side of the island. How dull the days after her departure! The very sun seemed to have ceased to shine. So two years passed. One day my father told me that he was making arrangements for my marriage, and that my future husband was to be the man who had married A-Ho. This news made me both glad and sad—glad because I should again be with my friend, and sad because I was to leave my home for the first time in my life.

"Then came a long letter from A-Ho—a letter which brought me my woman's soul. A-Ho pleaded with me not to become wife to her husband. She said, 'Tin-A, I love him, and cannot bear to see another in my place. My affection for you has never changed, and my eyes long to behold you, but not, oh, not as a sharer in him. My sin is that I have borne my husband no son, and to you would be given the first wife's place. So Tin-A, so dear, have compassion on your poor A-Ho, and be not the instrument through which she is made a discarded wife.'

"My heart burned within me, and the tears that did not fall were behind my eyes. I recalled the hour when A-Ho and I had parted. Between her sobs she had murmured, 'Love me always and never grieve me,' and clinging to her I had promised that the grave should receive me before act of mine should pain her or my heart prove false.

"I went to my father and besought him to deliver me from the marriage contract that he had made, and to stay the preparations for the bridal, but he laughed, and said:

"'Foolish girl, if you do not go to Ah Kim, he will choose some other.' And when I still pleaded he became very angry, and I saw that my words fell on his wrath like oil on fire. As to my stepmothers, they feared my father too greatly to interfere; besides they thought that my mind was sick.

"Now, just at that time, sojourning in the valley, was a company of actors. They were considered very clever, and had performed not only in all the chief cities on the mainland, but in America as well. One day my father invited these actors to come to our house and perform before the family and a number of guests. They came and gave an entertainment which so highly delighted those assembled that my father had them come again and again.

"The female characters were taken by boys, and an old man was represented by a youth wearing a false beard; another youth with a shrill voice played the part of an old woman.

"They made quite a little money, for all the invited guests rewarded them at the conclusion of the acts and my father did likewise.

"As for myself, having never before seen such performances and such tinsel and fancy dresses, I was much impressed and wonderstruck and longed to be a man and an actor. One play was a representation of the joys and woes of a beautiful princess who flees from her home for love of some humble young man whom her parents are opposed to. (Even in China custom is sometimes disregarded and affection followed.) Well, this play so excited my imagination that then and there while watching

it I resolved that I too would leave my home—not, however, for love of any man, more because I feared one, for Ah Kim was a cruel man. Aye, even cruel to A-Ho who loved him so.

"I made the acquaintance of some of the actors. It was hard, but as you say in America, 'Where there's a will there's a way.' The chief, an elderly man, who had his wife with him—after listening to my story and inspecting my jewelry, decided to comply with my wish and take me with his troupe to America. His wife would like a companion, and it was very likely that he would be able to find me a good husband amongst the Chinamen of San Francisco. When, however, I urged that I desired to become an actress, he laughed, and said that that was impossible. He himself had been bought from his guardian at an early age, and whilst learning to play had been treated very cruelly by his masters. Indeed, if one bound out to learn to be an actor should be beaten to death for disobedience, inaptitude or want of application, no notice would be taken of the circumstance. Moreover, I was a woman.

"So I came to America. Hum Ling gave up play acting, sold my jewelry, and bought the vegetable farm behind this cottage. He and his wife, who are both my very good friends, attend to its cultivation, and I help the flowers to grow. Hum Ling has many a time chosen a husband for me but, remembering A-Ho, I fear to wed."

That was all of Tin-A's story. I rose to go, after thanking her, but she looked at me so wistfully as I passed out of the door that I turned and asked her one more question.

"Am I happy?" she repeated. "How can that be when the greatest of all sins is to sin against one's parents? Ah, no. Heaven will surely punish me for my unfilial conduct. And yet—I am not altogether without gladness, for I know that I saved A-Ho much pain. Ah Kim did not marry again until my dear friend had slipped into the Land of Shades, which happened but twenty moons after I had left the country which heaven loves."

Seattle, Wash.

THE DESERT QUEEN.*

BY CHARLOT M. HALL.

I was Zenobia in the olden time
And ruled the desert from Palmyra's walls.
I flung my challenge to imperial Rome
So far that still across the years it calls
In proud defiance; but my halls are dust,
The jackal suns him at the temple door,
The wind-blown sands hide street and corridor
And heap the palace floor.

Forgotten is Aurelian and his might.
Above his grave the beggar children smile,
And I who ruled the East in other days
Am mistress now of many a Western mile;
Crowned with a coronal of ruby flowers,
And armed and guarded with a thousand spears,
I dream until the mirage re-creates
In shimmering light the splendor of past years.

Prescott, Ariz.

* *Cereus Giganteus*, the "Giant cactus" of the Southwest.

PIONEERS OF THE FAR WEST.

THE EARLIEST HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, NEW MEXICO, ETC.

From Documents Never Before Published in English.

III.

The translation of Fray Zárate-Salmerón's "Relacion" of events in California and New Mexico (begun in the November number) is here continued:

48. The next day after having arrived, the Adelantado sent the Captain Gerónimo Márquez with four soldiers up the river to discover this nation of Amacavas Indians. In a short time he brought two Indians, whom the Adelantado regaled, and sent them to call the rest. They said that they would do it and that they would bring something to eat. On the day following, as the Adelantado saw the Indians were making loads, he commanded that twelve soldiers should prepare to go for food to the settlement; but before the soldiers went there arrived more than forty Indians loaded with corn, beans and squashes, and then arose an Indian who was called Curraca, that in their language means Lord, who made a long speech, giving to understand, as they presumed, that he was pleased to have seen the Spaniards and that he desired their friendship.

49. Here was the first news they had of the lake of Copalla, from where they suppose the Mexicans went out who populated this New Spain. They described this lake and lands and all its banks as very populated, and one Indian said Copalla very clearly, and the Captain Gerónimo Márquez told me, that hearing those Indians talk to a Mexican Indian, servant of a soldier, one of them asked "from where is this man? Is he perhaps from Copalla? Because those from there talk thus." And those Indians also said that those of that language wore bracelets of gold, on the wrists and on the fleshy part of the arms and in their ears, and that they were fourteen days' journeys from there, of those [journeys] which they traveled. They pointed [the place of] this language between the West and the Northwest. The Indians also said that the Spaniards could travel by this meadow as far as the sea, and that it was ten days' journey of those which they travel, and that it all was populated; this river can be navigated. They set out from here and traveled five leagues without seeing Indians, because the mountain was very rough, the road narrow and steep; but past this narrow pass is a wide meadow and very populated. Here as many Indians came out with food to receive the Spaniards as in the rancharia behind. They are of the same nation. Asking them about the sea, they said that down the river it was nine days' journeys, but by crossing the river, it was only four; which river they kept on the north and they went traveling toward the northwest. It did not seem proper to the Adelantado to leave off following the river down stream as he did, traveling through its meadows, seeing always many Indians, asking all of them about the sea, which it was now known they called "acilla," and all answered motioning from the West, N. W., N., N. E., East and said that thus the sea curved, and rather near; as they said from the other side of the river it was only four days' journeys and that that Gulf of California is not closed, but is an arm of the sea which corresponds to the Sea of the North [the Atlantic] and coast of Florida. All the Indians of this river are comely, and good featured; and the women handsome, whiter than those of New Spain, being people of whom the men go naked and the women in skins, having covered only the parts of modesty. Always when these Indians travel they carry a lighted firebrand in the hand, for which I think it should be called Rio del Tizon. Thus affirmed a soldier of this journey,

who had been with Sebastian Vizcaino to California, and he said he went in search of the Tizon River, and I believe that had he reached it he would not have returned, as he did return, for lack of food ; because here there is much.

50. Past this nation of Amacabos, of which (as of the others) they saw only that which was along the road, they arrived at the nation of Bahacechas. The language is almost the same, they are friends and they communicate with each other. The houses of those of this river are low, of wood and covered with earth. The head of this nation is called Cohota. He came out with much accompaniment to the road, to receive the Spaniards and to beg them not to pass on that day, but that they should remain over night in his pueblo ; and this they did to please him. This Indian and his [people] gave an account of many things and secrets of the land. They asked them about the lake of Copalla and he said the same as has been told ; and on showing them a gold toothpick, he put it around the wrist as turning it, giving to understand that the Indians of that lake wore bracelets of that [material]. The Adelantado showed them a coral, and asked them where there was some of that ; they motioned toward the South ; they said the Indians of the coast took it out of the sea, and the sea when it is rough casts much ashore, and that the Indians dig in the sand and take it out to sell. This about the coral all the Indians where they passed told, and it was seen to be the truth, as they found much in the possession of the Indian women.

51. After having passed this place, while resting in the pueblo of Captain Otata of the same nation, asking him and his some things and showing them some silver buttons, they affirmed before many soldiers, that near there, pointing toward the west, there was much of that, and that it was called fiafle querro. They showed them a silver spoon, and when they saw it they said that of that were the bowls and vessels in which they eat, and they motioned that these were good and big and deep. They rolled a plate of silver that it should make a noise, giving to understand that thus sound the others when they fall on the ground, and that they do not break ; and putting a plate of silver on the fire with water in it they said that where they talked about they boiled meat in those ; but that those [vessels] although they were of that [material] were large. And this information was of their own accord, without anyone's persuading them. And striking the plate divers times with a knife and letting it fall altogether with violence, that it should make more noise, they said that thus sounded the others, and that they were no farther from there than five days' journeys, drawing on the ground the sea, in the middle of it an island, which they call Zifogaba, which is the name of the nation that inhabits it. To this island they go by sea in some canoes or boats, and since from the coast there it is only one day's sail, they go in the morning, and before the sun sets they are there. They showed on the ground the size of the boat, making on the ground a mark, and he commenced to measure and the boat was 70 feet long and 20 wide. On asking them if the boat carried a sail in the middle the Indian took a stick and put it in the middle of the boat that he had drawn, with an Indian at the poop, making as if he managed the rudder. He then took a cloth, and stretching out his arms on the stick that he had put up, started to run with all the velocity he could, saying that thus the [vessels] ran through the water, and much faster. The certainty is that if the Indians had not seen it, they would not know how to paint it so perfectly. They also said that the people of that island all wore pearl shells around the neck and in the ears, which they call xicullo. They also gave news of an instrument with which they make the noise when they dance, which is a long stick from which are pendant many pieces of that metal of which they make dishes in which they eat, and altogether making all sorts of noise they dance to the sound.

52. With all this news the Adelantado did not wish to leave off going

in search of a port, as it was so easy to see and with the good convenience of guides as they offered themselves for that. Having passed this nation of Bahacechas, they arrived at the nation of Ozaras Indians, a difficult tongue; the Indians ill featured, less affable and from whom little satisfaction can be had, and less security. These Indians are settled along a large river, although not of as much water as that of Good Hope [Buena-Esperanza]. It is called River of the Name of Jesus; it runs between bare mountains, enters into the Buena-Esperanza, S. W.—N. W. twenty leagues before reaching the sea. They learned that all the river is populated by this nation, and that the number of people is much. They drew on the ground 20 rancherias or pueblos of this nation. They make mantas of cotton; the dress and hair is different from the rest; the hair is long, and they wear it braided, and then covered with a cloth or deer skin. The river makes many basins in this meadow. Here they saw some acorns of oak, good and sweet, which the people said were from the other side of the river, and that there were many. On asking about the birth of the River of Buena-Esperanza, the Indians said that it is near the sea, toward the N. W., and that from its birth to where it enters the sea, it is 160 leagues long, and all populated, and that at its headwaters range buffaloes and deer as big as horses, from which it is seen that it is good level land and well watered. From this river of the Name of Jesus to the sea, it is very populated with more people than had until then been seen; but the language is like that of Bahacechas, and if it is not the same, they differ very little in dress, the manner of living. The houses are well arranged, and the Indians comely. All came out to receive the Spaniards, and offered them and invited them with their food. Among these Indians were found many white pearl-shells and other shells very large and shining, which they make into squares and drills [which are] very slightly. These Indians said that along the coast there were many of those shells toward the west, and they motioned that the sea flowed behind a very high mountain, on the skirts of which mountain the Rio de Buena-Esperanza enters the sea. From these Indians they again informed themselves anew of all the things that the Captain Otata had told, and they did not differ in anything. And showing them a pearl they gave it a name and said there were many and very fat. And one Indian, coming up to the Father *Comisario*, and taking a rosary of fat beads that he wore on his neck, said that there were pearls as large and fat as the beads of that rosary; and in regard to the Island of Zifogaba, they said that the Lady or captainess of it was a giantess, and that she was called Cifiacacohola, which means Woman Captain or Lady. They pictured her as of the height of a man-and-a-half, of those of the coast (albeit these are very bulky), very broad, and with big feet, and that she was old, and that she had a sister, also a giantess, and that there was no man of her kind, and that she did not mingle with anyone of the island. The mystery of her reigning on that island could not be found out, whether it was by inheritance or tyranny by force of arms. And [they said] that all on the island were bald—that they had no hair on the head.

53. The first nation after passing the River of the Name of Jesus is Halchedoma. There are eight pueblos. The first has 160 houses, and is judged to be of about 2,000 souls. I have already said they saw only what lay along the road. Next is the nation of Cohnana. There are nine pueblos. A great many of these went accompanying the Spaniards. There must have been more than 600 men and women. They passed the night with the Spaniards. Next is the nation Hagili. There are 100 pueblos. Next the Tlalliquamallas, six pueblos. Here more than 2,000 souls gathered when they brought the corn. Next the Cocapas, nine pueblos. This is the last [nation] which they saw, and reached to the last place where one can drink fresh water, which is five leagues from the sea, because so many [leagues] the salted sea enters up stream.

In the space which there is from the River of the Name of Jesus, until arriving at the sea, they saw more than 20,000 souls, on this side of the river alone. They said that on the other [side] they were innumerable. Only the smokes were seen. The Indians said that they did not pass to the other side, because those were their enemies, in spite of being of the same nation, and that the others came and killed and did great harm to these, by which it can be seen the others are many. They arrived on San Ildefonso's day at the last stopping place, and the nearest to the sea, and the last where water can be drank. Then, the day of the conversion of St. Paul, having sung mass, the Adelantado and priests, with nine soldiers, set out and arrived at a most famous-good port, which port and bay are made by the river of Buena-Esperanza when it enters the sea. We call it Port of the Conversion of St. Paul. So large is this port that more than a thousand vessels can anchor in it without hindrance to one another. The river enters the sea with a mouth four leagues wide, forming in the middle of the mouth a little low island, not of sand, as is all the coast, but of earth; the whole island, which must be about two leagues long, northwest to southeast.

From what could be seen it forms a great bar to the bay; the island enters it by that river, southeast-by-east, dividing it into two mouths, one to the east and one to the southeast, each more than a league and a half wide. The port is guarded and protected from the south and west by a range, between whose foothills the river enters the sea, which there trends nearly north and south, or northwest and southeast; and a point of it [the range] runs more than six leagues into the sea. On the east shore this port or bay has another range, which runs seaward northeast and southwest. It is seen seven leagues distant from the bay; it finishes and terminates at the sea in seven or eight small hills or buttes with low points. Beyond these, from the verge of the land it forms a round point, higher than the others which terminate the range. On the west shore (which is that next the bay) it ends in three small hills or round points, somewhat more elevated than those of the other range, and the last of these is higher than the other two. Beyond these, toward the verge of the land, it forms a more elevated point, whence the range forms a "hog-back" [*cuchilla*, sharp ridge], which runs more than twenty leagues S.S.W. and N.N.W., inland. The Gulf, on this coast where they were, trends east and west, and doubling the points of this range, on the west shore (which, as I have said, enters the sea more than six leagues) it runs back of this mountain northward; as all of the Indians said, both those of the coast and those of the river; for they affirmed that it makes a turn to the north, northeast and east.

54. The Adelantado, Don Juan de Oñate, took possession of this port in the name of His Majesty, and gave it in His Majesty's name to the Father *Comisario*, Fray Francisco de Escobar, that our sacred religion may settle and people that land and the others next it and round about, and that we may busy ourselves in the conversion of the natives in the place and places most suited to our mode of life.

55. We took this possession on the 25th of January, day of the conversion of the Apostle St. Paul (patron of those provinces and custody of New Mexico), in the year of Our Lord 1605, for the glory and honor of God Our Lord.

56. This done, the Adelantado, and those who had gone with him, returned to the camp, that the rest of the soldiers might go and certify to the sea. And thus was it done, the space of four days being spent therein. Some soldiers affirmed that they had seen tunny-fish, and that they recognized them, since they were men of Spain. This seen, they came back by the same way they had gone; being as well received by the Indians and with the same kindliness as when going. Having arrived among the Ozaras Indians—as they had already informed themselves by the other nations, and all said that this nation is very exten-

sive and runs along the coast, and that these are they that get out the coral from the sea, the which they call *guacame*—they made inquiry and found some packages. The [Indians] said that being back away from the coast they had not much [coral]; but further up the River of Good Hope, among Indians of this same nation, other few [corals] were found. But in the Province of Zufi they found and purchased more. They [the Zufis] said the Ind'ans of the valleys of Señora [Sonora] brought it there to sell; and that they are no more than seven days' journey from there [Zufi], and that they get it out of the sea, and are not far from the sea; that this nation reaches to there—the which sea they indicated [as lying] to the south and southeast. From the province of New Mexico to the sea, the Father Fray Francisco de Escobar found, on their road alone, ten different languages.* This priest was so able and of such great memory that, arrive wherever he might, he promptly learned the tongue; and so on the return journey he talked with all the nations and they all understood him. They arrived at the Bahacechas where, on their journey going, the Captain Otata and the others had given so much news of the land, of the lake of Copalla and of the gold, of the island and its gold and silver. Examining them again, they gave the same statement as on the journey going, without varying it in anything. They made the same doings as on the outward journey, with the plate of silver, as is already said; only they added that this silver was taken out of the top of a hill which was on the further shore of the island, behind which the sun hides when it sets; and they said that it is cut with a hard instrument. Being asked if it was of the same [metal] they said no, it was something dark yellow; and being shown a small sheet of brass, they said it was not of that. And as they saw they were not understood, one of them rose and went to the Adelantado's kitchen and laid hand on a copper kettle and said the instrument with which they cut the metal whereof they made their bowls and pans was like that. The Spaniards set forth from here, and the Captain Otata came forth to the road to receive them, with a great accompaniment and ceremonial troop, as is their wont, flinging their bows and arrows to earth. He gave to the governor a string of white beads which he wore on his neck, and to the Father Comisario another (which among them is a great gift), the two of which he had sent to the isle of Zifogova to purchase with some mantles of cotton, which on the outward journey the governor had given him for that purpose. It is plain to see that the isle is near, since he had gone and returned in so short a time. The [Spaniards] repeatedly cross-examined them about everything; and in nothing did they contradict themselves.

57. These gave news of many prodigies of nature which God has created between the River of Good Hope and the sea; the which have caused incredulity in them that heard thereof; so when we see them we will affirm them under oath, but in the meantime refrain from mentioning them and pass them in silence. And to put an end to this journey, I say: that having endured much hardship and hunger (even coming to eat their horses) which, not to be too long, I do not all recount, they reached the town of San Gabriel on their return, all sound and well and not a man missing, on the 25th of April of the year 1605. There they rested, and were as well received as they had been anxiously expected.

Florida, Mainland With New Mexico. ---

58. Against the incredulous who are unwilling to believe that Florida is mainland with this [New Spain—Mexico] and with New Mexico, knowing, as is known, that men have come overland from there—so I will set down everything that has been seen by coast and

* Leguas is evidently a misprint for lenguas.

mainland; though the people of Florida are not those who have seen most. For the English have seen more than we; since John David [Davis], Englishman, in the year 1586 reached 72°, where he found the sea curdled [i. e., slushy] by reason of the much cold, and came away fleeing. Had he not found this obstacle he would have reached a still higher latitude.

59. Another Englishman, named Hudson, in the year 1612 reached, on the same course, 65°. He entered a bay* which the coast forms in 60°. It runs westward more than 300 leagues and then southward by more than as many leagues.

60. At the beginning of this bay, Henry Hudson, Englishman, arrived that same year of 1612; from which it is seen they have more curiosity than we.

61. With this foundation I say: that the most northerly part of India is from Totila to the frontier of Gudlancha; and from Gudlancha this coast runs 200 leagues to the Rio Nevado [snowy] which is in latitude 60°.

62. From the white river to the bay of Maluos, is 200 leagues. This is called the coast of the cape of Labrador [the "Laborer"]; it has on its south the island which they call "de los Demonios" [Island of the Demons], in latitude 60°. On this coast of Labrador the natives are comely, great workers, swarthy, great hunters. They dress in tanned and white skins of animals. There are great forests and very dense; and in them many blood-thirsty animals—griffins, bears, lions. There is a thing to ponder; and it is that all the land animals and all the birds are white. All the males and women wear earrings of silver and copper. All paint their faces red, for gala—a common use of all the Indians. They are idolators and fierce. Many Bretons and some from Norway have gone over to settle this land. Many went over in company with Sebastian Gavoto [Cabot] a pilot and great cosmographer. And likewise there have gone over many Englishmen. The which have remained there and settled the land.

63. From Maluos to the mouth of Marco is 60 leagues. This is in lat. 56°. From Marco to Cape Delgado [Thin] is 65 leagues. It is in lat. 54°.

64. From Cape Delgado the coast runs more than 200 leagues toward the west, to the River of St. Lawrence [San Lorenzo] which is the river I have above set down as to the north of New Mexico 190 leagues, or a little more. This they call by another name also, the Strait of the Three Brothers. In this place it forms a square gulf. And below the St. Lawrence to the Punta de Bacalaos [Point of Codfish] it is over 200 leagues, according to the information of the Indians of the River of Good Hope—as has been said in the journey of Don Juan de Oñate. This strait [the St. Lawrence] is the one they say opens out from the Sea of the North [the Atlantic] and passes to the Sea of the South [the Pacific]. Between this point and Cape Delgado are many islands, well populated, called the Cortes Reales; † of these islands the French are masters. The islands of Corte-Real, Valle, Duxchastens, Cape Despoix, Cape Breton (where are many French from Brittany)—with these islands the gulf is hidden.

65. Codfish Point is in lat. 48½°. It is as cold as Flanders, being in the same clime, which is 48½ degrees. Here the French abandoned a fort because they could not suffer the cold, which was intolerable. From here it is 70 leagues to the bay of the river, the which is in lat. 45°. From Newfoundland to Florida it is 900 leagues.

66. From the bay of the River to the bay of the Reefs is 70 leagues. It is in lat. 44°.

*Hudson's Bay.

†After the heroic Portuguese brothers, Gaspard and Miguel Corte-Real. Gaspard discovered and named Labrador in 1498.

67. From the Reefs to the River Fondo, situated in lat. 43° , is 70 leagues.

68. From the River Fondo to the River of the Dames, which is in the same latitude, is 70 leagues.

69. From the River Gamas [Damas] to St. Mary's Cape is 50 leagues.

70. From this cape to Cape Low [Bajo] is 50 leagues.

71. From Low Cape to St. Anne's River is 100 leagues.

72. From the river of Santa Ana to Cape Arenas [Sandy], which is in lat. 39° , is a bay of 80 leagues.

73. From Cape Arenas to the Port of the Prince is 100 leagues. This place is called Chicoria. The inhabitants of this Chicoria appear giants, and the king was wondrous large. They are swarthy like mulattoes. The men wear their hair long, and the women much more. They are idolators, tho' they believe the soul is immortal, and that there is a hell or place of pains in very cold lands, where the gods permit them to purge their sins, that they may after go up to heaven, which is a temperate climate. Likewise they believe that many peoples live in the sky and below the earth, and that under the sea there are gods. In this province there are silver, misshapen pearls, and precious stones. They herd tame bands of deer in the fields, as here we do rams and sheep, and they make cheese of the milk of the does.

74. Adjoining this province in the same latitude, the province of Guadalupe. It has the same things and requisites as that of Chicoria.

75. From the Port of the Prince to the River Jordan is 70 leagues. In this intermediate lies the Rio Negro [Black]. Eighty leagues to the mountains is the Forest of the Diamonds, near which the Ensign Moyano arrived, and carried off some Indian women to Florida. They were so handsome that all of them married Spaniards of Florida.

76. From the River Jordan to Point St. Helena is 40 leagues. It is in latitude 32° .

77. From Point St. Helena to Dry River, which is in 31° , is 40 leagues.

78. From Dry River to the Cross [la Cruz] is 20 leagues.

79. From the mouth of the Cross [river] to Cape Cafiaveral [canebrake] is 80 leagues; and between are Shoal Bay and Whale Bay, Bear Bay, St. Catherine's Bay, *dequale*, Epoquache Bay, and Pala Bay where today are seen the foundations of a fort which belonged to the English; Reynoso Bay (otherwise called Guadalquivi) which whatsoever galleon, big though it be, can enter (the shoals of this bay run two leagues to sea), St. Peter's Bay, Bay of St. Mary of Sena, St. Matthew's Bay, where Pedro Melendez Marquez slew the Frenchmen.* Twelve leagues from this, the Bay of Matanzas, where he slew Juan Derribao, uncle of the Queen Doña Isabel de la Paz, wife that was of his Majesty Philip II. Here is our garrison, in lat. $28\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, today the garrison of St Augustine on Cape Cafiaveral, whither are wont to scout the fleets that sail out of Havana, 38 leagues, in lat. 28° .

80. From the Port of Espiritu Santo to Moscoso is 9 leagues. Here the Adelantado Hernando de Soto made port, and from here went inland, year of 1539, with 900 soldiers that he brought; and he saw what follows, until he died in the quest, as will be seen further on. From Moscoso to Iribaracusi is 17 leagues, making 26. At 3 leagues from this pueblo is a bad swamp, with a lake a league wide and very deep. On its shores it has much mire. In length it has 12 leagues. Six leagues of the distance there are many valleys of very pretty cornfields which the Indians plant. The land is fertile. This is called the province of Aquera.

81. From Aybibaracusi to Aquera (which now is called Santa Lucía) is 20 leagues, running north and south. [The people] are already Christians. From Vitachucu to Ozachile is 10 leagues, and of level land,

* 1800.

crossed by a large river. There are 12 leagues of wilderness [despoblado].

82. From Ozachile to Cape Blas is a very great lagoon, though it can be forded.

83. From the Port of Espíritu Santo to Apalache is 150 leagues; but already a shorter route has been discovered.

84. From the bay of Aute to that of Acuse is 60 leagues. It is a good port, with depth to the very shore.

85. From this port of Aute the Adelantado Hernando de Soto sent Diego Maldonado in some brigantines to carry advices to Habana of what had happened to him in exploring the country inland. But as on this journey they carried no pilot to survey the land, his history does not say what course they followed—and therefore I do likewise.

86. From Apalache to Apacha is 20 leagues. It is a people of peace, and up to here they are all Christians.

87. From Apacha one follows a river up stream 40 leagues; good land and fertile, like that of Apalache. They also are peaceful. He traveled north and south.

88. From here, which is the garrison of St. Augustin, the way is straight to Amachava where are six pueblos of Christians. To the left hand lies Taxichica, which are more than ten pueblos, and those of the lagoon of Ocomi, all Christians; and on both sides many pueblos of infidels, in the which pueblos there is much people.

89. From Amachava (which is called Santa Helena) to Avacara is 12 leagues.

90. From San Juan de Avacara to San Martin, where is one of the chiefest caciques, is 8 leagues.

91. From here to Santa Fé is 4 leagues.

92. From Santa Fé to Claca is 16 leagues; and 4 to the garrison of Mal Camino. They reached another province which is called Chalaqui, very poor in food. Most of the people were old and blind, and few. It is from Abapache 20 leagues; and they reached the province Cofachin. At the narrowest this is 8 leagues across. There is a bronze cannon here. Between Cofachi and Cofachiqui there is a big wilderness, and many arroyos with water, and two big rivers. At 24 leagues the wilderness begins; and travelling up a river 12 leagues one reaches the first pueblo Cofachique. From the end of the desert-place to Cofachique is 2 leagues, and it is on the other side of Ayoque. You go coasting. Here is sulphur more shining than gold. Those who understand this trade say it has an admixture of gold. This river, they say, comes out from Santa Helena, in Florida. Here are temples where they bury the chief men of the Caciques; and infinite pearls in a casket of wood, and much barrok pearls. A league from this pueblo is the capital, a big town; and the temple where they bury the caciques has great groves of trees, a league in circumference. The pueblo is called Tolomeco. The temple is 100 paces long and 40 wide, and has 12 giants armed at the door; on the two sides six wooden caskets of pearls and barrok pearls, and wooden statues of the defunct Caciques and their relatives; 88 stands of arms, with irons of latten, and set with pearls and barrok pearls. Going out from Cofachique they travel 32 leagues. They reach the province of Chalaqui. From Chalaqui to Xuala is 50 leagues, and from Apalache thus far is 270 leagues. By this Xuala passes the river of Cofachique; and from the bay of this port, where they disembarked, it must be 250 leagues to Apalache, making 400 in all. From Xuala to the province of Guajule is 200 leagues of wilderness. From Guajule to Ichiaha is 30 leagues, where is a river like the Gna [da] Iquivir when it passes by the city of Seville. Here are very good pearls. A soldier opening an oyster took out a pearl like a filbert, which they priced in Spain at 400 ducats. This island of Ichiaha is 5 leagues long. They went on from this island, crossed the river and slept in a settlement of

Acoste, where were over 1,000 Indian warriors. They are a very good people. Coca is a province of more than 100 leagues, all well settled and fertile. This pueblo of Coca is at the end of it; it is of more than 500 houses. Here lives the Cacique; and they [the Spaniards] left them a Christ. Here remained behind a deserter named Falco Herrado, and a sick Negro. The last pueblo [is that] of Talici, and soon they enter Tascaluca [province]; next, at 8 leagues, they cross a big river, which is that of Talesfe, and enter [the pueblo of] Tascaluca. The Cacique was a giant, and [so was] a son of his. There was no [saddle] horse that could carry him—only a cargo-hack could carry him. Here the Indians killed two soldiers. From here it was a league and a half to Manvila. Here of a sudden more than 10,000 Indians fell upon the Spaniards who arrived first, and killed some of their horses and stole all there was in the camp. This pueblo was fenced with tremendously thick timbers, and of three stories high, bound together and chinked with clay, with loopholes; and there were but two gates. They fought from within with such fury that they made the horsemen withdraw more than 200 paces, for from the stockade they fired much stone at them, and did them great damage. So they [the Spaniards] retired to make a better attack. They fought nine hours, and came out with 1600 penetrating wounds, besides the trifling ones which were as many more. Eighty-two soldiers and forty-five horses perished. Of Indians, men and women, perished more than 10,000—for the women also fought with great spirit. Here was burned up the flour, wine, altars, chalices and ornaments; no more mass was said; nothing escaped but what they wore on their backs; everything was burned in the houses. They made an [altar] ornament of buckskin and said a *dry mass* [*misa en seco*], adored the cross, which the priest lifted in place of the host. This [form of mass] continued for three years, until they came out to a land of Christians.

93. From this Mavilla to the Port of Acusi, which is toward the east-northeast, is 30 leagues; there had arrived the vessels from Habana which were going in search of them. In this province adulteresses are punished rigorously. They went forth from this province of Tascaluca, wherein lies this Mauvila [Mobile] where was the bloody battle, and of Azunde. Having traveled 12 leagues they entered into Chicaza. They saw a squadron of more than 1500 Indian warriors who passed in canoes to prevent [the Spaniards] from passing. And on the other side were also more than 8000 Indians, and for two leagues at a stretch were many scattered, all [this] to impede the crossing. But [the Spaniards] crossed, having traveled 16 leagues. They arrived at the principal pueblo, Chicaza, where are many walnut trees and many fruit trees. The pueblo has 200 houses. When they felt secure in this lodging, the Indians fell upon the Spaniards, some to fight, others burning the houses. They fought two hours. Forty soldiers and fifty horses perished. 500 Indians perished. They went forth from Chicaza and attacked the fort of Alibamo [origin of Alabama], which was of four "curtains" of 200 feet each. 2000, and more, of Indians and Indian women perished. From Alibamo to Chisa is a wilderness of 16 leagues. Chisa is on the shore of the largest river that was seen. From Chisa they went forth toward Casquin, up stream, where they found a crossing in the which were many canoes. On the other bank there were more than 6000 Indians to prevent their crossing. Having marched 16 leagues they arrived at Casquin. These Indians asked them to make a procession because it did not rain. They made it and set up a cross; and soon it did rain, and very well. The priests and frailes went about chanting the litany. They set up a cross on a high hill which was next the river. They went forth from Casquin for Capaja, [which] is 12 leagues. It is divided between two caciques [cacique is probably a misprint]. In one, a big swamp and lake; passing the which there are

very pretty pastures. Next, at eight leagues, are some hills, from the which there is a view to Capacha. Forty leagues from Capacha there is crystalline salt and very pretty sulphur. The land where these are is sterile and bad; so they returned to Casquin. From here they marched 36 leagues [through] land fertile and very populous. They reached Quignate; from here the province takes its name. They marched 24 leagues down stream from Casquin and arrived at Colima, where they were peacefully received. Half a league distant is the principal pueblo. In this they found much resistance. Even unto the women they fought and let themselves be slain sooner than surrender. Four women attacked a Spaniard, and with fist blows and biting had him nearly dead, till a soldier arrived, and with dagger-thrusts slew them because they would not let go. And an Indian [attacking] two soldiers, split their bucklers and wounded them very badly. And with another, a mounted man, one [Indian] at a single blow opened his horse from the withers to the breast with an ax he had wrested from a soldier. And another, with one sweep of his club, demolished all the teeth of a soldier. All these [Indians] paint themselves with red lead, to appear fiercer. The heads they bind with boards from childhood; and some [of their heads] are more than half a yard long, pointed toward the top. Here they were twenty days healing those wounded in three cruel battles they had with those [Indians]. They marched two days and emerged from this province, arriving at Utiange. They marched four days by lands good and fertile, but of few people. They reached this pueblo [Utiange] which is head [of the province]. The Indians absented themselves and would not appear, nor have friendship with the Spaniards. They are well formed. There was much raisins and dried plums, much nuts, and much other fruits. The pueblo was stockaded with timber, and with two rivers at the sides. There are many cottontails, jack-rabbits and deer. Here [the Spaniards] wintered; and it snowed so much that in more than a month and a half they could not get out into the fields. They had enough corn for all winter, and much firewood. They were here five months. Here remained [after they left] Diego de Guzman, attached to an Indian woman, daughter of the cacique. They marched by way of the province of Naguatex and reached the province of Guacane. They traversed it in eight days, not exceeding that [time] so as not to fight with the Indians. There were crosses in the houses, because from hand to hand had passed the good they had received from the cross when Alvaro Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca and Andrés de Orantes and their companions passed;* for they passed healing the sick with the sign of the cross. For so much fruit as this doth good example bear. These [Vaca, etc.] passed 20 years [really seven] before Hernando de Soto did, which latter is the journey I am talking of.

94. We [sic] went forth from here. They passed seven small provinces toward the west and reached the province of Amilco. They traveled 30 leagues and arrived at that [province] which is on the bank of a river greater than the Guadalquivir. The cacique was awaiting the Spaniards with 1500 warriors; but they did not fight. Having marched four days' journey they reached the province of Guachoya, marching through a wilderness.

95. Here they [the Indians] bury with a cacique who died those he most cared for and loved in life; his children, wife, kindred and servants, they bury all these alive with him.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

*This part of Vaca's marvelous journey was in 1536. See "The Spanish Pioneers."



THE
TWO

KINDS.

There are, after all, only two kinds of people in the civilized world—or any other. Those who care and those who don't. They are uneven halves; for there are a hundred or a thousand who don't care to every one who does. But on the other hand the one weighs as much as the thousand—and more. Everything that the world has done, it has done by the few who cared. All the learning, all the inventions, all the morals have been thought out and fought out by the men and women who care. Never one whit of good was done this mortal earth by the multitudes who "guess it will be all right." They are not only deadheads but dead-beats—for they ride on the backs of the few to safety, comfort, luxury. They would starve off the earth if it were not for the people they rather regard as "cranks." Their neighbor would knock them on the head; they would have neither fire nor house nor clothing nor law nor education nor religion if these things had not been invented, advanced and made steadfast by the one man in a thousand. No crowd ever had a great thought yet; no one has ever paid his rent to the world who drifted with it. There are dear people in the deadhead multitude; good people as the word goes; smart people by the average careless standard—but after all, a little something lacks in the brains and conscience of them that cannot see how much duty there is to do and do not feel that they must help do it. Even among savages there are the two classes—else we should not be graduated above savages. It was because here and there a cave-dwelling, murderous, raw-meat-eating biped brute cared; and was more afraid of his brute gods; and made better flints than his neighbors; and some of his children cared, and his children's children—it is because of this that his descendants in 1900 have limited trains, and telephones and books, and a nation.

GOD
REST

HIM.

The praises of those who sent Lawton to his death may console somebody, but probably not his widow and children. Not even a popular subscription—and certainly Americans never gave to a better cause—can pay that stricken home for the loss of its heart. Probably there are a thousand homes in as bitter mourning for as bitter loss; but there has been no other life spilled by the Imperial ambition that was worth so much to the country. Lawton was a rare man, a lion even among our biggest soldiers; a figure so manly that the average of our current heroes look pigmies beside him in character as in physique. Every inch a soldier, he was the most effective general in a war he did not believe in; and if Lawton had been in command in Luzon, there would have been no war. His better life is forfeit for the stupidity, the blindness and the ambition of others. Friend, hero, patriot—God rest him!

THERE'S
A BIG
DIFFERENCE.

The shrewd cry that the British Empire hangs on the fate of the little Transvaal war is of course merely a dodge to stam-pede those who do not favor the mere war of conquest. The British Empire is in danger—but not from Kruger. Its disruption will come at home, where all empires in history have been disrupted—because that instinct toward the eternal relations which we call conscience

has grown faint. If the heart of the Empire is all right, you can amputate a hand or a leg or all the limbs, and the trunk will still be strong and vital. The danger of the British Empire is in England where the same corruptions are spreading that rotted out the heart of Rome. The acquiescence in Jameson's semi-official piracy and Chamberlain's unprincipled aggression, the consenting to policies guided not by statesmen or sobriety but by the politicians and the music-hall, the forgetting of principles for the money's sake—these are far swifter figures on the dial toward the striking of the hour than any little killing in South Africa. Indeed if the Empire were so flimsy that the failure of this first campaign against the Boers could jeopardize it, the sooner the card-house falls down, the better. But it is not true. It is simply a cry to bamboozle sympathy for a war with which most Americans and the greatest Englishmen have no sympathy.

And let us remember that *the British Empire is not England*. It would not in the least prejudice the right and opportunity of Englishmen to govern themselves, to be wise and happy and prosperous, if they lost the "right" to govern other peoples. They believe in that "right," we do not; and the world is leaning ever harder our way. Is England unfortunate that we took away from under her wise rule ("oppression," we called it when it was applied to us) the Thirteen Colonies and have made a greater nation than she is? Nay, it is the best thing that ever befell her. The United States has in a century done more to increase English business and wealth, and quite as much to enlarge English liberties, as England herself. It would be a world-loss if England went down; but it will be the greatest political blessing the world has known when the British Empire of subject peoples shall be broken up into independent nations—in other words when they shall adopt the American principle. And it is coming.

Did you ever realize that it is unpleasant to starve? There **THE**
will be thousands of widows and orphans made by this war in **QUALITY**
South Africa. The English will care for their own; but who **OF MERCY.**
is to help the wives and children of Boer farmers who die fighting for home and country? Well, such Americans will as had Revolutionary forefathers and have Revolutionary blood—besides many who have only kind hearts.

This magazine is authorized to receive any contributions to this cause of humanity. They will be acknowledged in these pages and forwarded to Geo. W. Van Sicklen, Hon. Treas. of the Committee of the African-Bond, whose heart-stirring appeal ought to call forth a liberal response. The British-American hospital ship was a good thing—though the American part of it was ninety per cent. snobbery looking for notoriety. But it will none the less relieve suffering. Suffering Englishmen, that is. There will be no wounded Boers on it. But real Americans, who are not expatriated, can remedy the lack. There is a thousand times more need of it.

Poor Puerto Rico! Hale's pathetic "Man Without a Country" **LET**
is sheer farce to her plight. A Frenchman, a Greek, or a **US BE**
Sandwich Islander in Puerto Rico can become an American **HONEST.**
citizen by making application; a *Porto Rican* cannot. How is that for liberty? Nearly every office in the island is held by an American—the natives of the country being ousted to make a "place" for their "redeemers." There are nearly a million people thus extinguished; 75,000 negroes, 40,000 of mixed blood, and nearly 900,000 Caucasians. A responsible Porto Rican writes: "If at the time of the invasion a plebiscite would have given a 97% vote in favor of annexation to the United States, today if it were taken, 10% would be a high estimate." It is much easier to whoop up a war to "relieve the oppressed" than it is to treat them honestly after they are "relieved." But since we have

done the one we must do the other—or be branded with undying shame. Unless our rage against Spain was sheer cant and hypocrisy to veil greed, we shall promptly redress these wrongs which we ourselves are committing.

DON'T

MISTAKE US,

ADMIRAL.

Blessed, single-hearted old Dewey must not fall into the mistake of the newspapers themselves in thinking the newspapers are the people. The American people have not blackguarded him for giving his house to his wife. Only the newspapers were capable of that. As for the people, they think all the more of Dewey; and so evident has been the attempt to remove him from the presidential possibilities—first by playing upon his loyalty and gratitude, and then by trying to discredit him in public—that the people (who hate mean little games) may take a notion to show Dewey what they really do think of him by putting him in the White House anyhow. There is at present something strangely like a conspiracy of silence in the administration press against Dewey. He has been quietly dropped out of sight. Why? Is anybody "skereed?"

A CHANCE

TO DISTINGUISH

ITSELF.

That a thing has never been done is to some people sufficient reason for never doing it. It may be, for instance, too great a tax on red tape; but if the United States census of 1900 is to be made for the sake of real wisdom and not merely to provide many thousand enumerators with a job, this suggestion is germane. In California, at least—and perhaps in all the newer States—there should be a getting at the derivation and former occupation of the Westerner. For instance, if we could know what proportion of Californians came from each State in the Union, and what proportion from abroad (for relatively few were born here); and whether they pursue here the same vocations they did at home—particularly what proportion of those who till the soil here were farmers before they came; and this particularly in the seven southern counties—why, we should have data not only of some interest to Californians but of the greatest use and significance to students of political economy. The influence of the West upon the nation is one of the most vital themes in our sociology; and this is one of the safe ways to find out and prove something about it. The Census Bureau can, if it will, do a really scientific thing.

OUR

UNCONSCIOUS

The relatively few Americans—for the great heart of the people is sound on this point—who wish England to conquer the Boers, must imagine that the Fourth of July was invented by the Chinese as a date for selling firecrackers. They evidently never heard that it commemorates the revolt of a poor little string of separate Colonies, unfused, jealous, quarreling among themselves, from the same Dear Old England that the Transvaal now defies. Our Colonies were not even a republic in name. They did not even have the idea of forming a republic. The best they were after was independence for their scattered little communities; the national idea was born later and was crystallized only by long and angry effort. The Colonies were full of Tories, too, who were grieved and shocked at our wicked rebellion, and prayed that benevolent England might whip us and give us better government than we really seemed likely to give ourselves. These gentlemen, who were harshly called traitors then, seem to have had issue. But the Tories of today who wish to see the monarchy swallow the republic are not traitors. They are simply Americans who have forgotten their birthright—or perhaps never knew what it was. They are no more foolish, but a trifle more un-American, than the larger class of Americans who hate England, they know not why. It is manlier (and less ignorant) not to hate any country, but to hate a bad policy in any country—even our own. The monarchical policy is to rule over subject peoples. It claims divine right to do so—though in these days

rather less ridiculous excuses have to be put forward to the world. For the United States has proved that the colonial policy of England is a lie and a sham, and Canada proves it too—the colony side by side with the republic, that all the earth may see the difference in growth under the two forms of government. It is hardly possible to deny that Canada is on the whole better governed than we are. *But—!* Fancy anyone suggesting that we swap places! It is our large American privilege to misgovern ourselves if we prefer. We don't think much of our ward politicians, but we wouldn't swap them for Queen Victoria. And it's not that we do not respect her more; for every fit American does. But independence is even dearer than good government. The politicians are "a poor thing, but mine own."

There is as little taste as knowledge of history in the certain attempt to make out that the South African Republic is not a republic, and that therefore England ought to eat it. Talk of "oligarchies" is invidious just now. An oligarchy of farmers is no worse than an oligarchy of syndicates and politicians. The thirteen Colonies which England tried to eat were not a republic, and didn't even pretend to be. And certainly England isn't a republic. And, talking about oligarchies, what of the country where fifteen men own three-sevenths of the land on which the whole nation of 39,000,000 lives? That's England. Those who wish to see her crush the Transvaal and absorb its little farms from the widows and orphans of the men who will have died fighting to defend them (for the farms will not be taken till the men are killed, and a good many of the women too), will have to scare up some more presentable stalking-horse than "Oligarchy." They will also have to turn history out of the house and forget every basic principle of the United States. There are grown-up children who cheerfully do both, and they blissfully deem themselves Americans. But they are not. For an American is not "just somebody who lives in America," and refrains from stealing, and is resolute about when he dies. He is a man who understands and believes in American principles. The very first of those principles is that a monarchy has no right to rule people who do not wish to be ruled by it, even if they are people who wear paper collars and are impolite to intruders.

One word from the United States would have averted the wanton and wicked war in South Africa. It should have been a friendly and polite word—no such ignorant slap in the face as we gave England three years ago about Venezuela. It would have had abundant precedent in this and every other civilized country. England would, of course, have winked a knowing eye at Luzon—but she would have kept her paw off the Boers, as sharply as she kept it off the wretched little South American despotism where she was as much in the right as she is now in the wrong. England has been in business as a nation for a good many centuries, and is better known to more peoples than any other country on earth. She has not a friend in the whole world of nations; and she is not going to throw away the one-day caresses of a country that has hated her more fiercely (and as unwisely) than any other, and whose present official attitude is merely because "misery loves company." The temper of America has not changed. It is an unreasoning temper. The average American hates or distrusts England blindly, for no better reason than that she twice tried to do for us what she is now trying to do for the Boers—to make nice, well-bred, profitable servants. Our prejudice is unreasoning, because the real people of England were not in either attempt to suppress liberty. In our case it was the low and stupid King; in the Boer case it is the foxy scoundrel Chamberlain; both aided by a mistaken sense of loyalty. America has no real friendship for England—more's the pity. It will be a good day for both countries when we do have. But our present official intent is

AS TO
A CERTAIN
BLINDNESS.

OUR
RESPONSIBILITY
IN AFRICA.

merely on the responsibility of such of our politicians as ignorantly blackguarded England so long as they could catch a vote thereby; and who will be doing it again as soon as it "pays." The real understanding between the two countries will come only when each realizes how much manlier, cleaner and more honest each people is than its politicians.

AN
EASY
GAME.

What easy game the politician finds us! How confidently he counts upon our human frailty! How coldbloodedly buncoes our very virtues to serve his ends! He knows that we dislike trouble—and self-government, certainly, is some trouble. Well, he will kindly save us all that. We can just leave things to him. He knows that all hearts—even measly little ones—admire loyalty, and that most of us are more afraid of being called "traitor" by a traitor than we are of an army with banners. So he pledges us to support him, and himself to do only what we can decently support; and then he betrays our faith and demands our "loyalty" to measures he would no more have dared suggest beforehand than he would have dared put his head in the fire. But he is well aware that, partly because we are more honest than he is, and partly because we are less impudent, and partly because we are timid, we will follow him almost anywhere after once promising to follow him to good things. He counts on this as coolly as a business man counts his assets—and with as substantial reason. It is 90% of his capital. He does not need much brains or morals—and generally has not much of either. But if he have the smoothness to get our consent at first to what is good, he is willing to trust us to swallow everything.

WHILE
THERE IS
YET TIME.

Following an express declaration of Congress against expansion in the Philippines, President McKinley tells us that "we have expanded," and that it is no longer a question for Congress or common folks to meddle with. But probably it is not yet too late in this country for a plain American to rise and ask: "How? When? Who's 'We'?" What was the date and what were the ceremonials?" Certainly to annul the Constitution of the United States must have taken a specific act, by specific persons, at a specific point of time. These things do not come by evaporation nor as a dream in the night, without agent or chronology or responsibility. If there are no Americans left who might be curious, the historian at least will wish to know. And certainly in all human history a republic was never before turned into an empire without the light of day and date. If for more than a century we have been wasting our own time and that of Congress, and the thing can be so easily done in a dream without any help from us, let us know how, that we may save trouble next time; and let us have a date to celebrate among our other patriotic holidays—since nothing is so patriotic nowadays as saving ourselves trouble.

WILL LEAVEN
THE WHOLE

It is an absolute fact of history that never before in time of war have American officers and soldiers found themselves with LUMP. so bad a taste in their mouths. They never fought better (though they have fought incomparably harder fights)—a triumph of discipline over taste. But Americans never before battled with so little heart. Talk with the men back from the Philippines. With very rare exceptions they say things you do not find in the newspapers. Their feeling about the local conduct of the campaign, and about the war in general, is almost unanimous. Were it not for the feeling which hinders a soldier's tongue, the opinion of the men who have done our fighting in the Philippines would already have so fixed public sentiment that Congress would shut up the war at once. But this big, if somewhat tongue-tied, influence is at work; and by the Presidential campaign it will be felt.

There are estimable people, untimely withdrawn from the oven, who think the eternal truth is not so large as the question whether a person employs a manicure. If he doesn't he cannot care for liberty, nor merit it. There are others, as underdone, who allege that God cannot favor the Boers because they are ungentle to the "Caffres"—as one imperial correspondent spells it. These people evidently are unaware that George Washington owned and worked slaves; that there were slaves in all the Thirteen Colonies which whipped Great Britain twice.

BLESSED
BE THE
INNOCENT

Dr. Elliott Coues, the eminent historian—and, as well, one of our foremost authorities in ornithology—died in the Johns Hopkins Hospital on Christmas day. This was one of the last men American scholarship could spare; and to this magazine, of whose staff he was a member, the blow is doubly sharp. He was not only affiliated with its work for the West, but a loved and honored friend. The February number will have more to say of him.

THE
NATION'S
LOSS.

Whatever the dispute as to whether "the Islands" look well on a map of the United States, it is certain that Maysville, Ky., doesn't. If we are to have a big standing army it had better be sent among these cannibals, who fetch their children out to see them gouge, carve and roast a human being. There are too many places in our own country that need benevolent-assimilation-with-a-club even worse than the Filipinos do.

OUR
OWN
HEATHEN.

The pagan Burmese tuck a paper on a revolving wheel and leave it to do their praying. This is wonderfully like some Americans who fix an Administration prayer-wheel, pin their minds on it and go off about their business, quite assured that it would be blasphemous to wonder why God gave every man a conscience if its work could just as well be done by the machine.

LABOR
SAVING
DEVICES.

It was a rude shock to our provincial friends of New York when their "Franklin Syndicate" was closed by the brutal police. To expect 520 per cent. for your money, and get "left," is enough to destroy a New Yorker's faith in human nature. Doubtless their childlike trust is one of the "blessings" the compassionate Harry Thurston Peck is so sorry the West has to get along without.

"The words of his mouth were smother than butter, but war was in his heart." No, this is not a "copperhead" attack on the administration. It is simply a text of scripture. And the bible has not yet been excluded from the United States mails, though it has "treason" on nearly every page.

"The Tagals are only brigands. The insurrection is something for the police to put down, rather than an army." This is Maj. Gen. E. S. Otis's latest verdict. If he is right, for the first time in his career, we might as well recall 75,000 American soldiers and send over a policeman.

"No man," said Abraham Lincoln, "is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent." It may be added that no man is so good that no one else need bother to be good. And that no president is so American that he can be a republic all by himself.

Americans used to be so green as to think that people who wished to govern themselves had a right to; but we are smarter now. Anybody who has such old-fashioned notions is either a tin-whistle dictator or an oligarch who doesn't wash his face.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

No wonder we are, as Max Muller remarks, "systematically ruining our memories" by so much reading. Last year over 77,000 books were published on this sinful planet; and that is now about the average.

Seventy-seven thousand enemies (mostly) for men to put upon their shelves to steal their minds away! A few books may help a man to think, if he have the wherewithal; but the visible tendency of many books is to content people with thinking they think. Of course the average memory is already destroyed. "Civilized" people have only a remnant as compared with the savage and "half-civilized." But far more vital is the fact that the book-habit is equally undermining thought. The time may come when discriminating millionaires, instead of founding libraries, will give good, worthy towns \$25,000 each for bonfires big enough to burn what books they have.

AN
ALL-ROUND

Doubtless there is something which David Starr Jordan cannot do well; but doubtless he never did it. Into whatsoever activity he turns—and these are manifold, since he is one of the busiest of men and therefore always has time to do something new—he makes a deep dent. It is only a little while since he turned out the most monumental work yet extant on ichthyology; and a little before that the ablest and noblest book in existence on "Imperial Democracy;" and again a book which is probably the most lucid, attractive and competent statement of Evolution yet printed. It is equally easy for him to president his magnificent university or an international Seal Commission, lead the flying wedge at football, climb the Enchanted Mesa, "sling a sassy" frying pan in a frontier camp, or handle millions broadly and wisely. Now, that is what man was made for; but not many seem to reach completion. It shows how faulty our civilization is when we see with what entire absence of strain one man can equal a dozen average good men. To see Jordan's colossal figure and hear his easy-going, unrap speech, the notion of this giant coming to the knee-high plane of children might seem as incongruous as that of an elephant in the minuet. But he can do it with grace scarcely short of his strength, as those know who have read a private pamphlet of exquisitely delicate and wise poems; and as is openly proved by his new *Book of Knight and Barbara* (his two children). This is a fat collection of (mostly) nonsense stories, wherein the most logical mind (which is the child mind) delights; with a few travesties on the classics, and some soberer animal sketches. These stories, invented for Knight and Barbara, have been told to thousands of other children, in the schools; and the book is illustrated by the real children in the most approved slate-pencil fashion. There are a few places in the stories where there seems an elephantine step; but as a whole they are an extraordinary adoption of the eight-year-old point of view. Few books nowadays will so much appeal to the normal child. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

WHERE

THE SHADOW

It would be marvelous, were not literary people so notoriously stupid, that the Chinese in California have never been seriously "worked" for the bonanza they are. Nothing in America is more strangely picturesque, nothing so steeped in mystery

and—villainy. As literary material it is an almost unexplored wilderness of inexhaustible richness—a theme for the novelist, short-story writer, essayist, sociologist, world without end. Yet they dawdle past and over it, blind to its elemental wonder and tragedy, pursuing shallowness and triviality. Perhaps the first adequate insight into parts of that strange, red-dripping wheel within our wheels is Dr. C. W. Doyle's *The Shadow of Quong Lung*. If this his novel of San Francisco Chinatown has not, perhaps, quite the sympathetic unity of his *Taming of the Jungle* (and it should hardly be expected that he shall love the slums of San Francisco as he loves the Terai where he was born), his story gains by comparison with the work of any other in the same field. Even an Easterner may learn from this graphic picture why scholars as well as hoodlums count the Chinese a blot; for this tale of murder, robbery, and the enslaving of women, is a true picture of Chinatown. None better than this reviewer cherishes the brotherhood of man; and the Chinese are human. But in this country we have the offal of Canton, further dehumanized by an abnormal environment. Nowhere else in the world, probably, is there a community so absolutely naked of love, home, citizenship. The economist can guess what such conditions will produce. What they have produced, Dr. Doyle tells with a direct and elemental power. It is a gruesome story, but as fascinating as true. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.25.

Eminently sound and sane in a class not universally noted for these qualities, Brander Matthews is one of the good forces in American life and letters. A college professor without pedantry, a literary man and critic without affectations or dallying, gentle without cowardice, genial without blindness, a loyal friend, a good citizen and a finished writer, he is of a stripe we could well wish to have more of. And I have never known him to write anything which was not worth reading. Perhaps the most rounded of his dozen books is the latest, *A Confident Tomorrow*, a human and heart-warming novel of New York. It is notable for its naturalness. It is real; which is as much above the "realistic" as the moon is above its reflection in a puddle. And that, perhaps, is its secret of getting into our hearts—as it does, without adventitious aids of sensation, consternation or ostentation. The love-story is particularly sweet, without a trace of overdoing. In so comfortable a book one can almost forgive the author's local heresy that New York is really a "University." Men can learn something anywhere. Many of us will get a really liberal education hereafter; and the natural retort to the statement that New York is very educative is, "so is the Other Place." Soberly, the real University of life is anywhere that man is made to do for himself. It may be a special course where everything is done for him except his one little specialty; but it certainly is no curriculum. If New York taught any broad education, there soon would be no one left in it. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.50.

It is a large word to use, but probably exact, to say that among the hundreds of "series" in all sorts of popular lines, "The Story of the West Series," edited by Ripley Hitchcock, is the best. The field is a noble one, and the treatment thus far has been adequate. Hough's *Story of the Cowboy*, Grinnell's *Story of the Indian*, and our own Shinn's *Story of the Mine*—these are undoubtedly the best popular books ever written to their special texts. They are literature of a good order, intensely interesting and of genuine historic value. The fourth volume now comes on—*The Story of the Railroad*, by Cy. Warman—and is no less interesting. Mr. Warman is certainly not in the class of his predecessors in the series, either in depth or literary skill. His book shows haste, and is rather crude beside the foregoing masterly volumes. Nor is it so genuinely Western. Mr. Warman is a

LIKE
REAL
LIFE.

"THE STORY
OF THE
WEST."

railroad man and a rousing writer of railroad stories; he simply has not the historian's grip as the other three have. But he has a good eye for the picturesque and knows his theme too well to be misleading. The Santa Fé road has a large place in the book, and deservedly. All railroads are civilizers; but the Santa Fé is by far the most civilized railroad that ever pierced the West. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

QUATRAINS

AT THE

SPHINX.

If "Not failure but low aim is crime," then indeed is Dr. Frank Bullard, of Los Angeles, safe from prosecution. To hope to settle or unsettle faith, doubt or denial, by a sequence of 139 quatrains, each reinforced by a quotation; to be as Dr. Bullard's *Apistophilon* aims to be, "the Nemesis of Faith," is at least sanguine. But it is one of the fortunate cases in which we may shoot our arrow o'er the house and not hurt our brother. Belief and disbelief are rather pachydermatous; and even Khayyamish quatrains do not phase them. Probably no one was ever rhymed into a creed nor out of one; and like the big fellow whose wife beat him, "it pleases her and don't hurt me." Dr. Bullard's thought is clear and good, his diction exceptionally simple and unaffected, his quotation apt and of wide reading, his versification conscientious, but almost uninformed of melody. Printed for the author by R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

SAWDUST

AND

BOYS.

Possibly to Iowa farm boys a generation ago, even poetry would have been a welcome change. Hamlin Garland was one of them, and he ought to know. As his book of *Boy Life on the Prairie* is more than ten per cent. verse, we must conclude that for the sort of boys Mr. Garland thinks he remembers, "that is the sort of thing those people would like." All the verse is not so bad as this:

A lonely task it is to plough!
All day the black and clinging soil
Rolls like a ribbon from the mould-board's
Glistening curve. All day the horses toil,
Battling with the flume—and strain
Their creaking collars. All day
The crickets jeer, etc.

Indeed, it could hardly all be, if Mr. Garland had tried. It is fair to say that there are many strong lines in his verse, if not much poetry; and that his picture of a prairie farmer-boy is of his usual photographic sort, tho' (again as usual) not with a Dallmeyer lens. Either the book is a potboiler, or Mr. Garland's ideas of boyhood have withered prematurely. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.50.

THE MAN

WITH

AN EYE.

Of the quality of Clifton Johnson's camera we have been aware before; his photographic connotation and embellishment of books by John Burroughs and others has made the judicious rejoice. Now this very genuine artist presents us a book *Among English Hedgrows* which would warm the heart of Irving. Rarely—if ever before—has rural England been so exquisitely pictured. To the perfect technique of photography, Mr. Johnson adds the "composition" of a great painter; and as result, his photographs may fairly be called art. The text is sympathetic and genuine. The artist-author shunned the threadbare Cook-ery itineraries and went down among the people; seeing, thereby, not the usual outside but the real life of England. It is a good book and a remarkably attractive one. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$2.25

THE PIRATE

AS A

HERO.

James Barnes, already well known for his *Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors*, is franker and nearer history than the usual writer on such themes, in his new book *Drake and His Yeomen*; for he frankly confesses "we were pirates all." It is curious, however, what heroes English pirates are and how damned are all other pirates in our biased literature. Drake, of course, as every student knows, was as scoundrelly a pirate as Captain Kidd. But the "Virgin"

Queen shared his plunder and knighted him; and books continue to lionize him, and many serious good ignoramuses set up Prayer Book Crosses and the like in his honor. Mr. Barnes, however, makes a decidedly good story. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$2.

Raised of good dough, but evidently taken from the oven "UNDERDONE, a little unbrowned. Bolton Hall—as shown forth in his book—is a curious combination of Sam Jones epigram (and better), maudlin sympathy and emotional religion. No full statured man does or can feel as he does about *Things As They Are*. It would be foolish to call the Rev. Mr. Hall an anarchist and probably unjnst to ticket him as a mere yellow newspaper preacher. He is simply a nice, nervous, emotional intelligence that never got out-doors enough to know the knocks that make men. His survey of Things that Are in his cloeted consciousness is doubtless sincere and undeniably well spoken. But it is callow and unmanful. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

GOOD AND
FAITHFUL."

Vol. 7, No. 1, of the "Columbia University Contributions to THE Philosophy, Psychology and Education," is a thoughtful PUEBLO monograph entitled *Education of the Pueblo Child, a study in CHILD. arrested development*, by Frank Clarence Spencer, Ph.D. On the whole, Dr. Spencer carries his point, though with some errors by the way. The Inquisition never had anything to do with Indians anywhere; no Pueblo estufas are "conical;" Isleta, as well as Taos and Acoma, is where it was in 1540, and its Indian name is not "Tsha-ni-pa," but Shi-e-huib-bac. There are a great many typographical errors and misspellings which ought not to disfigure so scholarly a work. The Macmilan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. 75 cents.

Doubtless no good healthy American boy has ever lived, since American railroading began, but has at one time or another longed to be a locomotive engineer. I can vouch for one boy, at least, who will never see greater bliss than it was to pitch chunks of wood into the fire-box of one of the old funnel-stacks of the B., C and M., and singe off his eye-brows at the job, more than twenty-five years ago. No boy will be likely to have his appetite allayed by reading Herbert E. Hamblen's *We Win*. Mr. Hamblen is a natural story-teller, and this is a boy's railroad story "from away back." Sent to any address on approval. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. \$1.50. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

SURE
TO CATCH
BOYS.

Frances Hodgson Burnett has done several famous things; but in many ways no better work than this new novel *In Connection With the De Willoughby Claim*. "Big Tom", the "fail-ure" of the proud F. F. V., is a character worth writing a whole book for; and there is a good deal else between these covers. The Washington end of the story is of course strong with Mrs. Burnett's intimate knowledge of that un-American city; but the fineness of the book, its real appeal to every heart, is in the beautiful relationship of the clumsy giant to the little waif. Mrs. Burnett has scored another distinct success. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.50.

GOOD
HUMAN
NATURE.

The almost uncanny brilliancy of I. Zangwill is not obscured even under such title as *They That Walk in Darkness*. These "tragedies of the Ghetto," eleven short stories of the Chosen People, are, as it were, a hope against hope. For tragedies they are—not the tinsel heroics of the stage, but the mean oppressions of life; and instinct with Zangwill's almost prophetic understanding of his people and his astonishing faculty for "saying things." The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.50.

THE
TRAGIC
JEW.

- PIONEERS OF THE CROSS.** A scholarly and important volume for the historical student of the Southeast is *The Franciscans in Arizona*, by Fray Zephyrin Engelhardt, author of *The Franciscans in California*, which has already been noticed in these pages. Father Zephyrin largely (and wisely) follows Arceivita's *Cronica Serafica*; but his comparison of authorities has been broad and generally just; and he sets forth well the heroic story of the pioneer missionaries. The volume is printed and bound by Indian boys at the Holy Childhood Indian School, Harbor Springs, Mich., and can be had of the author at that address.
- GOOD LOVE STORIES.** Mrs. Burton Harrison has well carried out a good idea in *The Circle of a Century*. The first part is a sweet, old-fashioned love story of New York in the time of Washington's inauguration, very warming to us for hero and heroine, and still more so toward the finer girl who was sacrificed. The second part is extremely up-to-date—perhaps a little too much so for the best proportion—and carries the two-fold romance of the descendants of the characters of the first story. It is a book which leaves a good taste in the mouth. The Century Co., 33 E. Seventeenth street, New York. \$1.25.
- "THEY OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD."** H. H. Lusk—long a member of the New Zealand Parliament, and for years in the United States—says a great many true things in his review of American conditions, *Our Foes at Home*. Mr. Lusk is a friendly as well as a sober critic, and he sees what all thoughtful Americans see of danger in our institutions. He also shows us how much worse we are governed than some other countries. It is a book serious Americans may well read. Sent on approval. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. \$1. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.
- A NOVEL ABOVE THE ORDINARY.** A thoroughly good love story is about the most popular thing we can have, and that is precisely what A. E. W. Mason has given us in his unhackneyed novel *Miranda of the Balcony*. There is now and then a little affectation in the telling; but it is a story to rouse one from sleep, and "Charnock," "Miranda," her scrub of a husband, and "Wilbraham" the blackmailer, are memorable characters. The plot is decidedly fresh, and the story is that of a rare and noble love. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.50.
- ROMANCE AND SATIRE.** A second and much changed edition of Richard Whiteing's *The Island* has just been issued—called forth, no doubt, by the brilliant success of his *No. 5 John Street*. The story of the blissful little community on Pitcairn Island is particularly attractive, and serves also to wing a shaft of very sharp satire at the greedy and purblind thing we call civilization. "Victoria" is a large and noble enough character to carry a book all by herself. The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York. \$1.50.
- QUORUM PARS MAGNA.** A book to compel thought is Booker T. Washington's *The Future of the American Negro*. Mr. Washington, himself an excellent example of what a Negro may be, writes of his people and the problem for them and for us in a fashion which cannot fail to stir reflection. It is a problem we cannot shirk decently nor wisely; and Mr. Booker's sound discussion and statement of facts is an illuminative aid to proper understanding. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.50.
- SOME DELICIOUS NONSENSE.** Almost passing clever is the joyous *Jingle Book*, written by Carolyn Wells and illustrated with all the willful yet amiable humanity of Oliver Herford. Children of all ages—and the more age the better—will tickle over these extraordinary rhymes, in which the English language seems to be playing India-Rubber-Man and "stumping" the artist to tie himself into as many bowknots—and Mr. Herford never takes a dare. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.

Certainly, anyone who would accuse Coulson Kernahan of a "purpose" deeper than "having fun" with us in his latest word would say anything. *Scoundrels & Co.* is simply made to read, and is in small danger of not being read if once dipped into. The idea of the Crimes Trust, as it were, is distinctly good, and the development of it generally so. It is in fact a taking book for the spare hour. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

THE
ASSOCIATED
VILLAINIES.

A competent translation—the first in English—of Maurus Jókai's *Szegény Gazdagok* is after all these years published under title of *The Poor Plutocrats*. It is one of the great Hungarian's strongest works. "Patia Negra" the bandit and "Juon" the giant shepherd are particularly striking characters. Sent on approval. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. \$1.25. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

ROBBERS
AND
BEGGARS.

A peculiarly tender and lovable book is the Countess Puliga's *My Father and I*. Nothing more than the naturally biased tribute of a daughter, it is nevertheless a book to make a man envious. A daughter at all is heaven's last, best gift; God send us all as true ones and as gentle judges as we here find given the Count D'Orsay. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

FATHER
AND
DAUGHTER.

Perhaps the last work we shall have from the late Maria Louise Pool is *A Widower and Some Spinsters*, a collection of thirteen short stories of New England. And good stories. Kindly but inseeing, Miss Pool drew to the life. An appreciative sketch of her and several photographs add to the volume. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

MISS
POOL'S
LAST.

Four scholarly monographs on matters of mediæval Spanish art are at hand from Prof. Enrique Serrano Fatigati, president of the Sociedad Española de Excursiones, of Madrid. Most interesting, perhaps, is that on "Spanish Romanesque Cloisters," though its fellow on "The Feeling of Nature in Mediæval Spanish Reliefs," crowds it closely. Señor Fatigati writes a handsome Spanish, as many scholars do not; and is a genuine student, as many writers are not.

Lay Sermons, by Howard W. Tilton, presents the unusual spectacle of a newspaper man (he is editor of the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*) preaching righteousness. Mr. Tilton, though not ordained, evidently has a vocation; and he preaches—perhaps at times rather Chautauqually—"a gospel of helpfulness and happiness." Sent on approval. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. \$1. Los Angeles, C. C. Parker.

Nancy Hanks, by Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, is a little book which fills a certain gap in history; for it at last "vindicates" the mother of the greatest president—if any woman needs vindicating who gives her country such a son as Abraham Lincoln. It is an interesting contribution. Sent on approval. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 50 cents. Los Angeles, for sale by C. C. Parker.

A thoughtful and acceptable compilation is *Nature Pictures by American Poets*, edited by Annie Russell Marble, A. M. Among the poems are ten by members of the LAND OF SUNSHINE staff—Ina Coolbrith, John Vance Cheney and Ella Higginson. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.25.

Carl Schurz's masterly address, *The Policy of Imperialism*, can be had in a neat pamphlet from W. J. Mize, 517 First National Bank Building, Chicago. It is a magnificent essay in patriotism; and even those who do not agree with it can do themselves good by reading it.

The solid old house of J. B. Lippincott Co. will have universal sympathy for the loss of its entire plant by fire last month; and admiration for its pluck and energy in getting under way again. The business is already in operation and a full stock of the Lippincott books will soon be ready for the demand.

How tremendous the publishing business has become is evidenced by the fact that a single firm in New York (The Macmillan Co.) issued two hundred books this fall. This is doubtless more than the whole United States published twenty years ago; and there are fully ten times as many publishers now as then.

Alice B. Stockham, M. D., puts forth several attractive and instructive pamphlets on matters of our intimate concern—*Parenthood*, *Food of the Orient*, and *Hindu Wedding Bells*. 25 cents each. Published by the author, 56 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

Wild Eden is a little volume of high-thinking and graceful verse by Prof. Geo. Edward Woodberry the editor of "National Studies in American Letters." The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.25.

Hawaii Fair is a slender collection of verses by Philip Henry Dodge. D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 25 cents.

Virginia Baker prints a brief monograph to show that "Sowams," the home of Massasoit, was where Warren, R. I., now stands.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



PLATFORM OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-IMPERIALIST LEAGUE.

WE hold that the policy known as imperialism is hostile to liberty and tends toward militarism, an evil from which it has been our glory to be free. We regret that it has become necessary in the land of Washington and Lincoln to reaffirm that all men, of whatever race or color, are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We maintain that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. We insist that the subjugation of any people is "criminal aggression" and open disloyalty to the distinctive principles of our government.

We earnestly condemn the policy of the present national administration in the Philippines. It seeks to extinguish the spirit of 1776 in those islands. We deplore the sacrifice of our soldiers and sailors, whose bravery deserves admiration even in an unjust war. We denounce the slaughter of the Filipinos as a needless horror. We protest against the extension of American sovereignty by Spanish methods.

We demand the immediate cessation of the war against liberty, begun by Spain and continued by us. We urge that Congress announce to the Filipinos our purpose to concede to them the independence for which they have so long fought and which of right is theirs.

The United States have always protested against the doctrine of international law which permits the subjugation of the weak by the strong. A self-governing state cannot accept sovereignty over an un-

willing people. The United States cannot act upon the ancient heresy that might makes right.

Imperialists assume that with the destruction of self government in the Philippines by American hands, all opposition here will cease. This is a grievous error. Much as we abhor the war of "criminal aggression" in the Philippines, greatly as we regret that the blood of the Filipinos is on American hands, we more deeply resent the betrayal of American institutions at home. The real firing line is not in the suburbs of Manila. The foe is of our own household. The attempt of 1861 was to divide the country. That of 1899 is to destroy its fundamental principles and noblest ideals.

Whether the ruthless slaughter of the Filipinos shall end next month or next year is but an incident in a contest that must go on until the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are rescued from the hands of their betrayers. Those who dispute about standards of value while the foundation of the republic is undermined will be listened to as little as those who would wrangle about the small economies of the household while the house is on fire. The training of a great people for a century, the aspiration for liberty of a vast immigration are forces that will hurl aside those who in the delirium of conquest seek to destroy the character of our institutions.

We deny that the obligation of all citizens to support their government in times of grave national peril applies to the present situation. If an administration may with impunity ignore the issues upon which it was chosen, deliberately create a condition of war anywhere on the face of the globe, debauch the civil service for spoils to promote the adventure, organize a truth-suppressing censorship, and demand of all citizens a suspension of judgment and their unanimous support while it chooses to continue the fighting, representative government itself is imperiled.

We propose to contribute to the defeat of any person or party that stands for the forcible subjugation of any people. We shall oppose for re-election all who in the White House or in Congress betray American liberty in pursuit of un-American ends. We still hope that both of our great political parties will support and defend the Declaration of Independence in the closing campaign of the century.

We hold with Abraham Lincoln, that "no man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent. When the white man governs himself, that is self-government, but when he governs himself and also governs another man that is more than self-government—that is despotism." "Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as a heritage of all men in all lands. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."

We cordially invite the coöperation of all men and women who remain loyal to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.





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THE Club has large work to do in 1900; and before work can be done there must be funds. An earnest appeal is made to all who are interested in preserving the historic landmarks of Southern California to renew their memberships or take membership—the only formality necessary being the payment of \$1 a year (or more), to assist in the Club's work. Several hundred dollars are needed for immediate repairs at the Missions of San Diego, San Juan Capistrano and Pala. The engraving shows one of the adobe walls at San Diego since the Club underpinned it.

Previously acknowledged, \$3730.96.

New contributions: Geo. L. Fleitz, Detroit, \$25. Dorothea Moore, M. D., San Francisco, \$2; Edmund G. Hamersley, Philadelphia, \$2. \$1 each: Mary Hallock Foote, Grass Valley, Cal.; A. Petsch, Dr. J. A. Munk, Los Angeles; Mrs. Francis F. Browne, Chicago.



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PASADENA'S TOURNAMENT OF ROSES, JANUARY 1, 1900.

Maj. Gen. Shafter, Brig. Gen. Otis.

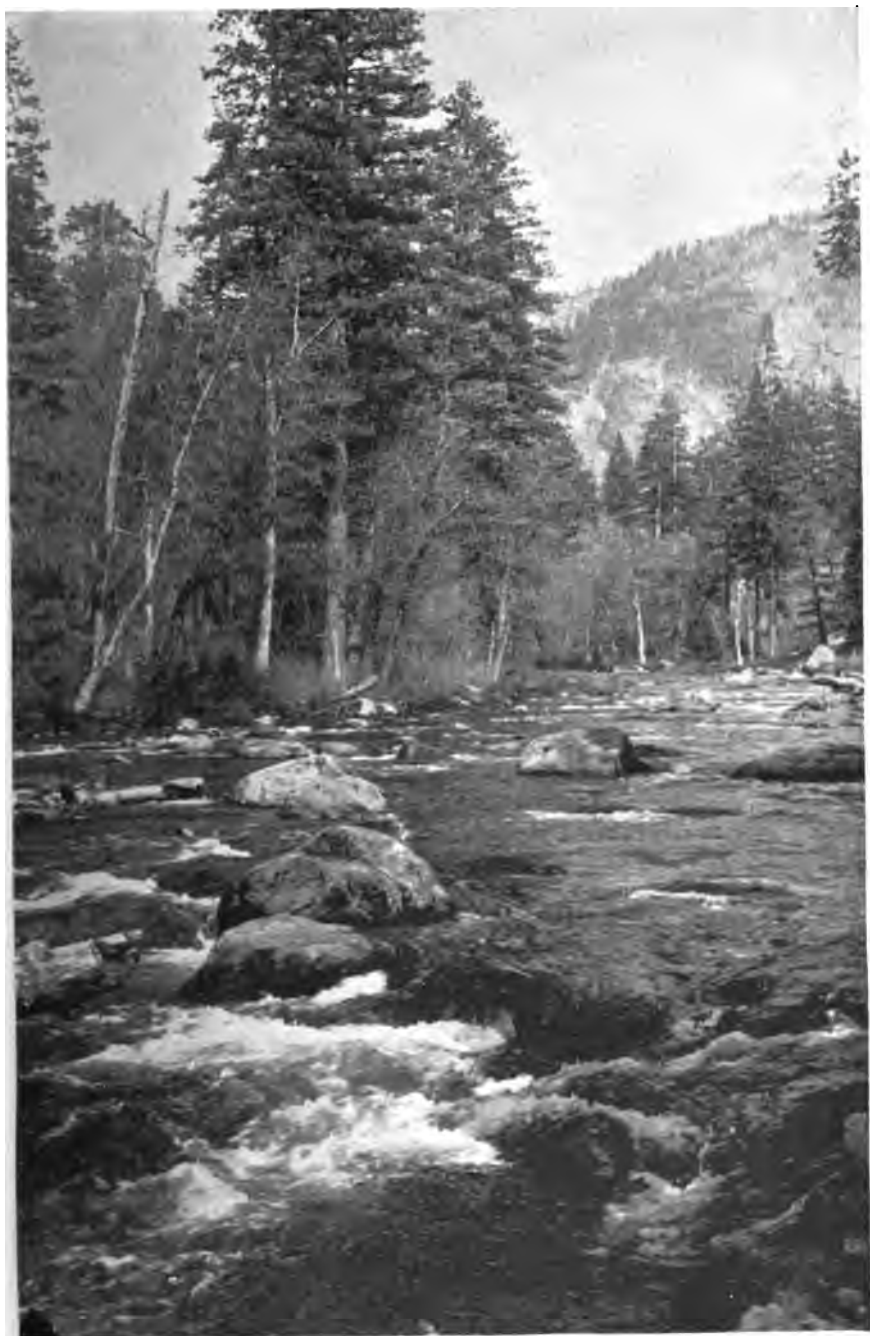
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THE PASADENA TOURNAMENT OF ROSES, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

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A CALIFORNIA TROUT STREAM.

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Vol. XII, No. 3

A MIDWINTER MAYING
"LOST MINES"
STAGING IN THE SIERRA

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Illustrated

"LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA"

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



THE MAGAZINE OF
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST
EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS



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10 CENTS

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1 A

Remodeling a Gown


becomes a pleasing occupation, provided it was stitched on a **Singer Automatic**. The elastic seam made by this machine is perfectly safe when locked, but can be taken apart in an instant when unlocked. Thus its use is especially desirable for the clever woman who wishes to make over a garment so that it may conform to the changing styles. Whether in the hands of the amateur or the expert, this simple bit of mechanism is the most convenient and effective of any.

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C. M. Davis Eng. Co. CALIFORNIA "SHOOTING-STARS," LIFE SIZE. Photo. by C. F. L., Jan. 23, 1930
(See "A Midwinter Maying," p. 154.)

"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 12, No. 3.

LOS ANGELES

FEBRUARY, 1900.

"THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN."* BY MARY AUSTIN.

WHERE the nations sat in council, scarlet robe and purple hem,
From the four-went ways of travel came the poor of God to them;
Came the blind of right and reason, came the halt of rule and law,
Came the feeble, feckless peoples, crying dole of all they saw.

"Lo, to you God giveth bread,
Break a crust to us," they said,
"We have eaten fruit of bondage to the core;"
"Take, and eat," the nations cried,
"Here is freedom;" but they lied,
And the young men's feet were at the door.

"All we know of truth to God-ward, all we can of love beside,
All our good sword arm hath won us," quoth the nations; but they lied,
Bid them wait upon the scarlet, puppet to the purple hem—
As they dealt with hungry peoples, so the Lord hath dealt with them.

They have felt the threshing flail,
They have passed beyond the pale,
To the limbo of lost empires, gone before,
They are stricken in their pride,
They are dead, because they lied—
And the young men's feet are at the door.

Though your word shall run with power, and your arm reach overseas,
Yet the questing bolt shall find you if you keep not faith with these;
Lest you be at one with Egypt, lest you lie as Rome lies now
In the potter's field of empires, mint and cumin, keep the vow.

Keep the truth your fathers made,
Lest your children grow afraid,
Lest you hear the captive's mothers weeping sore—
There is little worth beside—
They are dead because they lied,
And the young men's feet are at the door.

* Acts V, 2.

THE "LOST MINES" OF MEXICO.

BY VERONA GRANVILLE.



VOLUMES might be written about the "lost mines" of Mexico, which Baron von Humboldt called "the treasure house of the world." There is no subject more fascinating; and when a prospector or miner falls under its dazzling influence he pursues his search, year after year, sacrificing his all in the radiant hope of uncovering untold wealth in buried treasure, or finding shafts and tunnels leading to great bodies of glittering ore.

Tradition locates most of the lost mines—or *minas tapadas*—in Northern Chihuahua and Sonora, in the Sierra Madre. This area has always, until the past dozen years, been subject to periodical raids from Apaches; and miners were often forced to flee for their lives to the interior, and shafts and tunnels were concealed, and frequently all surface improvements destroyed by the owners themselves, to prevent discovery until they could safely return. That many never returned, and that many mines are still *tapada* no one acquainted with the history of mining in Mexico can doubt. In many instances the trails leading to old mines may have been totally destroyed during the rainy seasons, when the face of nature is sometimes altered beyond recognition by devastating storms.

At any *peon* hut one hears stories of lost mines, incalculably rich in gold ore or bullion; and fiction is so interwoven with fact that the most logical mind finds it difficult to tell where one leaves off and the other begins. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of dollars have been spent in pumping out old shafts and removing debris from ancient tunnels, many of which, no doubt, were abandoned by the Spaniards themselves as worthless. A few old mines have proved rich, a few more of sufficient value to work at a fair profit, but ninety per cent. of them are worthless under present conditions; and so far as I have been able to learn, none of them contained buried treasure in bullion, though, considering the remoteness of the mines and the fact that shipments of bullion were made to the ports only once or twice a year, it may well be that much metal was left buried when a *hegira* took place before the all-conquering Apaches.

The Spaniards obtained vast amounts of silver in Mexico, but little gold outside the ancient temples. The patient Indians, content to work for a few *centavos* a day, never disclosed the location of the supposedly rich placers, from which they obtained the gold that adorned the temples, or the few grains

they traded for food and clothing. Bribes and tortures were equally unavailing to disclose the source of the coveted metal, except where it was found in small quantities. The Indians persisted that the gold images were the accumulation of ages ; and time has proved the truth of this, for no large nuggets nor rich placers, compared with California, South Africa, Australia or the Klondike, have ever been found in Mexico. The largest nugget I have heard of was found in Guerrero, a few years ago, by an Indian, who sold it for \$300, about half its value. A beautiful nugget was found in Sonora that so strikingly resembled the sacred picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe as to inspire great awe among the Pima and Yaqui Indians. Another, smaller but equally beautiful, resembles a tiny cluster



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Photo. by the Author.

IN THE SIERRA MADRE, MEXICO—"THE DEVIL'S
BACKBONE."



L. Photo. by Scott.

UPP

AN OLD MEXICAN MINE.]

C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

of grapes, so perfect that one can scarcely believe that nature was the sole artificer.

But in silver of virgin purity no country in the world can compare with Mexico. The largest lump of virgin silver known to the world was discovered near a Papago Indian pueblo in Sonora. It weighed 110 *arrobas*, or 2,750 pounds. It was seized by the Viceroy of Mexico pending a dispute between the discoverer, Diego Asmendi, and a custom-house officer. It was finally confiscated by the Crown of Spain. The disheartened Asmendi died without revealing the source of the treasure. Some of the most beautiful wire silver in the world comes from the famous Batopilas mines, which were worked by the early Spaniards, and recently rehabilitated by the noted "Boss" Shepherd, once mayor of Washington, D. C. At Zacatecas, in the great *veta madre*, wire silver with ruby stain is taken out in great masses and virgin purity—so beautiful and fascinating that it is small wonder much of it is stolen by the miners, despite the closest vigilance.

The so-called Yaqui gold-fields have no existence, though industriously advertised each year by unscrupulous manipulators. It is true that there is gold in Rio Yaqui and all its tributaries; but it is in small quantities and so fine that the most industrious miner can make only wages. On Rio Mulatos, natives make a few *reales* a day after the rainy season. Gold is spread over a vast area of the Sierra Madre, but no placers are being extensively worked. An American company is erecting large works near Rio Concho, but it is questionable if the heavy cement-like deposit, in which the gold is found, will ever yield to modern machinery.

The prospector's only chance of obtaining wealth of gold in the Sierra Madre is to uncover a *mina tapada*, or to follow the arroyos showing "color," or trace "float" until the "contact" is met; then, perhaps, after weeks or months of searching, the vein may be found. Perhaps it will prove one in thousands of sufficient value to work; perhaps it is the remnant of a once great vein that has been scored away by nature, the values



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AN ORE CARRIER.



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OLD METHOD OF WASHING "TAILINGS."

Photo. by Book.

disseminated over a large area in small quantities and forever lost to man. There is a twelve-thousand acre ranch in Sonora, every square yard of which will yield a "color" in the prospector's pan. The source of the gold was unsuccessfully sought for many generations, and, when finally found in a hill ten miles distant, of the once great vein not more than an *arroba* was left. It assayed thousands of dollars to the ton, and the old *hacendado* died in poverty, bemoaning the fact that he had not lived a few hundred years sooner, when the gold clustered thick in the seams of the denuded ledge that could be traced for more than a mile on the surface. Some day, perhaps, modern methods may find a means of gathering the scattered gold of the old rancho, that lies uncultivated since the death of the old don, who heavily mortgaged his inheritance and wasted all the energies of his life in deploring the shabby trick played upon him by nature.

At Piedras Azules, in the heart of the mountains, a prospecting party stopped one day for lunch. In searching for a lost knife, one of the party found a rock weighing about two tons from which native silver protruded. It yielded more than four thousand dollars when broken up and washed in the ar-



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ON THE RIO AROS.

Photo. by the Author.



Photo. by the Author.

CHAPEL IN AN OLD MINE.

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C. M. Davis Eng. Co. OLD ORE-MILL AT ALMA DE MARIA.

Photo. by the Author.

royo. The prospectors went out, organized a company with a capital of \$25,000 and returned. They prospected for months without discovering a particle of metal, and left the mountains penniless. It is believed that the rock from which the silver was obtained was carried down by the water in the arroyo from a mining camp forty-five miles distant—a solitary piece of "float" that cost the prospectors dearly. I have been unable to learn the cause of the beautiful blue color in the Piedras Azules, which is a small Pima pueblo a few miles from the Yepachic, and at the foot of a lofty mountain called La Divisadera.

Among the rich mines worked by the Spaniards was the Tarasca, in Sonora, of which Humboldt writes so fascinatingly, and Ward and other historians mention favorably. The history of Tarasca is one of evil deeds, of duplicity, of theft, of greed, and all the base passions incited by the love of gold. The mine was worked long before the Spaniards arrived in Mexico, and the gold and silver fashioned into ornaments by the aborigines. A family in Guaymas has a necklace of flying-fish purchased from a Pima Indian chief, who stated that the metal was dug from Tarasca. The mine was worked by various Spaniards and later acquired for the Crown of Spain. It was extensively worked, barring certain periods during



A TYPICAL HACIENDA.

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Apache wars, until the epoch of the French intervention, when the shafts and tunnels are said to have been concealed by the *administrador*, Don Juan Moreno, an Imperialist, who was forced to seek safety in flight. After the restoration of peace, Tarasca was looked for in vain, and to the present time no one is certain of its location, though the mine now known as Ubarbo is believed to be the Tarasca. Ubarbo had been extensively worked when re-discovered, years ago, and the shafts and tunnels concealed under earth and brush. Rich pillars of ore were found in the drifts, and the mine corre-



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A PROSPECTOR'S PACK-TRAIN.

Photo. by the Author.

sponds in many respects with the description in the archives of the American consulate at Guaymas.

But the lost mine about which tradition gathers thickest is Taiopa, supposed to be located in the Sahuaripa district, in Sonora. Little documentary evidence exists to prove Taiopa a reality, and that has evidently been manufactured by unscrupulous manipulators. A wealthy Mexican gentleman recently made a trip to Madrid, and after minute search, at great expense, found absolutely no data to prove that such a mine was worked for the Crown of Spain, and no reliable data in the Mexican archives or elsewhere to prove that such a mine was ever known. But quite as trustworthy as most written doc-



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Photo. by the Author.

RUINS OF AN OLD-TIME "VASO" OR SMELTER.



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OLD-TIME REDUCTION WORKS.

Photo. by the Author.

uments are the traditions gathered from the Pima Indians. They stoutly maintain that Taiopa exists, and a few claim to know its locality. Small quantities of very rich ore are occasionally sold at the mountain mining camps, and all attempts to follow the Indians to the spot where it is found, or bribe them to reveal it, have failed. Wanting but little in addition to the corn they grow, they are imbued with a superstition that if they reveal the locality of a mine they will instantly drop dead. To one unacquainted with the Indian character this statement may seem incredible; but any prospector or miner in the Sierra Madre will affirm its truth. Large sums of money have been offered the Pimas to tell where the *mina tapada* is. They scorn money, and the only open sesame is mescal, by the liberal use of which the Indian may be made to disclose many things, but so far he has held inviolate his vow to reveal to no mortal man the famous Taiopa. But the fascinating secret, in part, has been revealed to a woman. All tales of lost mines have for their central figure a grateful Indian, and this story is in that particular monotonously like the rest. The facts so far as I have been able to discover are the following :

About a year and a half ago an old Pima chief fell ill in one of the valley pueblos, and was cured by a Mexican lady so well known and so estimable that her statement is universally accepted. The old Indian returned to his tribe, and from time to time sent her rich bits of ore, which assayed thousands of dollars to the ton. All her efforts to induce him to lead her to the mine were futile. He said the Great Spirit would strike him dead if he did. Last summer the plucky señora went to the mountains and lived among the Indians for three months, doctoring the sick, and giving presents of calico and gay ribbons to the women and small quantities of mescal to the men of the tribe. She became convinced beyond doubt that the spot from which the rich ore came was Taiopa. The chief admitted that it was the *mina tapada*, that was worked when he was a boy. After much persuasion and the gift of a goodly portion of the fiery product of the maguery, he directed two women of the tribe to take her to within a few yards of the mine, that she might discover it unaided and save the Indians from the penalty of sudden death for revealing it. Overjoyed at gaining so much, the Mexican woman had two burros packed with provisions, and mounted on mules the three women set out. They traveled mostly at night, passing through deep cañons and over lofty mountain passes. The fourth night, some hours after dark, the Indian women led her into a deep cañon and paused a short distance from a large rock. In the dim moonlight an old arrastra was seen, and across the cañon was a large ore dump, from which opened a

tunnel. The woman gathered bits of ore from the dump and arrastra, but was hurried away by the Indians, who said they would be killed if they delayed beyond the time given them by the chief. They traveled until the moon went down, rested a few hours, and went on before daylight, completely baffling the Mexican woman as to the route they had brought her. They arrived at the pueblo at nightfall, and having taken four days to reach the mine and but one to return, the obvious conclusion was that she had been led about in a circle—a curious method of putting at rest the complex Indian conscience.

Despairing of gaining more, the Mexican woman returned to her home. In September she returned with her young son, a mozo and a few burros, to search for the elusive Taiopa. In crossing Rio Aros the mozo and two of the burros were drowned. Disappointed but not discouraged, the plucky woman left her son to work at a mining camp, and returned to the valley for fresh supplies, promising to return and prosecute the search. May her courage be rewarded by all the treasure tradition attributes to the famed Taiopa!

Other lost mines of which one hears innumerable tales are Reina Mercedes and the Casa Blanca, which are said to have been the property of the Crown during the Spanish occupation of Mexico. Both have probably been re-discovered and worked today, under other names. The Reina Mercedes is said by the Pima Indians to be one of the rich Concheffio group of mines, and the Casa Blanca the Casitas mine, thirty miles west of Mulatos. Near Casitas is an ancient mine, now worked by a Mexican company, that had open cuts on the surface for more than a mile, and several miles of underground workings, when re-denounced by the Mexicans. Near this mine, where a once large church has fallen into ruins, were found two copper bells, bearing the name of Guadalupe de Taiopa; thus leading many to believe that the Tajos mine is the long-lost Taiopa.

In searching for the lost mines of Mexico, with their fascinating traditions of buried treasure, few stop to consider the conditions under which they were worked. Ledges that were considered enormously rich by the Spaniards would yield no profit now, with the low price of silver and the high prices of freight and labor. During the Spanish occupation labor and food cost the mine owner comparatively nothing. As mules were scarce and expensive, all transportation of supplies to the mines and of bullion to the ports of Guaymas or Mazatlan was done by Indians, a *carga* of three hundred pounds being the weight each one carried on his back. The ore was crushed in arrastras, the motive power being Indians, who also mixed by treading with bare feet the pulp with quicksilver and other elements to form amalgam. This was disastrous to the health,

the quicksilver penetrating to the blood, stiffening the bones and making old men of mere boys.

The cost of mining in the Sierra Madre today is more than twice as great as it was some forty years ago. To make even a modest profit, great economy must be exercised, and strict business methods prevail in every department—facts that are at last becoming evident in the mining world, which long held the occupation of delving for the treasures of Mother Earth as a "gamble." No occupation, despite its hardships and isolation, offers richer rewards than mining, which imbues the delver with radiant hope that any day may bring to light a bonanza, rich as tradition tells us is the mysterious Taipa.

Matehio, Chihuahua, Mex.

A MIDWINTER MAYING.

BY CHARLES AMADON MOODY.



HE Philosopher admits that the second week in January is midwinter according to the almanac and all his own previous experience. But this is his first winter in the land of sunshine. And when the birds sing *May*, and the sky smiles *May*, and tender breezes breathe *May*, and wild flowers spell *May* on field and hillside, what twelve-year-old philosopher would pin his faith to an unconvincing calendar? Therefore he stands stoutly to it that he and I went a-maying on the fourteenth day of January, this year of early rains. The fragrant trophies of our day-long hunt in and about the Arroyo Seco—more than thirty varieties of spring flowers—lend color (indeed, all the colors of the rainbow, and some besides) to his assertion.

"And anyway, papa, we couldn't have gone januarying, because there isn't any such word."

This clinches the argument, and we turn to count over our treasures.

First come the poppies, as they were last in the gathering. Scores of their red-gold cups had offered themselves to us earlier in the day, but we knew where a closely-packed acre of them must be crossed on our way home and waited till then for the few hundred we wanted. "Greedy," did you say? Not so. Like Clive in India, we were amazed at our own moderation. For though the poppy-fields have been aglow for more than two weeks, and hundreds of visitors have come and gone away loaded down with burnished blooms, not a flaw appears in that royal robe, close-woven and flung over whole acres of ground. Brave show as our poppies make here in the room, they are but as a handful of sand to the sea-shore, compared with what were left.

Here is a great cluster of "shooting stars"—*Dodecatheon Clevelandii* is but an ungainly name for so brilliant and graceful a flower.* We found one level field on the first bench of the arroyo well sprinkled with the gay beauties a week ago, and counted ourselves most fortunate. But today, a mile further north, we came upon a bank dipping steeply northward into a narrow little ravine, and there we found such a display of floral fireworks as quite eclipsed its forerunner. Each sturdy flower shaft rose tall and straight, then seemed to explode into a shower of blossoms, for all the world like some miniature sky-rocket. And such blossoms! The reflexed petals of some of them are the purest of lilac through most of their length, on some the lilac grades daintily into white, others are milk-white. Lilac and white alike merge at the base of petal into a yellow that varies from bright lemon to almost green. This is sharply cut off by a rim of rich purple or dark scarlet, prolonged over part of the beak into which the anthers gather, but giving place as sharply to a circle of greenish yellow from which the sharp style protrudes like the bill of some giant mosquito. It is this description sounds fantastic, it is the fault of the writer. The flowers themselves are marvels of delicate beauty, nor is the aristocratic perfume of the cyclamen lacking.

These wild Canterbury bells (*Phacelia Whittlavia*) were collected from several sunny hillsides. Later on, their large and exquisitely-shaped blossoms of dark purple will appear in great profusion, but today a few dozen made us thankful. The two other *Phacelias* among our finds—the wild heliotrope with small purplish blue flowers set close on a raceme curiously coiled upon itself, and another of almost bushy habit fairly covered with blue blossoms—are less notable singly, but as yet far more numerous and conspicuous.

Our three lupine cousins are among the showiest of this day's gathering. These large maroon-and-white flowers, almost odorless themselves, though the coarse, hairy stems leave the hands smelling strongly of string-beans, came from high on a gravelly and almost barren hillside, steep and slippery enough to give even the agile Philosopher some trouble about his footing. The smaller blue and white one (*Lupinus bicolor*) fragrant, with leaves like a six fingered hand spread wide open, grew on a gentler slope and in richer soil. The third variety (much to the Philosopher's delight) proves to be no third at all, but only such specimens of *Lupinus bicolor* as have been fertilized, and so have doffed their virgin garb of blue and white to don a richer wedding gown of reddish-purple.

The wild peony was in bloom before New Year's, and on many plants the fruit has begun to form. The somber red flowers on their tough stems, though odorous, lay but doubtful claim to consideration on the score of beauty. Very different

* See frontispiece.



V. M. Davis Eng. Co.

CANTERBURY BELLS.

Photo. by C. F. L., Jan. 23, 1900.

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C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

SOME MIDWINTER MAVING, "TIDY-TIPS," "PAINT-BRUSH," ETC.

Photo. by C. F. L. Jan. 22, 1900

is the case with the vivid scarlet of the "Indian paint-brush" and that *Pentstemon* which children call the "scarlet bugler." These two are alike in more than color—indeed, we might easily fancy them the chummiest of companions, so closely together did they stand on the sandy, stony floor of the arroyo.

No modest, shrinking violet is *Viola Pedunculata*, the wild yellow pansy—"Johnny-jump-up" a friend of the Philosopher's prefers to call it. These which we have were lifting their pretty faces right among the "shooting-stars" and almost as high; nor need they fear the comparison. While we are at it, suppose we sort out the rest of our yellow beauties. Three kinds of cups may well enough go side by side—sun-cups, cream-cups, and lustrous buttercups. The first is an evening primrose, the second is of the poppies, while the third for some esoteric reason has been christened by the botanists "little frog"—*Ranunculus*. The Philosopher fancies most the gold-yellow of the sun-cup, I am inclined to prefer the



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BRODIAEAS.

Photo. by C. F. L., Jan. 23, 1900.

lighter tint of the cream-cup, yet the glistening polish of the buttercup is after all the oldest friend. With these we put the tall Western wall-flower, deliciously fragrant; and "tidy-tips," that trimmest of all the daisies with its yellow rays evenly tipped with white; and golden "sunshine" (*Baeria gracilis*). Only a few of each of these fall to our lot, but as the season draws on they will be counted by millions. Add the tiny yellow forget-me-nots, for their rich orange color (they have none of the honey-sweet fragrance of the wild white forget-me-not which we also have), twine among them some of these golden threads of dodder—the parasitic "love-vine"—and there we have a study in yellows that might well drive an artist to despair.

These twigs of buckthorn, each crowned with a cluster of feathery white, came from a steep bank on which the little trees stood so close and full of bloom as to give the effect of an unbroken fleecy curtain. The long sprays of wild white clematis—"virgin's bower" is none too poetical a name for it—were clambering over the trees on a neighboring slope. We almost missed these, taking the vine from a little distance for the wild cucumber whose smaller white starry flowers were as early out as the large dark ones of the wild peony. But it is an excellent rule for a flower-hunt—and may have its uses elsewhere—not to be sure of anything, until you *are* sure of it. So we climbed a little nearer to the doubtful blooms and were well rewarded for our pains. Not far away we came upon these wild-pea blossoms, cream-white faintly lined and flushed with pink, exquisitely perfumed and set amidst graceful, ferny foliage—one could hardly ask for a flower more nearly perfect. We found the first of these during Christmas week, and their time of bloom is already almost over.

Carefully tucked away in one corner of our basket, now almost empty, are some of the dearest, daintiest of all our spring-time visitors, *Gilia tricolor* and *Nemophila insignis*. "Bird's-eyes" and "baby-blue-eyes" their lovers call them, and who ever saw and failed to love them? The Philosopher declares that the baby-blue-eyes wear precisely the blue of Yale, and as a native of the City of Elms he has had opportunity to learn that tint. The faint lilac of the little bird's-eyes, turning to bright gold in the tube of the corolla save for five dark purple spots, make a color combination charming beyond description. We had to cross some fields today where no step could be taken but at the cost of crushing many of these frail beauties under foot.

Half a dozen *Brodiaeas*—the blue cluster lily or wild hyacinth—just one pink prickly phlox, a single blue "skull-cap" (the quaintest little joker of them all), some clove-scented blossoms of the violet night-shade, and a handful of ground

pink and alfilarilla—there is only the empty basket left. But the deft hands of the Mistress of the Manse have been busy with our tribute, and behold! the room is full of the sweetness and light of our wild flowers. We let our thoughts run back to Januaries spent in other lands—no need to run over the long catalogue of woes, from driving sleet in zero weather to the drizzle and slush of a "January thaw"—and do not wonder at the result of the Philosopher's meditations:—"It's lucky everyone doesn't really know how lovely Southern California is to live in, because there wouldn't be anyone left to live anywhere else."

LOST—A MAN.



ONLY six months ago we sat under rustling cottonwoods in the land we all loved and all had earned the right to love—Dr. Elliott Coues, the fresh-faced, gray-beard dean; and Frederick Webb Hodge, the serious hero of the Enchanted Mesa and all it means, and probably the logical successor to the dean's mantle as our foremost scientific editor; and George Parker Winship, the young giant of the MSS.; and the Cowboy-who-Cares; and the little girl who was born to the

care. Comadre 'Pita stood massive behind our chairs and waved away the flies, and urged us (who had no need of urging) to despoil her cherished chickens and Tuyo's pet squabs and the golden-brown *supapillas*; with that in her face which would make any woman on earth fair to look upon. All was good—the delicious hospitality of the Indian friends whose faces beamed on all for the one's sake; and the New Mexican sky, unsullied as Truth; and the touch of men that had toiled for the same Truth's sake and now were met where it was best to meet. In all the wavering shadows of the leaves upon us, there was no shadow of what was to come. Yet it was already written. As the rest of us look back to that flawless day in Juan Rey's patio I fancy we shall not escape some twinge that we could not better read the lines under those clear, genial eyes. Already Dr. Coues was a doomed man. Already he suspected it—and allowed no one else to. The weariness and bruises of a long, hard trip in springless wagons would soon wear off, and our Nestor be himself again. Even his last letters, months after, did not convey a sense of apprehension. But now, we know he knew.

It is foolish, generally, to say of any man that loss of him leaves a vacancy which cannot be filled. Somehow, sometime, it is filled. Perhaps not tomorrow, perhaps not with the identical roundness. But the gap is filled, and life and thought march on. There is only one public relation in America in which a capital loss is irreparable—and that is one of the several relations which have lost Elliott Coues. He was a born lexicographer, and a graduate one; but a later *Century Dictionary* will find his substitute. He stood at the head of American ornithology—but birds will last a long time, and we can breed scholars for them. But the West cannot fill his shoes. By the time another could learn what he knew, there will be no more West—except on the maps. As a field of research it will not, of course, wholly have passed away; but it will be hopelessly dwindled, sophisticated, plastered. It is passing now, with rapidity that to the student is frightful. The "Great American Desert"



"WE SAT UNDER RUSTLING COTTONWOODS."

Photo. by A. C. Yreman.

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is no more—nay, it is no longer quite credible. The wilderness is tamed with homes. The frontier is only a memory; the eye-witnesses of it are dying off, its scant documents are wasting or lost, its very aborigines are being wiped off the slate by benovolent assimilation a little more cruel and much more sweeping than whisky. And meantime, 90 per cent. of what money and impulse can be drummed up for American scholarship goes abroad to exploit the nursery myths which have endured some thousands of years already, and would “keep” a few thousand more. The only thing it is impossible to make broadly interesting



DR. COUES IN 1885.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A. C. Freeman.

Dr. Coues.

F. W. Hodge.

Geo. P. Winship.

Photo. made in Santa Fe, in July, 1899

ON THE LAST EXPEDITION.

to Americans is America. It is more interesting, it is more significant. But it has not the backing of superstition and a certain intellectual snobbery. Perhaps the largest fame of this man who won large fame in many lines was that he was an American scholar, American in time. His other activities, many and high as they were, do not seem to me so sure of lasting distinction. Dictionaries and ornithologies we shall keep on making, world without end; but whenever hereafter the student shall turn to the American history of the West, he will have to deal with Coues. There will be no other editions of Lewis and Clark, Zebulon Pike, Fowler, Lar-penteur; for the monumental works of Coues are definitive; nor will there ever be a short cut to royal knowledge of the West without reckoning these pioneer records. Such a field will not



DR. COUES'S LATEST PICTURE.

always be caviare to the general; and the loss of the last scholar who saw those great transitions with his own eyes and studied all the data in that essential light, is literally as irreparable as to the human friends who will never find just the same man again behind some other face.

It is not unscientific to say that even in the human relation science could not afford this loss. A scholar in the broadest sense, a scientist in the true use of an abused term, "a man for a' that," undried by tireless detail and the very genius of precision; of sane "horse-sense" and the broader manhood which so seldom inhabits with dusty authority, Dr. Coues was an extraordinary figure even amid the brave but woefully small band of American scholars of America. In the whole United States there have been but three men one would reasonably rank in the same class: Bandelier, Matthews and Coues. Even Parkman may be excluded, both because of his exclusive bent to history, and because his field training—though enough to guide him as the greatest of all our historians—was mere kindergarten to the frontier experience of these our three giants of the West. A few magnificent juniors are growing up, and will save what Time shall permit to be saved. But when the last of these three shall have crossed the long divide, the Golden Age of Western science will have closed.

The same unsmothered humanity, the same willful humor which made the college boy of 40 years ago a thorn in the side of prim professors, were vital to the end, but chastened and balanced. They inform all Coues's work; and in one of the last letters he ever wrote, just before he passed under the surgeon's knife, they sparkle grimly but unafraid. Such a man never would have dried up to the proverbial scientific mummy. He humanized whatever he did, without sacrifice of exactness. No one surpassed him in the esoteric equipment; and as a "readable" scientist he was easily unrivaled. He was human enough to love and

hate—to love the true, to hate the sham, with that wholeheartedness which is, after all, the guarantee of all progress. Virtue nor truth was ever yet advanced by the nice little people who dare not be “impolite.” Yet of course Coues was no Berserker—but a trained force not atrophied by the training. Even as a critic, I do not know of anyone in the United States to replace him. His reviews—particularly in the *Nation*, the foremost of our reviews—were in the very forefront of American criticism; unsurpassed as to competency, even in a rally to which only experts are called, and of a vitality all his own. He never took a volume as a blackboard to show off his learning; he was absolutely free from a common wisacre jealousy and a still commoner timidity; and he had none of that fear of warm praising which is a commoner fault of critics than fear to riddle a sham. A vital force like his is not lost even among the dry bones of knowledge. It was worth more than a whole battery of automatic science dry-washers; if for no other reason, because it attracted to science the thing science most needs and finds hardest to get—which is *recruits*. When it shall come to be more widely understood that science is not necessarily mummification; that, unless predisposed to embalming, one may be a true scientist and still a living man with magnetism for young and old, hopeful, vital, round—why, then it will not be a half so hard to induce young men to look toward science as a life-work and to choose it while they still have blood in their veins. I am not at all sure that we ought not to count this quality even among the high attainments of this true man, true friend, true American.

Dr. Coues was born in Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 9, 1842, of studious stock; and in due course took his degrees as A. B., A. M., M. D. and Ph. D. As a college boy he was already a serious ornithologist, and before graduation was in the service of the Smithsonian. In war times his (collaterally) important career as an army surgeon began; his first post being at Whipple, in Arizona. These long professional years on the frontier were in his case (as in that of Dr. Washington Matthews) of the highest value to science; and led logically to still further education in the frontier. It was largely due to this that he was so incomparably equipped for his later work, both in zoölogy and history. It is impossible to give here anything like a résumé of the activities of a man so tireless in so many fields of science. Such a compend may be found in the *Nation* of Jan. 4, 1900. Dr. Coues was a member of scores of the leading scientific bodies of the world. His publications include about 1000 titles. Most prominent amid his prodigious accomplishment were his definitive editing of the great American explorers of the West—Lewis and Clark, Pike, Fowler, Larpenteur; a translation and connotation of Father Garcés's diary of a journey to California in 1775 was left in type, and will be brought out by F. W. Hodge—the monumental labor he did on the *Century Dictionary*, and, in ornithology, his *Key to North American Birds*, his *Field Ornithology*, and many more. The *Key*, particularly, is the American ornithologist's technical bible.

On Christmas day, 1899, this brave man and great one died in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. Thus untimely, American scholarship loses one of its leaders; and every American scholar a helpful mentor. This little Western magazine, to which he had long been a devoted friend and with which, despite his overwhelming duties elsewhere, he had specifically allied himself, has perhaps no keener loss than its biggers and betters; but none can feel the loss more keenly.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



FAMILIAR BIRDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY ELIZABETH AND JOSEPH GRINNELL.
THE MOCKING BIRD.



THE cities of Southern California are set in "peaceful woods." Numerous varieties of trees and shrubs and vines cluster about the homes of rich and lowly, making ideal haunts for the singing birds. And yet it is common to hear strangers remark on the "scarcity of birds." There are plenty of them in plain sight if one has cultivated the art of seeing them. A noted humorist has "observed that two classes of individuals visit our Land of Paradise. One class looks at things, the other class *sees* things." One may be looking at birds and never see them, for lack of a trained eye, the same as he would miss seeing other features of a landscape. Our birds are not gaudy, many of them resembling the appearance of their haunts in color. King of them all, by birth and common consent, is the mocking bird. He is a born aristocrat from the crown of his graceful head to the tip of his dainty foot. He moreover acts in the capacity of policeman, giving the signal of approach of danger, whistling a shrill warning understood perfectly by his fellow citizens. One easily recognizes this note. He is seldom seen farther north than Santa Barbara county, and is at his best in and near our orange groves. And he is with us the whole year, flitting soul of the trees and shrubs, embodied voice of all Nature's profusion. But he does not sing the whole year. He "hangs his harp on the willows" or the eucalyptus trees, after nesting time, only to bring it forth at the height of the tourist season as if to ravish the heart of the stranger. "We stand and listen with delight to this grand concert of Nature's great musician, his voice ever changing, ever sweet," until suddenly, but for his form, we have before us a motherless young turkey, or a lost chicken. And the famous singer delights in abrupt changes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," even the very severe, as many a victim can testify when he rushes out of his door to rescue what he supposes to be some wounded creature, only to be greeted by a saucy mocker from his perch on the house cresting. For more than half of the year the mocking bird spends his time in listening or studying his pieces. He is the best listener in the world. His whole attitude is an animated "hark!" He is literally "all ears." Then, when he does begin to sing, he never quits unless for his meals. He is not afraid of the "night air," nor does he pay the least respect to the desires of those who would sleep.

Once disturbed from his slumbers by this midnight carouser the tourist in his chamber may as well sit bolt upright in his bed and listen and laugh, for it is certain he will not doze off again until the reveler in the tree outside has worn his throat hoarse. Save for these singing months the mocker is heard little but for his short shrill screams as he makes-believe chase some other birds from his haunts.

When singing, he seeks a pinnacle, but when nesting or otherwise engaged, this free and easy bird chooses shrubs or low trees. He is not shy, but easily tamed, even coming at the call of those with whom he is familiar. One may be wishing for a glimpse of the famous songster and peering into the farthest trees or sky to make him out, when, lo! within a few feet, if one be alert to movement and color, the little fellow may be seen sitting or noiselessly dropping from his perch as fearless as a caged canary. In flight the mocker is as still as a falling leaf, merely flitting, with hardly a movement of the wings, hence the stranger thinks him difficult to find. If in one of his listening, dreamy moods, the bird challenges one to catch him, moving lazily and for a short distance. If a hungry spell is on him, he darts quickly to the ground, where he peeps longingly under the garden seats as if wishing you would take the trouble of moving them so he might help himself to the bugs. But he is a poor pedestrian. He never walks, like a blackbird, though, if there be some inducement ahead of him, he will hop quite a distance, listening as he goes, with head erect, and dainty tread as if he spurned the ground. It is when he is on the ground that the mocker is more easily identified. His feathers lie close, and he hops on tiptoe, careful that the point of his tail clears the grass. He makes himself taller than he really is in his anxiety to take in the whole of the situation. He is accused of domineering over other birds, with some reason, though his bark is worse than his bite, for he seldom actually attacks a fellow creature, contenting himself with scolding. Few birds really care for his noise. He doesn't mean anything by it.

It is difficult for even those most familiar with the birds to distinguish the male from the female mocking bird, when the former is not singing. He is a little smaller than his mate, a trifle clearer and purer of tint. The upper parts are ashy grey, the lower parts greyish-white. The wings are blackish-brown, with white stripes at the base, more conspicuous in flight. The outer tail feathers are white, the others being mixed brown and white. The bill and feet are black. The length of the bird from tip of beak to tip of tail is about ten inches.

By the first of April our musician has attained the object of his voluble courting, although he continues his melody far into the summer. His quiet mate does the nest-building, with

only an occasional "lift" from her loquacious lord. He would much rather mimic his fellows, including the postman's whistle, than turn mechanic. And the parent birds make no secret of their intentions or achievements. It is not difficult to locate their nest. They will show you exactly where it is, screaming all the way. The nest itself cannot be termed a work of fine art, for it is loosely built of coarse material—just whatever comes handy, grass and string and leaves. It is usually in a shrub or a low tree, the pepper or the peach or the Monterey cypress. They may build for successive years in the same locality, but not often in the same tree. The eggs are four in number, rarely five, a little smaller than a robin's egg, bluish-green with brown freckles. It is seldom that more than two of the young reach maturity. From many broods watched we have concluded that if a pair of mockers succeed in tearing one out of the four that usually hatch they do very well. But they do not despair, for two or three broods in a season make some amends for disappointment. There are several reasons for this shortage. Bird fanciers employ boys to watch and capture the young as soon as hatched, as the mocker is more easily raised by hand than most birds. Not half the birds stolen by the boys, however, reach the fancier. They are experimented with on the way, lost, abused, and confined in too narrow limits. We boast of a law in favor of the song birds, but, alas, it is little operative. Another enemy of these birds is the cat. She is very fond of mocking bird, and may often be seen creeping through the garden shrubs to locate a nest. Little heaps of feathers here and there tell the story.

As to food, the mocker, young or old, is not particular. He will relish almost anything—from pie and gingerbread to fruit and bugs (but not angle worms). If food is placed in a convenient spot, the parent birds will bring their young as soon as they are able to fly and teach them to pick up the morsels. It is slow and tedious work, the art of teaching young mockers how to eat. Their appetite is keen, but the ability to help themselves is tardy in development. One needs no more entertaining company in a Southern California garden than a brood of young mockers just out of the nest. Their voices are coaxing and shrill. They cry constantly for food from dawn until dark. Occasionally one has the pleasure of seeing four birdlings near together, each leaning forward with fluttering wings and open mouth. Next day there are two in place of four, and the observer grows anxious. Then only one squeaks its hungry plaint, while, more than likely, by the third or fourth day, the parent birds sit mournfully on the nearest loquat and look reproachfully at space.

Pasadena, Cal.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

WINTER STAGING IN THE SIERRA.

Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon

STAGING IN THE SIERRAS.

BY IDAH MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.



CROSSING the Sierra Nevada today in a Pullman, with all the luxuries of modern travel, I am reminded of a trip I made over the same route back in the '60's.

It had been raining incessantly for days; and San Francisco's gutters were running with water up to the curbs.

With the old Chrysopolis pitching and rolling in the storm as she churned her way up the Sacramento river, we ate a supper served on dishes that refused to maintain their equilibrium; and later, in our berths, could hear the roaring of the storm all night. The wind was a gale; the rainfall had become a deluge.

Morning found us at Freeport, but there was no abatement of the storm, and the country seemed afloat. A transfer was made to the railroad there—called now, I believe, the Placerville branch of the Southern Pacific.

Through the leaky roofs of the rather primitive coaches the water dripped into the laps of the women, or ran down the necks of the men. Tiny rivulets found their way under the passengers' feet. People stared at each other in gloomy silence; for the rain against the windows made it impossible to see out. Nor did the conditions change during our thirty-mile ride to Latrobe, El Dorado county, at that time the terminus of the railroad.

Here, three six-horse stages and a fast freight wagon evolved themselves out of the general dampness, and passengers and luggage were transferred to them through mud and slush knee deep. Once seated within—every place was filled—fingers outside fastened us in, buttoning close the leather curtains; and with hat brims turned down, and coat collars turned up, passengers sat in semi-darkness listening to the pelting of the storm. Rain overhead; mud underfoot. It seemed as if the whole bottom had fallen out of heaven's reservoir.

The stages lurched, and rocked, and rolled their way up toward the mountains. Everything was too depressing to permit such exchanging of jokes as generally comes to those who are shut up together in a coach on a long journey.

Placerville reached, we were told, that there had not been a day without storms for three weeks, and not a moment's respite from the continual downpour for four days.

The station platform of the bustling little town where the stages drew up was covered with mud-spattered men in oil-

skins, weeping oceans of rainwatery tears as their owners moved our way to peer into the stages and stare at the woman who, with her little daughter, was tempting providence in crossing the mountains in a midwinter storm.

Afternoon found the stages encountering less mud, the road leading up among the pine trees and granite boulders of the higher altitudes. Climbing the grade at Slippery Ford, where the road reached up over a smooth granite floor, the horses would not have had footing if the stage company had not macadamized the so-called "ford." The rain turned to sleet, and that turned to snow. On to Strawberry Valley, where supper, comfortable beds, and a breakfast eaten by candle-light were followed by seats in sleighs replacing the stages.

The driver of one of the sleighs—which were simply coaches on runners—was the historic Hank. Hank Monk, with his characteristic drawling speech; his slow, awkward movements, and clumsy way of reaching for the whip, or gathering up the reins. But, oh! the magic of his touch! Instinctively, the horses seemed to know that it was a master hand that guided them; and they leaped forward into the snowy road at the message Hank sent them down the telegraph line of leathers.

Fresh horses every twelve miles; and every horse "driven for all he was worth." The passengers with the sharp air stinging their ears, flakes whirling into their faces, awoke to the delightful exhilaration of a sleigh-ride over the heights amidst the finest mountain scenery, with the prince of reinsmen holding the ribbons.

No one could remain under mental depression hearing him encourage his team with his quaint (and sometimes profane) language.

"Git out o' here, ye skunk! What's the matter with ye, ye old devil? Aint ye never goin' to straighten yer traces? Go it! ye danged old rat, go it! I say; I'm here behind ye. Git up! G' lang there! 'fore I snake the hide off'n ye! Whoop lo, Charley! You Baldy, git inter yer collar! Git up! G' lang!"

Such were the ejaculations we heard to the accompaniment of the sleigh-bells. The voice from the interior of the bundle of furs on the box was never silent a moment.

Stories of Hank Monk's driving have grown threadbare; but anyone who has ever sat beside him as he guided his horses with that unerring precision which must have been a gift of the gods, can never recall the experience without a thrill of delight tingling through the veins and a wild longing to enjoy the sensation once more; wishing that the stage-coaching days were not forever gone, and that poor old Hank were not dead and under the sod.

Bofore us was the mountain, an illimitable mass of downy snow. Snow everywhere ; underfoot, overhead. The pines and firs and tamaracks were so heavily laden that the branches bent downward until the tips were buried in the snow on the ground. Where the snowfall of a few days before had half thawed and then frozen, it had encased the spines and leaves of every tree on the mountain in a glittering crystalline network of indescribable loveliness ; and all the while, soft, new flakes were falling and weighing down the branches more and more, till, grown into great unwieldy masses, they would suddenly tumble off, and the boughs spring up again, bare and green, to their wonted places. Telegraph wires hung heavy, and were so coated with the frozen particles that—large as a ship's cable—they sagged from the poles ; the buried poles themselves looking like great daggers driven hilt deep into the bosom of the virgin snow.

The sleighs dashed through half a mile of fog—a great fog bank that but made the cloudland scene the lovelier ; for while a fog from the sea seems always to hide something that is dark and unlovely, a mountain fog, in winter, suggests a world of white and radiant objects. And so, on through that enchanted fairyland, walled by the clouds and the snow, over the summit, past dark Tahoe, past the pines and the tamaracks and firs, on and on we dashed ; and down the other slope of the mountain into Carson Valley.

The other stages had gained upon us and passed us twice, only to be repassed in turn by Hank's team, which he was putting to the test of speed.

Finally we found ourselves racing in earnest. Down the eastern slope of the Sierras we dashed ; the fresh, mettlesome horses springing ahead under the lash of the driver, as in and out of ravines and cañons, swinging around sharp curves, tearing along the edge of more than one precipice, where the slightest miscalculation would have hurled us hundreds of feet below—down we raced where every turn must be estimated to a nicety—the snow struck back from the horses' beating hoofs pelting us like snow balls, and the sharp wind cutting us in the face.

Horses had been changed since the race began. The last time we passed the other two sleighs, Monk had greeted them with a jeer of derision, ending with a wild hurrah, as his six big horses jumped their length each time they threw their feet forward ; gaining—steadily gaining—at every spring. Still he was urging them on.

We began to feel anxious ; this was entirely too exhilarating ; and we remonstrated. He only redoubled his yelling ; and the lash of his long whip, circling in the air, sent forth a series of shots like a Chinese New Year celebration.

The pace was terrific for a mountain road. We were going like the wind when, of a sudden, horses, sleigh, passengers, driver and all were hurled in an inextricable mass into the soft snow at the upper side of the grade. Hank had himself disappeared—all but his boots—in the snow bank where he shot head-first. They pulled him out, none the worse for his tumble. He was a bit dazed for a minute; but he had never loosened his grip on the reins. It took some time to straighten out the tangle; and then we found that the tongue of the sleigh was snapped off close to the body of the vehicle. Before Hank had got it spliced with odd pieces of rope brought from nobody knew where, along came the other sleighs exulting.

The tongue mended—"with a hinge in the middle so as it 'd work better; so as to turn sharp corners easy," said Hank—away we went, and Hank Monk deaf to all entreaties to "go slow." Faster than ever; the horses now fairly flew over the snow, the "hinge" working beautifully, yet sometimes swinging the sleigh from side to side and perilously near the outer edge of the road.

The speed was the speed of a comet, we thought, as he whipped, and shouted, and swore his six living whirlwinds into a pace that was making them winners all. Race them he would, and did; and in spite of the mishap and broken tongue he beat his rivals into the valley where the sleigh was put aside and we were again transferred to stages that now took us through Carson City and Gold Hill to Virginia, the Mecca of all travelers back in the early 60's.

In this year of grace we make the trip in a few hours where it once took days. We gain in time; but after all are we really the gainers?

Humboldt, Nevada.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.



It was Old Bond Blue, the paper. Emily affected it and it typified the delicate impression of distinction conveyed by herself. The characters were rather large, free, and dashing within decided limits, bespeaking calm nerves, healthy muscles and an eye pleased with lineal harmonies; such a hand as you would not find among the signatures of fifty young women. To see it one must lament the era of the typewriter, and at the same time feel an agreeable curiosity as to the person back of the pen.

PULLMAN CAR "MONTEZUMA," NEAR LAS VEGAS.

Dear but Deluded Payrients—Now that I am well on my way I want to assure you in the words of my small cousin Jack, when we spell things he isn't to know, "I understand puffyckly what you mean!" and I'm going to prove it as that blessed baby can't always do. You have been on tenterhooks ever since I was fifteen lest I should fall in love unadvisedly. Fancy it; the hardest-hearted damozel in Christendom! It wasn't

specially flattering to me and it must have been harrowing to you. My having gone on to twenty-five without disgracing the family doesn't seem to have reassured you an atom; I have felt it in the air all this time; papa is so stately with Norman Mather, so unnecessarily contemptuous of harmless little Max Greer—so significantly sociable with my beloved friend Irving Holmes! I'm so sorry I can't like him quite well enough to make you happy, dearest Pater, but . . . Then mama has such a suppressed nervousness, invisible, I suppose, to any but my wicked eyes, whenever a new *attaché* appears! Oh, it is all deliciously droll! Feeling tolerably safe, myself, I have enjoyed the situation hugely. So did sister Janet before she finally demonstrated to you that heart entanglement does not necessarily paralyze the good head one may have inherited from one's forbears (ahem!) by fixing her affections on Paul Hosking, a man even you couldn't pick a flaw in. Of course she had to follow her lord to the far Pacific, but even that has turned out a blessing in ambush since voila! it affords an asylum for a despair of a daughter, embarrassingly beset by supernumerous suitors! . . . Ah, well, I congratulate you on being well rid of me; how eased and comfortable your shoulders must feel! To tell the honest truth I am relieved myself; things were getting rather mixed and pressing, and it is so nice not to have to decide things. I think you may give your apprehensions a good long siesta, for I prefer to take my cowboys in Bret Harte's books; I never could live farther than six hours on the limited from New York; I don't half believe in even the climate, and I am going to run all Janet's inflated rhapsodies to earth (excuse the mixed metaphor); I'll send you the flat reality, honor bright. Not that she knows she's fibbing, the dear, so much do love and a cheerful spirit and much imagination do for the deluded; but there *can't* be as nice people there as we know back home, and if there were they could never know each other as well and have as good times, they're so busy making money and getting things settled and respectable. I am holding myself braced to see Janet in a sunbonnet and Paul in his shirt-sleeves. I suppose my bicycle toggerly will be a nine days' wonder, and as for golf I can picture the uncomprehending stare which will meet my mention of it. I expect the links there are all missing ones! Oh, I remember the eulogies of cousin Eleanor, but she has really traveled very little, and anyway she and I are decidedly different; our requirements would not be the same, and she would not miss hosts of things that I should.

Devotedly,

EMILY.

Still Bond Blue, but with a nervous haste alternating with a dejected droop in the chirography.

CASA ALEGRE, VALMIRA, CAL.,

Jan. 20.

Dearest Mater and Pater—If you have sneers, prepare to sneer them now! But I think it would better be smiles or sighs of satisfaction, for, instead of a bursted bubble, I have to present you with a rose (or is it a lily?) quite un beholden to any sort of paint. California is nice enough, without any exaggeration. You *must* respect my honesty; it is something at twenty-five to confess oneself humiliateingly mistaken, and I do that same with my face in the dust.

They met me at the station, Janet in a gown and hat to which I've not the remotest approach—her *couturière* has a sister in Paris—Paul in an artistic combination of silk shirt, natty hat, carved leather belt, etc.; they were on their way home from—must I say it—the golf links; Paul is the finest player here, or anywhere I think, with one exception. The children—I had forgotten babies could be so rosy—wore darling peaked sombreros and have delightful manners. Janet actually looks younger than I do, and try as I might I could not discover a trace of lurking discontent or patient resignation in her eyes, which are just as blue and more merry than of yore. As we drove home, it was toward evening, the

mountains were a dream of tender gradations in vaporous amethyst, rosy lilac and pink, rising to a heavenly irradiation, a soft suffusion of pure color on the very highest summit, that brought tears to my eyes. Speech is pitiable when one tries it for such a purpose. Notwithstanding, I said, "Why have you never told me how they are?" Janet said, "You try it, my dear!" and I have.

Farther on, a speck I had noticed ahead developed itself into a horse and rider; they dashed half past, then the black splendid brute creature wheeled chafing and snorting; the equally splendid human creature in the saddle acknowledging Janet's presentation to me with no cowboy air. He was riding to the mail he said, and halted to ask Paul something about oranges. Arrived at home that dreaded Chinaman met us at the door, in spotless raiment of some sort, his face abeam. I actually did not mind when he nodded at me and said, "How do?" The house was so full of flowers of such variety and perfection that I thought and said, poor innocent, that it was a pity to despoil the garden just for me. Paul smiled, looked at Janet and said, "How could we do too much for our first home visitor?"

The dinner was *not* bacon and beans, and the felt-soled foreigner served it in a way to win even fastidious me. I wish we could create a vogue of celestial footgear among Eastern maids. Ti Lim was under a French *chef* in San Francisco for years, and I never tasted such soups and rolls and ices and delectable concoctions of all sorts outside of dear Patee. The cakes come on the table not only with the most festive and elaborate icing, but with Latin and French inscriptions, often appropriate and always amusing. Janet keeps only Ti Lim and baby's nurse, but she seems hardly to have a household care.

Here I stop to take breath, for the very next day began such a whirl of things that I am bewildered yet. I went out early on the little ombra opening off my room, and felt as though I had a proscenium box in some stupendous theater; the dawn effects on the mountains and valleys are as bewildering in their way as the sunset pageant; the deep purple cañons yet brooding in sleep, with rags of snowy fog drifting off into their weird recesses; the beautiful valley, long and green and still, with here and there a spot glowing in primrose luster where the sun strikes through some mountain gap; the colossal shadows of the great eastern giants projected on the western slopes and sky. Oh, it is all marvelous! If all the rest of California is our Italy, this particular region must be our Switzerland. Janet says if it moves me now I'll be shaken to the foundations when I see it in storm, that it is infinitely more thrilling and dramatic. But here I am essaying the utterly futile again!

The next thing I noticed was that the garden bore up bravely under the heavy demands of the night before; I said to myself, "Have I ever seen roses before?" All along the sides of the tennis court (yes, they have one, if Janet told me I'd forgotten it) were great globular constellations of daisies white and the adorable pale sulphur ones they have here. By the brimming cement basin, which is really Paul's and little Percy's swimming tank, a fascinating tangle of vivid bloom reflects itself in the water.

Alma Tadema seats, in plaster or something, stand about, with picturesque sprays of Gold of Ophir or Duchess or glowing red Henriette roses breaking the graceful Greek outlines. A *coboea*—that "*scandens*" as I never would have believed—has gained the highest pinnacle of the children's palm-thatched play-house, and the Japanese honeysuckle doesn't even pretend to be deciduous here. And then the orchard, the miles and miles of orchard, deep malachite, bossy with cadmium spheres, each one polished and perfect, till they look impossible; did I ever see oranges before?

But I must get on or you will think I am making the most out of the natural charms to atone for other lacks.

We have neighbors! not Indians or "poor white trash," but a Boston

man, he of the black charger, and his sister who keeps house for him—actually the Loraine Floyd that I heard of all through my years at Wellesley. She left the year before I entered. Her brother, Eric, is a classmate of Paul; strange I do not recall their mentioning either of them. Something made me figure to myself a goggled bas-bleu, eccentric in leather leggings, and a man as unbalanced as I then considered Paul to be on the subject of California. Whereas Loraine Floyd is a most charming and unique creature and deserves every bit of her Wellesley reputation; while her brother—well, he deserves to be her brother. They invited me to ride up Madroño Cañon with them the second morning. Paul went with us; I rode Janet's Fairy, such a pretty bay animal, but I should have liked to re-christen her Demon, such a dance she led me. Paul simply took it for granted I knew how to ride and could manage a brute that gives Janet no trouble, but I think he has changed his mind, much to my chagrin. All the time Mr. Floyd was saying the brightest things I couldn't half keep up my end I was so preoccupied with my disconcerting mount. I came home prostrate and weary in flesh and spirit, and determined to practice my equestrianism before breakfast, and learn a few things before parading my inexperience in public again.

After lunch Janet took me to her club, which was another blow. I will not go into details, but content—or punish—myself with saying that the conduct of this body of women was so smooth and efficient, the characters of the papers read and the subsequent discussion so serious and at the same time so brilliant, that I felt like an old kid glove with the buttons off.

Next day Mr. and Miss Floyd dined here; they brought over some fascinating carved ivories, etchings, and exquisite specimens of Cobden Sanderson's book-binding (I had never heard of the man, to Janet's astonishment) for us to see; a case had just arrived of things they had picked up on their last trip abroad. After dinner Mr. Floyd worked awhile on a strong pen-and-ink drawing of Paul which he is to use in illustrating a new novel by Mrs. Maud Chandler Gorham, the George Eliot of the Pacific Coast, you know. The pose was so fine and the costume so attractive that I got out my materials and began a wash drawing; Mr. Floyd is polite enough to pretend to think well of my efforts, but his work in pen and ink makes me hate mine. Fancy it! Miss Emily Carruth in acute attack of disillusion, not as regards the pathetic little State of California which she has deigned to distinguish by her notice, but as regards herself, her accomplishments, her standards, her ideals, her requirements, etc.

Well the work of demolition went merrily on. There have been receptions, golf, tennis, luncheons, charming dancing parties and more horseback excursions. Janet rather apologizes and assures me she isn't always so gay and frivolous. I cried one day, I was so overcome by all the surprises; Mr. Floyd had been playing Greig to me, after superintending the orange picking all the morning (it is a wholesome natural sort of life, after all, isn't it? half your day out of doors, cheek by jowl with Mother Earth, and the other half left to invite your soul and groom your hobby). Grieg always affects me, and Mr. Floyd's touch is irresistible; so I lay and wept comfortably and abused Janet for not preparing me for the state of things out here. She petted me and smoothed me down and said, "You couldn't understand, dear; you simply wouldn't have believed until you had seen, that we are happy and rational and progressive out here, and that none of us left our refined tastes and our intellects and our inheritances of culture behind us when we left the East! I didn't even want to urge you to come for fear of hardening your adamantine prejudice still more; you are a bit of a provincial, Emilia mia, for all your travel, and you are so young in many ways!"

Oh, the last cruel shock! Janet's dearest friend, Mrs. Ireland, has an

original Gibson much finer than either of mine, in his earlier and more engaging manner. Isn't that impertinent?

This morning Mr. Floyd and I have been up in the hills to look for creamcups and early poppies; he seems to have loads of time and a laudable desire to keep me amused. He is handsomer than Hal Southbrook, more intellectual than Norman Mather, and a far better artist than Max. Oh, my prudent Pater, is there any place too wild for the Baby God to go? I suspect he was a Forty-niner or even before, and this is just the place for him to flourish! He freezes, East, clad only in his little wings. Good night, your uncertain and unsatisfactory but every loving,
 EMILY —.

February tenth.

Written at Janet's desk, on her heavy cream, Marcus Ward, Royal Irish linen; the fair Emily has forgotten she prefers blue.

My very dears—I suppose you haven't seen what was coming, but I have felt it in my prophetic bones almost from the first.

It isn't so very sudden as it looks. I haven't been finding out all these years what men I wouldn't marry without getting some light on what manner of man I would! Yet I have to keep saying this over to myself to save getting dizzy when I realize that here I am, engaged, and only away from home one month; and he hasn't even saved my life; but it just did itself, you blessed things, and I am only too blissful to have discovered that I have a real live truly heart like other girls. Even the having to live out here doesn't cast the faintest cloud on the joy of my surrender. I don't seem to care a fig about being a trifle more than six hours on the limited from New York; I said this to Eric and he said, "Why should you, when we have a life pass on the Unlimited for Eden?" And I have developed a love of land that will delight the cockles of Pater's heart. Of course we shall travel, but we both want a home and a country and lots of ground where we can see things grow. One can do that out here. Can this be I who dreamed of an establishment in the metropolis?

Now do be patient with this last and greatest of the long list of shocks wherewith I have worried you from my pinning-blankets up. Break the news mercifully to the sorrowing swains and wire me your blessing as soon as you are sufficiently recovered. Blissfully and apologetically,
 February sixteenth.
 EMILY —.

FICTION STRANGER THAN EARTH-QUAKES.

BY ERNEST P. CLARKE.



THESE are at least three kinds of "California liars," and a careful and scientific classification might develop others. But three are readily suggested—the Californian who lies about the country for boom purposes; the Eastern visitor who lies about the country out of sheer ignorance or natural depravity, and the Easterner in his native lair who has never seen California, but who thinks himself competent to describe its climate, productions and history with great freedom and particularity.

The first variety are comparatively harmless, for their flamboyant statements are not taken seriously even by themselves.

The second variety—whether they gush over the country or malign it—are more harmful, for they might be presumed to know what they are talking about, and to be more disinterested than the resident Californian. After a man lives here fifteen or twenty years he recognizes that the country is too big a topic to be discussed in a few glittering

generalities. The tourist is not embarrassed in this way; he goes round the "kite-shaped track" once and takes a trip to San Diego. And then after a week's stay in the country is ready to write a book in which he discusses orange growing, rainfall, and northerners with startling originality.

The third variety is probably quite as damaging to the country as the second; people who read these sage lucubrations on California matters do not know the imbecility which characterizes them.

The recent seismic disturbance in Southern California has given opportunity for all three kinds of liars—and several kinds unclassified. The returns are not all in yet; but copies of Eastern papers that have reached here indicate that the tourist has turned himself loose in his home paper; and if one were to judge this disturbance by some of these accounts he would infer that not a brick building was left standing in all Southern California.

The morning of the earthquake some yellow correspondent in Los Angeles of a Chicago paper, anxious to serve the news up in shape for wood-type "scare heads," telegraphed that every brick building in Riverside had been shaken down. The fact was that not a brick was shaken loose in any brick block in Riverside; but it is always hard for the truth to catch up with a lie, and thousands of the readers of this great metropolitan daily no doubt still believe that the orange city was wiped out by the earthquake. It was a wonder this ingenious correspondent, skilled in making news, did not report the orange groves all swallowed up.

But the Eastern liar about California capped the climax. A Philadelphia paper reported that the railroad wreck at Pomona was caused by the earthquake. This disaster occurred some ten hours before the earthquake, and the natural sequence of events would therefore suggest that it caused the earthquake rather than was caused by it. Really the San Francisco dailies missed a great opportunity in not arraigning the "Octopus" as the real cause of the earthquake. But this imaginative writer in the Quaker City goes further: he says that San Jacinto was swallowed up by "a tidal wave." Any such a little thing as a primary geography map of California is evidently unknown in a Philadelphia newspaper office. A mere casual glance at such a map would have shown the writer that San Jacinto is a hundred miles inland and 1500 feet above the sea. The man who could invent a tidal wave that would travel 100 miles from the coast and engulf a valley 1500 feet above sea level is wasting his talents in a daily paper.


The simple truth is that only one or two buildings will be abandoned as a result of the Christmas earthquake at San Jacinto and Hemet; and \$50,000 to \$100,000 will repair all the damage in both towns. A loss like that in the East caused by fire, by flood, by lightning, or by cyclone would not be considered worthy of more than a double head in any well regulated newspaper a hundred miles from where it happened; but an earthquake in far-off California is fitting subject for the riotous imagination of the most sensational fictionites the yellow journals of the East can produce. The middle West has about a cyclone a week in the cyclone season that does more damage than this earthquake, and averages two or three a season that kill more people than have been killed by earthquakes in California in 130 years. But the Western editor goes down in his cyclone cellar and proceeds to "point a moral and adorn a tale" from the San Jacinto earthquake, in which he solemnly warns his readers to stay away from California. Well, this country was first settled by men and women brave enough to face the horrors of the Great American Desert, and we don't know that we have any desire for an influx of people who can be frightened by a lot of old women's tales about earthquakes.

Riverside, Cal.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

VII.

 O Major Pratt, head of the Carlisle Indian Mill, and our present Indian system, has found not only a new epithet for me, but a partner in iniquity! He discovers another foe in Frederick Starr, the famous anthropologist, of Chicago University. "Now comes Prof. Starr, with the statement made in a public lecture and immediately reported to us by one of his audience [fancy "reporting" Starr to Pratt!] that the only thing Carlisle has succeeded in doing for the Indians is to crush out every noble and sympathetic feeling and to develop their avarice."

Whether Prof. Starr ever said this I do not know, for of course the *Red Man* is not a competent witness to anything in the world to which Prof. Starr belongs. Whether he said so or not, he could say so without at all impairing his reputation, as scientist or as man. For it is effectively true.

Maj. Pratt also "understands that Prof. Starr is not an original investigator, . . . but collates and discourses upon the discoveries of others," which shows again how much Maj. Pratt "understands" of the field out of which he has procured a very handsome living during the majority of his mature life. Doubtless he never heard of Frederick Starr until Frederick Starr expressed the usual scientific opinion about Carlisle. If he will keep on collecting, he can presently know at least the names of all the men who are famous as scholars in America, and by the like introduction they will puncture his horizon, as they choose to express their disapproval of his methods. His knowledge of scholarship is strictly delimited to its phenomena as "an enemy of Carlisle." Meantime, while Maj. Pratt is learning, thus disagreeably, the list that some Americans love to honor, he cannot bring forward one name one-tenth as respectable in science as Prof. Starr's, that will write itself down as in favor of the Pratt methods.

He evidently realizes this, and tries to deceive himself as to its significance by pretending that he believes that all ethnologists want the Indian kept in barbarism that they may study him at leisure! In most people such a plea would be plain dishonesty; in Maj. Pratt we are willing to attribute it merely to his utter lack of intellectuality. My seven-year-old child has as much conception of what ethnology is as this veteran has. Now, ethnology is simply the study of what man used to be, in order that we may understand a little better what he is now. It has a Greek name, as most studies have; it requires patience, as all studies do; it may even seem a bugbear to the illiterate. But after all it is a common-sense affair, in which nothing short of common-sense can succeed. Blacksmithing is not a bit more "practical." The people who try to be ethnologists with the sort of equipment Maj. Pratt brings to education are a laughing-stock. And how little he is fit to be an educator of Indians, no enemy could diagram so mercilessly as he himself shows in his January *Red Man*. To think, that in the last year of the smartest century, a man entrusted to mold aboriginal lives by the wholesale thousand can actually plume himself on his ignorance and distrust of the whole science which simply means understanding aborigines!

Though slow of words the gallant Major has added to his vocabulary. It is not only "thin" and "fantastic," but now "hysterical" to care for home and mother and father. Of course, when he says that I make the "plea that the family tie is disrupted . . . by educating Indian children away from the tribe" he knows that he has been dishonest—temporarily and thoughtlessly, no doubt. While he has no knowledge on earth

what "the tribe" is, he does know that I said nothing of the sort. My English needs no diagram, even to a Carlisle intelligence. I said, in effect, that the Pratt system educates Indian children out of their homes and spoils them as children to the mothers who bore them. Anything about their relations to the tribe I will discuss with those who know what a tribe is—and this relieves Maj. Pratt from any responsibility whatever of answer. He admits the truth of my assertion, though of course he cannot understand its meaning. "Unquestionably there results a *certain modification of that blind loyalty to family and clan* which in the Indian amounts to a religion," he says in the January *Red Man*. Ignorantly as this is stated, it contains an eternal truth. And I simply wish to ask any American, man or woman, that has children of his or her loins, whether he or she is looking after some "higher education" to lessen the "religion" of filial loyalty. Unselfish as true parenthood is, do you know of any smartness that will pay your child, not to say you, for losing his faith in you? I shall not insult you by asking you whether anything he could learn at Carlisle would pay either of you. I ask for the highest supposititious case. If your son could be Huxley, would it be a good bargain to pity his mother for a fool? The splendid disciplinarian of Carlisle—and I am not sarcastic; he is all that—expressly scorns "the instinctive and *superstitious regard for the mere tie of blood*." These are my italics, but his words. "The mere tie of blood" means simply that my son is mine, your son is yours. What does a "superstition" like that count in the face of a chance to be educated in the wisdom of Carlisle? But why is this wisdom saved for Indians? You and I and no other plain American can send our children to be taught the Higher Wisdom of contempt for the womb that warmed them. No college teaches it; and Maj. Pratt's institution is by his own confession "class legislation," designed to give Indians a better chance than white folks can get. All of which is unconstitutional.

In almost anyone else, Maj. Pratt's whole argument would be at once set down as dishonest fiddling; but it does not seem so in his case. It appears to be merely the desperation of an honest soldier, stung because others do not share his faith that the chief end of man is to be drilled in the manual of arms. I think he actually believes his own logic; that if a man can be taught to plow with chilled steel instead of a sharp stick, he is paid for being compelled to break the family ties. He certainly believes that to be educated by Major Pratt is worth more than to "honor thy father and thy mother." What are *they* worth if you can be raised up to be a cheap convenience to a Pennsylvania farmer?

To anyone manful, Maj. Pratt cannot be entirely an enemy, unless he shall show traits I do not believe he will show. The feeling is regret that so splendid a physical force was not fitted with mind and soul, for it could have done so much good in a world in which it means to do so well!

The Major fools himself into thinking he believes that those who study the Indian study him as a curio. The simple and eternal fact is that they study him as a man. It is because we realize that by a provision of Nature (not of Carlisle) he is human; that he cares for the mother that gave him her sore breast to suck, and is cared for by her; because we understand that he is human; because we can solve all his equations by the unerring laws of corporal creation, and not by guesswork, that we can understand him at all. The real offender against horse-sense is Major Pratt—the head of the unlettered school, which imagines that God amused himself by making things in human shape, but without humanity; really good for nothing but cordwood to warm some one with a salary: that He counterfeited the pains of labor and swindled the suckling that thought it was a mother's breast he drew—all that a modern "hustler" might have "a good thing" out of these imitations of humanity. Human nature is human; and it may be that some ethnologist

likes Indians unspoiled. But we all know that even scholarship is not more selfish than a fat salary. And I never heard of any student who got a tenth as much money out of the Indian, directly or indirectly, as Major Pratt gets, so it hardly becomes him to accuse them of bias. As little does it befit his mouth to pretend that it is a whim of these "dangerous scientists" or "thim dom'd lithery fellers" to believe the relation of child and parent one of the basic wisdoms of Nature to perpetuate humanity; therefore universal to all that wear the outward form of man; therefore to be respected by all who bear the inward grace of manhood.

PIONEERS OF THE FAR WEST.

THE EARLIEST HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, NEW MEXICO, ETC.

From Documents Never Before Published in English.

IV.

This installment concludes the translation (begun in the November number) of Fray Gerónimo de Zárate-Salmerón's "Relacion" of events in California and New Mexico up to 1626.

96. From Guachoya, after the death of the Adelantado Hernando de Soto, they traveled by forced marches more than 100 leagues to the west. Here they lost their way, for the guide was already dead. On the third day they reached the plains of Cibola [this evidently is not meant to mean Coronado's Cibola, but merely the buffalo plains—Ed.], where they killed their hunger with the much meat of buffalo [cibolo]. The Indians of these plains have no houses except some wretched huts [chozuelas]. They plant no food-stuff. They subsist on what they kill with the arrow, on herbs and roots of trees, and other things.

97. These and the Apaches are one and the same, as has already been said above. And with this it stands proved how Florida and New Mexico is all mainland with this [Mexico] where we are; since the plains of Cibola begin at 20 leagues from the settlements of New Mexico and run toward Florida. And it happens many times in dry years that these cows [buffalo] came even to the salt lakes, which is of the settled part of New Mexico, of the nation of the Tompiro Indians. And it is known by us, by what has been seen since in New Mexico, that in those plains of Cibola those who inhabit them are the Apache Indians, whom we call cowboy Apaches [vaqueros] because they subsist by these cows [buffalo]. Therefore these soldiers [of de Soto] were not far from New Mexico.

98. From here these soldiers returned on the back trail, with very great hardships and besetments by the Indians, who killed many soldiers. Out of more than 60 Indians brought up as servants, not one was left, and [only] 100 Spaniards and 80 horses reached the Great River [Rio Grande of course does not mean here what it does in our day. It was the Mississippi—Ed.] and lodged themselves in Amnoya; whence they departed with intent to go to Mexico, but had to return. Here died Juan Ortiz, the interpreter, and 150 persons. Here they found more than 20,000 fanegas of corn, and much dried fruits. This river every fourteen years overflows its banks by reason of the much snows that melt in the Sierras. It is more than 500 leagues long from its source to where it enters the sea; which is, according to what can be gathered, where is now the English, which is called the Bay of St. Mary, the Wigwam [Jacal]—otherwise called New Virginia, New France. They call it Virginia because in their tongue that means Paradise.

99. Here are more than 25,000 men, English and French. On three rivers they have three forces. Twelve leagues inland they have a very

great city; and in latitude $43\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ they extract very rich ores and carry them to England to be treated.

100. These soldiers [of de Soto] embarked on San Pedro's day in big scows, to go down stream. They left Amnoya. On the second day more than a thousand canoes came out to the encounter and slew 48 soldiers of them. These canoes carried 25 oars to a crew, and in each canoe 30 archers. The [Spanish had] embarked 350 horses; and in the last pueblo the [Indians] shot these all with arrows. They kept their way down stream for 15 days. The river here was more than 15 leagues wide. On the 20th day they recognized the sea; and they went coasting slowly [costa á costa] until Panuco. Here I drop this voyage, because now they had emerged from so many dangers and tribulations. And if at some time someone may enter that country, with this [my] narrative he will know the name of the nations and the order in which they lie, and what country is populated and what wilderness and desert.

101. To others this shall appear a very old matter, inasmuch as a book is going the rounds here [telling] of this journey and the conquest of Florida. I admit it, and likewise will admit thus much—that there is a great difference between having seen it in a book of history which has more than 400 leaves and having seen its gist in only four [leaves]; and that at least it has cost [me] toil to make a digest of it solely to give pleasure to the reader.

Information about the Mexican Nation which Settled this Land of New Spain.

102. That which has been tracked and is held to be an established thing is that the Mexican Indians, who settled this New Spain, came forth from the Lagoon of Copalla, which is 14 days' journey the other side of the Good Hope River [our present Colorado River]. It is distant from this City of Mexico more than 400 leagues in a straight line; and if one goes by way of New Mexico it is more than 540 [leagues]. The direct way is to go in by the valleys of Señora [Sonora], without going as far as the Rio del Norte [Rio Grande now], cutting straight across to the province of Mooqui, and from there to the Cruzados ["cross-wearing"] Indians, and then ascend to reach the head of the Good Hope River. And if one goes from New Mexico for this exploration one has to go by way of the Zama [Chama] River, traveling northwest. So the Indians of New Mexico told me when I got my information from them.

103. In the journey of Don Juan de Oñate to the Californias, I have noted how they found an Indian who, on hearing another spoken to in the Mexican [Nahuatl] tongue, said that thus spoke the Indians of the Lagoon of Copalla. Likewise I said I would set down, further on, the information they got in this journey, and would relate it succinctly. I there touched upon it, and passed on to follow what I had begun; but now I say that they learned the following facts:

104. On that journey they found many edifices and ancient ruins, acequias [irrigating ditches] like those that were anciently in Mexico [at] Azcapuzalco; and the "dumps" of the ores they treated. This was seen beyond the province of Mooqui [beyond, as they came from the Rio Grande]. And when they asked the Indians what ruins were those, they replied that it was the tradition of the elders, whom they had heard recount it, that it was many ages before that a great number of people had passed there, having come forth from the Lagoon of Copalla—though they name it by another name, since it is another tongue which they speak—to settle in new worlds, traveling to the South. And that they had gone on so far that it was never known of them whether they were alive or dead. All these signs and trail of ruins, such as acequias and ore-dumps, are in the valleys of Señora, Sinaloa and Culiacan,

which, as they demonstrate, is the direct road that they followed when they came to settle up this land.

105. Likewise it is an ancient tradition among the Indians that a piece of virgin iron which is three leagues from Santa Bárbara, half a league off the road over which pass the wagons which go to New Mexico, is a memorial of the coming of the Mexicans [Aztecs] to settle this land; and that they halted there, and the idol which spoke with them told them that it should remain there for a memorial*.

106. The iron must weigh over 800 hundredweight [80,000 pounds]. And they say that a demon, in form of an old Indian woman, very wrinkled, brought it there upon her back. Good muscle for an Indian hag!

107. This is a thing which all of us who pass over that road go to see, out of curiosity.

108. A blacksmith of Santa Bárbara cut off a little from one side; and others, not believing it a movable thing and brought from far, but suspecting it to be an outcrop [mina] of virgin iron, undermined it; the which iron, lacking the earth which had upborne it, turned on its side and is now thus tipped.

109. The Father Fray Francisco de Velasco, a priest of qualities known to all and above set forth, when I was conversing with him about this information, told me that when he was going in company with the Colonel Don Vicente de Saldivar, commanding in the field [maestre de campo] to explore the Sea of the South, when they returned at the end of four months of wandering without having reached the sea on that journey, they came to the nation of the Cruzados Indians. [Here] they lost some horses; and in search of them two soldiers and a Mexican Indian, a soldier's groom [criado is not servant in our sense; it is someone reared and educated in the household]. When they asked some Indians if they had seen the horses, one replied in the Mexican tongue [Nahuatl] that he had not seen them. And when they asked the Indian where he came from, that he knew how to talk the [ancient] Mexican tongue, he answered that [he was] from the interior, pointing to the north, which is where the Lagoon of Copalla is. In their care to hunt up their horses they did not take care to take this Indian to the camp so that all might see him and examine him; and afterward, when they made an investigation to find him, he did not appear, for he had hidden.

110. When I was making many and extraordinary investigations in New Mexico to verify and clear up this truth, whether there be Mexican Indians there, the Captain Gerónimo Márquez told me how, the first time he was on the great cliff of Acoma, he entered an estufa and [saw] in it some pictured Indians [painted on the wall]. And as he recognized them for Mexicans [Aztecs] by their dress, he asked the [Acoma] Indians who were those that were there painted; and they replied that it was a few years since some Indians of that dress had come there from the direction of the seacoast [Pacific]; and that being a thing not seen among them, they had pictured them; and that from there the [strangers] had gone toward the pueblo of Cia, of the Queres nation. With this information I made great research; and asking the chief-captain of the pueblo of Cia—who was called Don Andrés Pachete—and other elders, if they had information of those peoples that had come from toward where the sun sets, he said yes; that he very well remembered having seen them, and that some of them had been entertained in his house. That this was a few years before the Spaniards made a settlement in New Mexico; and that if I wished to inform myself about it I should ask of the Indians of the Hemex [Jemez] nation, in whose pueblos they [the strangers] had passed more days resting.

* This story of the great meteorite is from Villagran's epic history.

111. I made this investigation with the captains of the Hemex nation; and summoning the senior Captain of the pueblo of Amoxunqua, called Don Francisco Guaxiunzi, and the senior Captain of the pueblo of Quiumziqua, called Don Alonso Pitzazondi, and his brother Don Gabriel Zandir, and other elders, all said that it is true that those strangers had been there some days resting; and that always when they heard me speak with an Indian in the [ancient] Mexican tongue, they were reminded of the strangers, because those had talked in that fashion; and that they still remembered some words which they had heard them speak in the Mexican tongue. And these they repeated to me [decian].

112. These Mexicans, the Hemex Indians call in their own tongue "Guaguatu" [or] "Guaputu;" and when I asked the Indians why they gave them this name, they replied it was because of their mode of life—for they have not terraced houses as [do] those of New Mexico, but covered with straw, and have no estufas for their winter—so they had told them—and that yonder where they were [living] it does not get so cold as in New Mexico. Also that soon they [the strangers] returned to their own land, not by the road they had come, but by way of the river Zama, up stream; traveling to the northwest, according to the direction that they showed me.

113. When I said to these Hemex that if there were guides I would very gladly go to discover this nation, for the much love I bear it, and inasmuch as I know the tongue, and that by this means it would be easy to convert them to the true knowledge and bosom of the church, they replied that to go straight to the Lagoon of Copalla there was no need of a guide. [One only had to] go out by way of the river Zama; and that past the nation of the Apache Indians of Nabajú [our Navajos] there is a very great river [this was the upper course of the Colorado or Buena-Esperanza] which flows to that lagoon, and that the river suffices for guide. And that all was plain with good grasses and fields between the north and northwest; that it was fertile land, good and level, and that there are many nations—the province of Quazula, the quutas [Utas?], and further inland another nation settled. That they have ladders of stone to go up to the houses; and that they knew all these things from the Apache Indians and others who had seen all that world,

114. This is what I have contrived to learn concerning the [ancient] Mexican nation. God permit that the door open to that so great multitude, for the well-being of those souls and the glory and honor of God our Lord!

115. Eighty leagues before reaching New Mexico from the west side, separated by two days of travel from the Rio del Norte and the King's Highway, information is had of many pueblos of a courteous [or advanced: "politica"] people, who plant cotton, corn and other vegetables, weave the finest and thinnest *mantas* [dresses] that have been seen of that class, of which I certify that some few reached my hands, the which I purchased simply to bring and show in this country. They say the land is abundant, fertile and well watered. This nation is called the Cojoyas. Up until now it has been suspected that these were the same [people], because, ever since a few years ago, some come forth in company with the Gorretas [little-cap] Indians to see the Spaniards who go and come from New Mexico. In this last expedition, when I came out of that country, I made investigation to learn what nation this was, and thus it is known now that they are Cojoyas. They have for neighbors on the side of the east the Gorretas, on the side of the south the Conchos, and they are enemies; for the Indians of the Hot Spring, who have been thought until now to be Tepeguanes, are Conchos, and the Conchos extend still beyond, for they reach far enough to border upon these Cojoyas.

116. In the valley of San Martín, 50 leagues beyond Santa Bárbara, when I showed these *mantas* to some Conchos Indians from the scrub-oaks, who came out to the road to see us (in fine being Christians, baptized by the hand of the holy Fray Alonzo de Oliva) soon as they saw the *mantas* they recognized them, and said it was not far from there where the [people] wove those *mantas*. And they showed the road straight and level, being the cañada [a smooth, trough-like valley] of this valley of San Martín, all straight to the north, leaving the King's Highway of New Mexico on the right hand. This was learned through an interpreter very skilled in the [ancient] Mexican tongue, and of the Concho nation.

117. This is very easy to investigate with a couple of dozen men; and if they are *men*, 12 is enough. Perchance that will be of moment; and all is, to go searching the land; and there results the well-being of souls that should not be few, since the Indians say there are more than 40 pueblos.

Narrative of the Pilot Morera, Who Passed from the North Sea to the South Sea, Through the Strait.

118. The Father Fray Antonio de la Ascension, a friar of the Barefoot Carmelites, one of the three who went with Sebastian Vizcaino to the discovery of Cape Mendocino, gave me this narrative as a thing secure, wherefore I put his name here; and he says:

119. A foreign pilot, named N. de Morena, who steered the Englishman from the sea of the North [the Atlantic] to that of the South [the Pacific] through the strait of Anian, gave this narrative to Captain Rodrigo del Rio, Governor that then was of New Galicia. When the Captain Francisco Draque [Francis Drake] returned to his country, this pilot—who had come emerging from the Strait in his company—was very sick, and more dead than alive; and to see if the airs of the land would give him life, as a dead thing they put him ashore. The which [pilot] in a few days recovered health and walked through that land for the space of four years. He came forth to New Mexico, and from there to Santa Bárbara [in Chihuahua], and then passed to the mines of Sombrerete in search of said Rodrigo del Rio. And the said pilot recounted to him the following:

120. Having given a long narrative of his much wandering, he told him how the said Englishman, Francis Drake, in the passage [text *paraje*, stopping place; apparently a misprint for *pasaje*] of the Strait of Anian, had put him ashore, for the reason aforesaid. And that after he recovered health he had traveled through divers lands, through many provinces, more than 500 leagues of mainland, until he came far enough to catch sight of an arm of sea which divides the lands of New Mexico from another very great land which is on the side of the West. And that on the coast of that sea were many and great settlements, among the which is a nation of white people, the which are accustomed to go horseback, and fight with lance and dagger. It is not known what nation this may be. The said Father Fray Antonio says he believes they are Muscovites. I say that when we see them we shall know who they are. This pilot told how this arm of sea runs from north to south; and that it seemed to him it went on the northward to connect with the harbor where the Englishman had put him ashore. And that on that sea coast he had seen many and good harbors and great inlets; and that from the point where they put him ashore he would venture to get to Spain in 40 days in a good ship's-tender; and that he must go to get acquainted with the Court of England. [Apparently quoting what Drake said to him.]

121. He offered himself to take the said Rodrigo del Rio to the passage [again *paraje*] of the arm of sea which he discovered; and said that he could easily cross him over to the other side.

122. This arm of sea is held to be an assured thing. It is that of the [Gulf of] California, called the Mar Rojo [Red Sea]; and the land which is on the other side is that of the Californias. As they have told me it, so I set it down, without quitting nor adding anything of my own part [lit. of my house].

123. All these news of the great riches of New Mexico and of the interior country, the Spaniards of New Mexico have not been ignorant of. But they deserve not to enjoy them, by the secret judgments of God, which we cannot understand. Wherein is seen fulfilled the prophecy of the holy Fray Diego de Mercado, a priest of this serafic religion, son of the province of the Holy Gospel; who, seeing the troop of people pass through the pueblo of Tula when Don Juan de Oñate went in to colonize New Mexico, said: "By the life of Fray Diego (for this was his oath), God has in those remote parts of New Mexico great riches, but by the life of Fray Diego, the present settlers have not to enjoy them, for God is not keeping it for them." And so it has been; since all the first ones have died off without enjoying them, and with great suffering. For they always came with these desires and anxieties for riches, which is the end wherefor they went in to settle there, and they spent their substance. God our Lord, who is the knower of all things, knows the when and the how in which those riches must be made manifest to men, that they may enjoy them. For to him only is it given to know this, for thus He revealeth to us, saying: *non est vestrum, non est tempora del momento.**

124. And not only have the citizens [vecinos] of New Mexico not enjoyed riches, but the lash of God hath been always upon them. It is the most oppressed and subjected people in the world [observe that he speaks not of the Indians but the colonists themselves]; for they are not masters of their own will nor their own property; since with ease, and without their power to make resistance, these are taken from them with the strong hand, leaving them naked, and the others rich. These are the secret judgments of God.

125. And if all that has been said were not enough that men should take heart to enter the interior country to see and enjoy so great riches as God our Lord hath there in keeping, for all the incredulous who are slow in believing, the following occurrence was enough to make them bethink themselves [caer en la cuenta] and emerge from their incredulity.

126. [It was] when that holy man Fray Juan de Escalona, priest of this province of the Holy Gospel, was guardian of the monastery of Quauhquecholan. One evening at the setting of the sun, at the hour for repeating the Ave Maria, he was with his companions walking up and down in the pátio [court] of the church, for the heat of the harbor compels it [such outing]. They repeated the Ave Maria, and all went upon their knees to pray it. The prayer finished, all the priests rose, save the holy man Fray Juan de Escalona, who remained in prayer; for while the rest prayed the Ave Maria he was snatched away in spirit. The other priests, since they knew and respected him for saintliness, left him and resumed their promenade in the pátio. At the end of a bit, the holy man began to cry out, saying "*Beati primi! Beati primi!*"† The priests who heard him were in great attention and care, to see if they could hear any other thing. But they heard no more, and were left in this desire to know what he meant in those words "*Beati primi! Beati Primi!*" repeated twice. His rapture over, and when he had come to himself, the priests enquired of him what voices had been those; but he would say nothing, and the priests remained at last, like inquisitive folk, in the wish to know that mystery. Another day the holy man coming to "reconcile" himself (that he might celebrate

*The friar mixes Spanish with his Latin.

†Latin: "Happy are the first!"

mass) under confession to one of the said priests, the confessor questioned him very searchingly to tell what voices had been the voices of the night before. And the priest replied: "On this condition, Father; that so long as I live no one shall know the case, I will tell it." The confessor gave him his word not to tell it to anyone while he [Escalona] should live. And this word being given, he [Escalona] said:

127. "You shall know, my Father, how yesterday evening, when we were praying the Ave Maria, there were revealed unto me all the riches and temporal goods which God our Lord hath in keeping in the interior country of New Mexico, under the North. Likewise it was revealed to me how frailes of my Father St Francis are to discover it; and how the first that enter there must be martyred; the which were represented unto me, and in the spirit I saw them martyred; and rejoicing to see them endure the martyrdom with such eagerness and strength—for that [reason] I said '*Beati primi! Beati Primi!*'"

128. "Likewise it was revealed to me how, when this has passed, and after that land shall have been watered [irrigated, *regado*] with the blood of these martyrs, the Spaniards shall go in there to enjoy so many riches as are there."

129. And this holy man with this good desire [himself] went in unto New Mexico with the second expedition the priests made in the time of Don Juan de Oñate; and made a beginning of the baptism in the pueblo of Santo Domingo, on the banks of the Rio del Norte [This pueblo is still on the Rio Grande, some 30 miles above Albuquerque, New Mexico]; Indians of the Quéres nation. In the which pueblo he finished the days of his life holily. The prodigies which befell this holy man with those Indians are many; but as has already been said this is a narrative and not a history, so to be brief I do not put down all that happened.

130. I know not, most reverend Father, what heart there is so turned to flint that with these things it would not soften and become more than soft wax, and desire to be of the first to enjoy such a palm and such a crown. Since our serafic religion so much giveth the honor to God our Lord, and we receive from His liberal and frank hands each day so many mercies; for unto our sacred religion and not unto another He hath reserved this enterprise to honor and ennoble still more this poor flock.

131. I have given information to Your Most Reverend Paternity concerning all these things, with what brevity and best style the shortness of my understanding and my clumsy language can attain; that as a pious Father, on whom it depends to care for the well-being of those souls, you may open the door and give leave that all the priests who may have the spirit go in apostolically unto the interior country and new world of New Mexico. Without receiving wages from His Majesty, but, as I say, like apostles, what priests this holy province of the Holy Gospel hath, as it hath had them always, of very great zeal, that desire to go in among those infidel and barbarous nations, to lay down their lives among them in imitation of Him who for love of us laid down His life upon the tree of the Cross.

132. After I had finished writing this narrative there came into my hands the narrative which follows, wherewith the seal is set to all these truths about this great world of New Mexico, called Spain the Greater, which is so great as a mainland that other like it has not been discovered. Because . . .

133. Toward the South one can go by land to [So. lat.] 52½°, which is the Strait of Magellan; and toward the North it has no limit shown, for it is as it were illimitable.

134. This land is from North to South 2178 leagues long.

135. From the East to the West it has [a width of] 1277 leagues—for there are that many from Newfoundland to Cape Mendocino. Thanks be given to the Most High, who created it. Amen.

**Narrative of the Holy Mother Maria de Jesus; Abbess
of the Convent of Santa Clara de Agreda.**

136. It is very probable that in prosecuting the exploration of New Mexico and the conversion of those souls, a kingdom shall be reached which is called Tidam, 400 leagues from the City of Mexico, to the West, between the West and the North. According to what is understood, it is between New Mexico and the Quivira; and if perchance this be an error the cosmography will aid the taking of information as to other kingdoms; called, the one, that of Chillescas; the other, that of the Guismanes, and the other of the Aburcos, which form the boundaries of this said kingdom of Tidam. And discovered if they be, it shall be endeavored to learn if in them, particularly in Tidam, there be knowledge of our holy Catholic faith, and by what means and methods our Lord hath made it manifest.

137. We, Don Francisco Manzo y Zuñiga, elect Archbishop of Mexico, of His Majesty's Council, and of the Royal [Council] of the Indies: We particularly charge this inquiry upon the reverend Fathers and custodians of the said conversion [missionary organization] that they make inquiry and solicit, with the exactness, faith and devotion such a matter requires; and that of what shall result [from the investigation] they give us advices in such manner as to convince. Wherefrom, without doubt, shall proceed great increase, spiritual and temporal, unto the honor and glory of God our Lord. Given in Mexico, on the 18th day of the month of May, 1628 [the text has the palpable misprint "1682"].

FRANCISCO MANZO Y ZUÑIGA,

Licentiate.

[Fray Gerónimo has quoted here, of course, not the famous report of the famous abbess, but the official endorsement of the archbishop. He now concludes his own "Relacion"].

138. This, most reverend Father, is that which has been seen, heard and learned, as well by sea as by land. And I certify to your reverence that I have not given it all the weight I could, but rather have fallen short [have understated it], fearing its various seeming to incredulous men. For these ordinarily are persons who have never gone outside their own little village, and know only one *cura* and one sacristan; so that all they hear seems to them impossible; and [they think] the world cannot be as big as it is painted, because they do not arrive any further with their understanding than their eyesight reaches. But to men of action, and well-read, nothing of this obfuscates the understanding; because, as they have it, they can grasp this and much more. The certainty is, that by not completing the exploration of this land, His Majesty would lose a great world. And may our Lord guard Your Most Reverend Paternity, as all we your sons desire. Amen. Praise be to God.

THE CACTUS.

BY W. W. LOVEJOY.

With shining upturned face, despite alarms,
And armored cap-à-pie in coat of thorn
Like warrior-saint, the cactus greets the morn;
Or dervish, praying with wide-open arms;
So facing East, sun-lover, proffering
A votive sun, a little gold-hued flower,
And brimming cups of purple wine as dower;
Her prayer and passion, love and offering,
To one great faithful friend, the Sun, are given.
Nor qui'e alone: her kin close grouped in bands
Spread far and wide and claim the desert sands;
And from the sun-devoted field is driven
All alien worship. Thus with gifts she stands
Adoring, praying with uplifted hands.



**VERDICT
OF
ACQUITTAI.**

The card (on another page) of Mr. W. C. Patterson, president of the Los Angeles National Bank and of this corporation, should fully absolve him from any suspicion of complicity in the literary bias or editorial views of this magazine. All he has ever consented—or been asked—to do is to give of a shrewd and honorable business man's time to a labor of love for California. That he gives, and generously. To exonerate any other stockholder beforehand, it may be said now that the *LAND OF SUNSHINE* is edited by its editor. Furthermore—out of old-fashioned respect to the law of California, now broken, I believe, by every other publication in California—the editor signs his name to what he writes. Very likely there are other stockholders who disagree with him about politics, religion, literature and tailoring. This is merely surmise; they have never bothered to tell him, nor he to ask them. The only essential agreement is that all of us love California, believe in her, have faith that she is not too illiterate to countenance a magazine. Whatever credit the magazine may win—and among the scholarly, everywhere, it has won respect—is theirs to share; and every Westerner's. Whatever faults it has they are nowise to blame for. Any bad proof-reading, low standards or heretical opinions belong exclusively to the debit of the only person alive who has anything to do with them. That is the editor. And that is what editors are for.

Mr. Patterson I have known and loved for 18 years. I induced him to come from Ohio to California—which probably never secured a better citizen, nor was ever more kind to one. To this day there is no man whose word I would rather have; and I know he would take mine. Still, he would not quit the Presbyterian Church even though I begged him to; nor yet because he is aware that there other denominations with more membership. It would be as impossible to coax or bully his convictions as to buy them outright. Possibly that is one reason why we are friends.

He has no more need of the magazine than I have. He gives generously of his time, for the same reason—and long after he has been compelled to withdraw from many of the host of directorates, chairmanships and other responsibilities in which he was involved. Under all the circumstances the magazine feels rather proud that it retains him—for California's sake.

If we could always agree with our friends, this would be a happy world—unless, indeed, some friction arose as to *which* friend should be the one to agree. But as we cannot, the practical thing is to pick friends on such cardinal lines as manhood, honor and sincerity—and then forgive them though they insist on being active Presbyterians when they really ought to be middling Methodists.

**"BUT
WHAT'S
THE USE?"**

And since this undivided and rather tiresome responsibility of the editor for his own mind seems to puzzle and irritate a rather larger number of honest people than one might perhaps expect in this year of God's grace 1900—possibly as many as one per cent. of the readers—it may at last be necessary to become personal for once. The magazine of course, is run chiefly for those who can guess why; but

it is not here to sneer at those who have not happened to think why. It has a mind—or what serves as one. With such equipment as it has—and with every fiber thereof—it believes that in a republic it is every man's duty to put his shoulder to the wheel. It does not know of any excuse for deadheading. It has dear friends who can run their railroads, banks, farms, shoeshops or whatnot, and let their citizenship slide; and they may be right. But if they *felt* as it does they would *do* as it does. Their greater fortune is merely in finding some way to fancy themselves non-responsible. Mr. Lincoln, a good enough pattern of an American for it to cut by, never prayed for "a government of most of the people, by as many of the people as are not too busy, for such of the people as can make it worth while."

The magazine believes that this republic is just now at a point when, more than ever before, it needs the best thought, the highest courage, the most unselfish devotion, of every man in it. Nations are determined not by dreams but by policies; in a republic, policies are made by the people. When the people get tired of their job, it isn't a republic. A few office holders cannot run a democracy, no matter how good they be.

A nation of human beings is human. Therefore it can be good or bad. To be good requires effort; to be a good nation requires general effort. One will search history in vain for record of any nation that ever drifted into perfection. On the contrary, they have all died in their due time, because they got to drifting. Enough people didn't care, or "couldn't leave the store," or "guessed someone else would attend to it." Even national conceit never saved them. The hope for America (in such Americans as have any other hope than conceit) is that this late land, founded on the creed that every man has a heart and head of his own and may be trusted to use them when he is not only given a chance to but is in honor sworn to use them, shall succeed in perpetuity where all lands have failed whose creed was that one man or a class could relieve the crowd of its responsibilities.

There is, of course, no time in a republic when the citizen ^{WHEN} can safely or decently shirk his individual responsibility. And ^{CAN WE} equally, of course, there are times when to be so busy with ^{SHIRK?} loans or real estate or literature that you cannot attend to your plain duty as a plain American is even more disastrous and more shameful than at other times. When? In science, perhaps, the historic crises. To the individual, assuredly, whenever he thinks there is a crisis. Possibly, also, we shall be held responsible for caring enough and using common-sense enough to know if there is a crisis or not.

To any sound mind it is probably not pleasant to harp everlastingly on one string. There are plenty of things between the cover of God's visible handiwork which almost any intelligence can find interesting. Certainly it is a morbid temper which prefers to be disagreeable, other things being equal. But it is only putty which dare not be disagreeable when other things are not equal.

This magazine of course is published primarily for the West. ^{HERETIC} It is therefore used to being a "heretic." Seventy million ^{EVEN IN} Americans do not believe the West is a good place to live in; ^{GEOGRAPHY.} four million Americans do. But the magazine begs no one's pardon for disagreeing, early and often, with the 70,000,000. This is doubtless conceit. A vote of 17 to 1 ought to convince any modest person that two and two make three. Any man that will love a girl whom fifty men do *not* love (mostly because they never chanced to see her) is evidently opinionated. Yet you never knew a lover converted by that majority or by that taunt.

THE BETTER WEST. One reason why this magazine prefers the West is that the West is more independent. It hires out less of its thinking. It is less content with hand-me-down clothing for its mind—be that mind 42-inch or 29. And our West is the freer edge of America; and America altogether is West to the countries that hold up their hands with a "please, ma'am, may I think?" It began with a Declaration of Independence; and to this day it never got any serious utility of any citizen who in his own person denies or forgets that declaration. He may "bring money into the town;" but he is no profit to his country. No nation can be independent much longer than it is made up of independent individuals. When a majority of its citizens will sell, barter, swap, convey, lend, dodge or loaf away their direct individual duty, then the country is sold out also.

MISTAKES AND THE MISTAKE. This magazine is a human product. It can make mistakes. Doubtless it does. But it will never make the last and vilest mistake of thinking it can dodge itself. It will never think that an American can get rid of his obligations as an American by moving West, or by running a magazine, or writing books, or conducting a department store, a church, a college, a bank, a pawnshop or a potato patch. Whichever of these equally honorable industries he pursues, he is protected by American law; and every American has a share and a duty in making that law, by his vote and voice. If he denies, renigs, dodges or sneaks out of that share, his country does not need him. This absurd Western magazine is published in the belief first that an American's soul is his own; second, that his country has as much as a half interest in that soul. If it is mistaken, it has no fear of death. It would be sorry to live in an America where this was no longer true.

WHAT IT IS NOT. It is not aimed at those who have the kind of mind to imagine that it alienates friends for fun or indigestion; that it loves to lose money; that it is a vehicle for vanity or a refuge for failure—or that friends, enemies, "policy," fear, favor, anonymous letters or signed ones, comfort or convenience or its own "tired feeling" will be reckoned in whatever it may happen to deem its obligations. Some of these obligations it heartily wishes it didn't have to feel; but its ingenuity has thus far been insufficient to discover some way of putting itself to sleep. And as it could never permanently interest people who think it ought to doze, it is modest enough not to aim at them at all.

SOME COLD FACTS. Philosophers agree that human motives are always more or less mixed; and frankness must apply philosophy at home. Possibly even an inborn and undiluted American independence is fortified by the knowledge that it cannot be "punished," as well as by the faith that it does not deserve to be. And for such as may need the information, certain plain, every-day reasons why may be set down.

The LAND OF SUNSHINE was not founded to let anyone into print, nor is it run to keep anyone there. It is not an asylum for the disappointed. A great many Western periodicals have been born simply because no Eastern periodical cared to relieve the promoter's itch for type. This magazine is based simply and solely on the faith that the West had a right to something better; that what is too illiterate for the East is too illiterate for the West; that if such service is to be given at all it should be competent; as cultured, as unfawning, as thoughtful as the temper of the West is believed to be. He gives little who only gives what he cannot sell.

It is no reproach to make a living out of California. On the contrary it is as commendable as it is fortunate. But this writer has for five years been giving his living to California. To do justice to the labor of love, with the material at hand (since it requires more than double the work

any Eastern magazine editor ever does), has compelled him practically to cease from the literary activities which are far more "profitable" in money and reputation. It has compelled him to refuse an average of five books a year, and "articles" uncounted; it has put him two years behind on contracts with the Harpers, the Macmillans and other respectable houses. And it has been a matter of course, not of complaint or boasting. It is no credit—just sentiment. So long as California cares for the offering, so long it will be hers; in love and faith and pride of her. And the indications are that she is not tired of it. And anyone who likes to imagine that anyone so foolish as to do this sort of thing will be "wise" enough to count the cost, is—welcome to.

The magazine has never printed a more reluctant page—nor a less apologetic. It has refrained for two years, under considerable provocation. Being Western, it has aimed to be as clean from braggadocio or apology as high-class Eastern magazines are, if a little less timid; and more free than vulgar Eastern magazines are. It has tried to keep high standards. Whether it has succeeded is best proved by the rock-bound fact that even the Eastern critics, and all of them, respect it; that it has enlisted with it the Western writers who count. There is not a failure on its list; not an incompetent using the magazine as a life-preserver. It is a rally for the West's sake, of people who could get more money for the same work, who devote a percentage of their marketable brains to patriotism. It is the first time such a thing was ever done in the West—or anywhere else; the agreement of a band of successful people to give money's worth and brain's worth to Western literature.

Though Western and small, the magazine is conceited enough **AS TO** to feel a right to its own manhood. It makes this explanation **THE** simply for those who honestly oppose or do not understand it; **OTHERS.** not because it is afraid of them, but because it believes they have rights also. But that done, it turns to the Americans who need no explanation—the incomparably larger share of its clientele; the men and women who do not agree with it in everything, but do agree with it in the thing upon which all else hinges. Many of them do not even know California; many care little for orange crops, frontier stories, Indian policies, Western history, climate as a means of grace, or some other things the magazine cares much about. But they care about Americanism, and like it. To this class the magazine is proud to acknowledge its debt. They have enabled, and they enable, its faulty but single-hearted crusades. Probably no magazine ever had better cause to care for its readers; and (in no vain glory, but simply as showing that it does not flatter in its estimate of the West) no Western magazine ever before had so many readers to care for. It has more subscribers and more business than any other monthly west of Chicago ever had; and perhaps the reason is that it would sooner lose every subscriber and every advertiser than its respect for the West, which naturally includes self-respect.

All educated Westerners will note with consternation that the **HOW ARE** University of Chicago has decided to adopt "drummer" **THE FLIGHTY** spelling. And not consternation only, but blushes; for **FALLEN.** Chicago is near enough Western to be able to bring reproach on us. The only comfort is that this astounding sin of crudity and unculture was perpetrated only by a narrow majority in the university "congregation."

The West has suffered enough aspersion of its scholarship; mostly through the provincial ignorance of its critics—for it has hardly ever before given so sound a reason for criticism as this. And if Chicago is careless, the real West is not. We have high schools which could do such a thing, but, thank heaven, no colleges. California has two universities in every respect equal to the University of Chicago; in many respects far superior. Stanford or Berkeley could no more descend to

these half-baked cacographies than they could vote to abolish literature.

There are, indeed, many good men and some few learned ones who favor the deformed spelling, because they see only one side of the case. But this "reform" is invariably a confession of ignorance of etymology. No man who really understands the legitimate descent of words ever did or ever will favor any project to make them vagabond bastards. The restlessness belongs only to those who do not quite know why words are spelled as they are. Their feeling is purely commercial; and while a "drummer" is entitled to use words, he isn't the man to determine them.

These "spelling reformers" are generally good people. They would quietly reprove the Creator by making all trees equilateral, with branches opposite, straight and unvarying—their idea of "order." And as God made trees disorderly, they can hardly rest till they have cut the trees down, run them through the saw-mill and the planing-mill, and then dyed the boards all the same color, and piled them in a nice, "regular" lumber-yard. How much superior their boards are to a forest!

Words are as natural growths as trees, and as eloquent of the soil they sprung from. Even when all are transplanted into the greatest linguistic woodland man ever swung in the branches of, you can tell the Australian eucalyptus and the Peruvian pepper-tree and the Mexican mahogany and the Ceylonese teak and the Himálayan bamboo from the English oak. It is because of these exotics from every land that we have the noblest language on earth. The real "English" has been multiplied twenty-five times; and our tongue today has five times the vocabulary of any other, twenty times Shakespeare's, forty times Homer's. And that is one reason why it is some trouble to learn, and some further trouble to spell. But those who are too lazy for it should frankly stand as bad spellers, not as reformers. Scholars have no difficulty in spelling English, and no desire to have it fall under the shears of those Noah's Ark gardeners who are never content till they have clipped a cypress into a "sore thumb" or a square hedge with balls on top. A surpassing beauty of English is that it is a garden of the world's flora; their habit a little conformed, but their parentage undenied.

Not in scholarship only are these intermeddlers unripe; they lack even a carpenter's sense. They try to measure everything by one rule, without knowing how long the rule is or whether there is a rule. If there is any way to "break all ten commandments at once" they do it with their "decalog." They write "thru" for through—but they dare not take their own u seriously. *To* and *blue* and *blew* and *woo*, and *you* and *two* and *shoe*—what are they going to "du" about these? And if they can make *shoe* into "shu", what will they pervert *shoo* into? Put an accent? But that's as much type as the old way, and more bother—and bother is their only devil.

K is simpler than ch; f than ph; and it would not be hard to emasculate our thousands of Greek words. The same sandpaper of ignorance would obliterate many other nationalities of words. Of course the polyglot English cannot be dressed down to a multiplication table. All these gentlemen could do would be to take away the only safe rule, and substitute still more exceptions. But they will never be allowed to. There will always be enough scholars who know and love the tongue, and can spell it, to save it from the drummers, who neither know nor care.

TRY ON
THE

SHOE.

It is not a matter of opinion, but of record, undenied by any one, that the Filipinos care enough for liberty to have fought for it against tremendous odds for more than a year. They may not be fit to govern themselves; but thus long they have baffled

the attempts of the greatest nation on earth to govern them. That also is not denied. If the "rebels" are "only a few oppressors" of the vast bulk of the Filipinos, how does it chance that the overwhelming "victims" of the "dictator" don't help us out? If the "rebellion" is over, how does our Lawton get killed in battle *nine miles from Manila*?

How would it do to judge these things by ourselves? We may be too smart to acknowledge the Golden Rule, as by authority of the Man of Nazareth—one trouble with us, perhaps, is that we have so many people who are superior to him who was a Man, whether he was God or not—but there is no better business or legal test. We run our business on the standard that what we do not like people to do to us we should not allow them to do to others. And suppose we use this common-sense test on the Islands. What would we do if England were bringing us civilization and freedom, and we were her Filipinos? There isn't an American who doesn't know.

The *Argonaut* seems to be the only journal on the Coast with ^{WHY} foresight enough to see what the Imperial trend means to Cali- ^{WAKE} fornia. It means, of course, the sacrifice of California. We ^{UP?} cannot keep out nor fine the products of our new "possessions," which raise the same things that California does. We cannot shut subjects of the United States out of the United States, as we can—and have been obliged to—the alien Chinese. When we force the unwilling to accept this country as *their* country, then they must be free in it. All this means that the cheap products of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philip-pines are to come into the market in equal competition with California products, and that the coolies who raise those insular crops are to come to crowd American farmers. People such as build the homes which make California the garden of the world, cannot compete with Filipinos. And nothing—not even the moral wrong of "giving liberty" by giving death—is more astounding than the lack of Yankee shrewdness which characterizes this policy. "Our Islands" will be "a good thing" for syndicates, trusts, promoters (and I've nothing against these *per se*), and for a small number of merchants in San Francisco and New York. But to the people who produce, the men who have farms, fruit ranches, sugar-beet fields, garden homes, it will be a wedge of ruin. Ruin to their pockets. Whatever they think of the ethics of expansion, they will do well to take their business sense off back of the house and shake out the careless moths from it. The millstone is there, the hole is through it, and all they have to do is to look. If they know of any way to put a protective tariff between Arizona and California, or any method of keeping Coloradans from migrating to New York whenever wages shall be forty times as high in New York as in Colorado; if they are just aching for a competition that can produce the same things at a tenth of the price it costs them to produce these things—why, then, they had better turn over and resume their nap.

Fortunately for all of us, genius has not yet been made a quali- ^{THE USES} fication of citizenship. The country would be in a bad way if ^{OF THE} a man who honestly uses all the brain he has were disqualified ^{HEAD} because he has not more. And one very good use of brains is to know what better brains are doing. We do not have to invent a new language or multiplication table for ourselves, nor discover the law of gravitation nor in any otherwise flounder along as though no one had ever lived before; and amid their thoughtless millions now and then a Cadmus, a Columbus, a Newton, a Huxley. Even in current life, it is just as well to know what the great thinkers think. Of course a great man can be mistaken. But he is no more likely to be than a little man. His opinion does not absolve anyone else from thinking. But if we are going to be influenced by opinion, as we all are, more or less, we might as well lean on statesmen as on politicians; on the intellects marked to outlast the

ages, as upon the emotions of the music hall, the penny-a-liner, or the schemer, which notoriously perish tomorrow. And if we do not care much about brains, the same "practical" rules we acknowledge to be the only sound ones in examining a witness in a petty larceny case are none too good to judge bigger things by. We invariably take account, in law and business, of the witness's "bias for or against." Is he prejudiced by love or hatred? Is there "any money in" his evidence? If so, it counts against him. On the other hand, the man who testifies palpably against his own "interest;" who tells the thing he is likely to be mobbed for, is weightier—unless to the mob.

Certainly, for instance, men like James Bryce and John Morley and Herbert Spencer have no axes to grind in opposing the Boer war and holding England in the wrong. They are Englishmen—and patriotic ones, if there have ever been any. They are of England's greatest; and on the other side is no Englishman their peer. They certainly do not hope to gain money or position or popularity by standing like rocks against the wave of popular excitement. They know that they will be cursed and hated—perhaps pelted—by multitudes of the mediocre (and less), whose children will live to parrot history which will be written precisely from the point of view of Bryce and his class. Multitudes and furies do not make history; they simply fill the docket the court passes judgment upon; the judgment which endures when the litigants or offenders are forgotten. As for what Gladstone would have felt and done in this disgraceful war, of course every well informed man knows by what Gladstone did before, when the same great empire bullied the same little republic—and got a Majuba Hill for precedent.

On the other hand, we have no trouble to see the motives of the conscienceless Rhodes and Chamberlain, and those who *can* make money, fame, social distinction out of war's glory. And we would be very blind if we could not appreciate how easy it is for such "interested parties" to play upon the homely, manly virtues of a mass less shrewd than they, though incomparably more honorable. As the devil can quote scripture, there was never a politician yet who said: "I am unpatriotic. God is against my plan. It is for our country's shame. But let's do it, for there's good stuff in it for me, and you fellows will enjoy hurrahing and won't really mind the taxes." Nay! The song of the thievish politician is just as high-sounding as the song of the honest statesman. So the only safety for the plain man is to let songs go by, and decide soberly in his own head, and with disinterested advice, if he must have advice, just what is patriotism and what isn't. The reason why nations have made mistakes in past history is chiefly that schemers realized how much easier it is for almost any man to fall in after the brass band than to keep his own way. It is easier for those who do not fall in as well as for those who do. For it has never yet been discovered that brains make a man less a patriot. And when it shall be discovered, it will be time to hunt around for a new kind of patriotism—one that can stand the light.

A STRAW.

IN THE

WIND. That the American people sympathize with the little Boer Republic in its magnificent fight against odds, is certain. The newspapers don't count for much; some are committed to the Administration, and others are partisans against it. And a partisan on either side of any question is never quite convincing. But the striking thing is that this sympathy of a republic for a republic is so strong and has been so felt that the Administration no longer dares to keep its attitude of polite contempt for the Boers, and its righteous conviction that the noble land which "stood by" us when we jumped on someone cannot possibly do wrong. No student of affairs would need to read of crowded pro-Boer mass-meetings all over the country to know where the country stands. He knows by the sudden change of base at Washington, *re* the emissary of the Transvaal.

A good American must have considerable trouble first, even if he finally succeeds, in forgetting that the definition of a republic is hardly to be taken from that republic's enemy. English politicians (mind I do not say England) declare that the Transvaal is not a republic. And that is all any American newspaper has to go on when it reprints the definition. But is anyone aware that the English politicians of that day thought the Thirteen Colonies were a republic? Or that they were good enough to govern themselves? They did not think so even in 1812, when they impressed American seamen and bullied the weak nation past endurance—and got nobly thrashed by the little boy they had bullied. Does anyone really expect the present Lord Norths to say, "Oh, yes, the Transvaal is a republic, as ignorant and unwashed as the American Colonies were, though far more compact; but we find it convenient to suppress this republic before it gets too big"? That would be a nice plea with which to come to Americans for sympathy, wouldn't it?

Now, what is a republic? Is it a property qualification? Is it a country so big and so rich and so well manicured that it can do as it likes? Or is it any country, little or big, rich or poor, in homespun or Tuxedos, that calls itself a republic and fights to the last ditch, against hopeless odds, for the right to govern itself?

If we are willing to despise any republic whose enemies say it isn't a republic, and that its desperate fight is simply to maintain an unwashed oligarchy (though it doesn't seem to be the oligarchs alone who are holding at bay the largest army, and the best equipped, that England ever sent to any war), we certainly are not yet at a point when we can despise manhood. To every man with the breath of life in his veins, courage is good. Every man who is not himself a cur, loves a hero. And the boy who faces a giant is a hero. The Lion has no reservations in admitting that Buller's "men are splendid." They are English soldiers, not English politicians. Their individual bravery is tested and stands the test, and gives us all a new pride. But war is judged not only by the soldier but by the side. And there is no courage in the Imperial Goliath tackling the Republican David. Every American who inherited humor has doubtless reflected already that we have no columns in the newspapers telling us how "brave" the people around the bulletin boards in Pretoria are, nor about the "grim, stern faces" in the Pretoria Clubs. And when we remember the yards of this interesting matter we have set before us from London, and that at the last census England (not counting Australia, Canada nor any other colony) has only about 39 times as many people as the Transvaal, the humor of the matter becomes hard to elude.

The editor's series of studies of California, now begun in *Harper's Magazine**, may have one special interest that can excuse reference to it here. It is, perhaps, the first extensive consideration of the West from a purely Western point of view—and of course to be typically Western means to have been Eastern once. The only complete Westerner is one who understands both East and West, not only by study but by habit. In no other fashion under heaven can he quite realize how much the West means even to him. The most striking and the most vital philosophic fact about Californians is that they are converts, graduates, whose geography is determined by choice, not by chance. Yet all our serious books are by Easterners—far more talented, as sympathetic as one could ask, and almost all of them fired to prophecy even by a few wisely-focused tourist weeks in the new world they write about. But all were outside. If they had really understood California they would be here yet—or their bones would.

January, 1909. It will be some months before the second article can appear. After that it is hoped to maintain the continuity.

They are like St. Anthonys philosophizing about love. They know that it is; they know it is beautiful; they have seen "a man leave father, and mother and cleave unto his wife." But they cannot translate it literally. They cannot even philosophize best, with a philosophy untouched by love—for perhaps, in the higher sense, love is only understanding. And they cannot quite understand how a Westerner feels, nor why he feels so.

If it seems immodest at this date to write of a theme so much greater genius has been given to, it is at least immodesty which has tried to justify itself. Not only by the practical fact of experience, but by the humdrum of more patient and longer study.

What California really is, why it is so, what it must mean in its own future and in the future of the nation it has so tremendously influenced for half a century—and is now to influence more than ever—trying to learn from every predecessor, but not afraid also to think, these articles are meant as much for Westerners as for Easterners. Much in them will seem revolutionary to the East; but the writer will be genuinely grateful to anyone, anywhere, who will disprove any of his facts or undermine his conclusions. Any honest desire to teach carries the equal anxiety to learn. And it seems to him that one of the most tremendous lessons man can teach or learn is the real evolutionary meaning of the West.

Senator Beveridge has been in Luzon. Therefore "of course he knows." Probable he has also been in New York; but there is as yet no wild clamor of New Yorkers to have him arbitrate their destinies. Not every tourist is a statesman. Even should Mr. Beveridge in some future vacation make a voyage of discovery to the Constitution of the United States, he might return (still) the Boy Orator of the Wabash.

The Lion has been accused of being "sarcastic." Maybe. At any rate he is never cynical. Cynicism is despairing and selfish. Sarcasm is a weapon of hope. It is to provoke thought. It may also provoke those to whom it is a bother to think; but this is not its aim nor its fault. If people will think of their country as much as they should, they may think as little as they like of this aggravating fellow citizen.

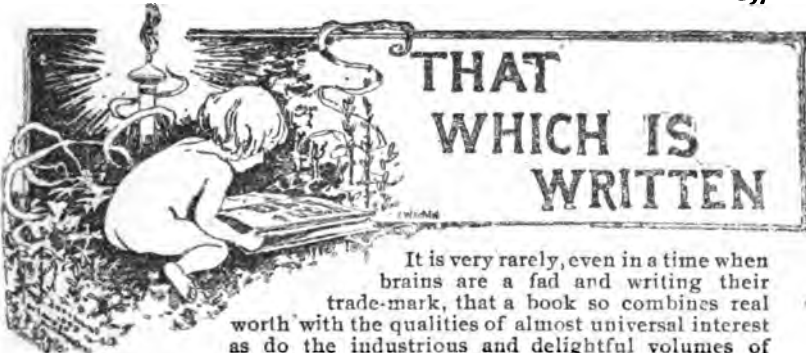
Messrs. Beveridge and Barrett, who speak for the Administration, wisely avoid discussion of morals and American history. Their only text is, how much money we can make by forgetting our history and our morals. Like good salesmen, they are here to talk faster than the customer can think; but all they really say is — \$.

A drummer naturally does not look to the Declaration of Independence or the Gettysburg address for arguments to sell a bill of goods. Neither do Messrs. Barrett and Beveridge, the Administration's commercial travelers. And for the same reason—it wouldn't help them, and they "don't see what that has to do with it, anyhow. All you care about is the money." But—have they quite "sized up" their customer?

President McKinley, "swinging round the circle," assures us that "there is no expansion question—we have already expanded." So! The President has expanded; and the people need not bother themselves further. If they are real good people, they will not even talk about it. Now—what sort of a leaden counterfeit mind is it that cannot see how nearly this spells dictatorship?

Some very respectable people seem to imagine that the only way to be unpatriotic is to fail "to whoop it up" when the signal is given. This is an error. A man can be unpatriotic by being more kinds of a fool than Nature specified him to be. Also, by putting his mind in his mouth, leaving his conscience in the other pocket, and "guessing that everything will come out all right."

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

It is very rarely, even in a time when brains are a sad and writing their trade-mark, that a book so combines real worth with the qualities of almost universal interest as do the industrious and delightful volumes of

Alice Morse Earle. Mrs. Earle has a good vital "nearness," with all her unimpeachable scholarship. She seems instinctively to know and be attracted to the most human side of a subject; and thanks to this grace she makes very human what she has arrived at by tedious and arduous drudgery. Her researches in the dusty catacombs of the colonial days are thorough; and thoroughness in history (or anything else) means drudgery. But from among these dry bones she has the splendid gift to bring us forth beauty and life. Her latest volume, *Child Life in Colonial Days*, is a most handsome book of 400 pages; admirably and fully illustrated, and of astonishing detail. For a fair comparison, it stands for more actual research, probably, than went to make the whole list of several hundred "timely" books already published about the Spanish War and its results. From a sober standpoint of scholarship, entirely regardless of political bias, it is worth the whole pot-boiling of them. And it is of even more universal appeal. It must be a peculiarly empty head and heart which can miss the interest of such a volume; and certainly no American scholar, even in the most unlike direction, can fail to honor Mrs. Earle very highly for her characteristic labors. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$2.50.

If genius be in part the retention of youth—and in so hard a REAL
definition it sometimes seems that the nearest solution may be "BOY"
that it is to keep the young ability to feel and be impressed, BOY.
even after we are old and experienced enough to harness our impressions—why, Wm. Allen White (what's-the-matter-with-Kansas White) has a certain streak of it. For while most of us turn more or less sober cart-horses as the load of life is piled heavier behind us, he has kept the wild colts of imagination and desire, though his wrist has learned strength and certainty in their guidance. His recent *Court of Boyville* is a distinct intoxication to anyone that was ever within that jurisdiction. If at times perhaps a little conscious, it is an uncommon book—and uncommonly good. His boys are such *boy* boys! And his sympathy and understanding are so swift and clear as to be inevitable. The preachment at the outset is very warming; and the stories, as it were a recess from the dry school of Now, back every fellow to his old playground. The Doubleday & McClure Co. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

It is also a Kansas White, but an unlike and steadier one who QUITE
compels our less ready attention to a much more uncomfortable ANOTHER
theme. Doubtless all of us look a trifle askance at the problem novel—particularly of those impudent problems which question the eternal fitness of our stupidities. Aside from our natural distrust of any suggestion that we could possibly be improved, it is unfortunately true that perhaps the average advocate of change is less reformer than rebel, less constructive than destructive—and less bal- COLOR.

anced than either. It is hard to see new light without becoming a bit dazed. Enough in the usual "reform" creed antagonizes our reason to encourage and fortify our reluctance which is solely from habit.

It is a fine triumph for Mr. White that he has written a novel hinged wholly upon the "University Settlement" without making a socialist tract of himself. The actual conditions he sees, sanely and clearly; if in learning them, he has escaped forming theories, he is indeed a rare human; but he keeps his theories in his head and writes only his facts. His attitude is in the proper sense judicial. The strongest criticism of the book is that it has not quite enough swing. It is too much a picture, not enough the drama which is real so long as the footlights burn. The love of the patrician missionary-girl for the mechanic is possible enough, and indeed logical. But to bridge the chasms of fiction we must have not only logic but the compulsion of sympathy; particularly when the chasm is such *Differences* as have given Mr. White his title. But it is an uncommon book, in its restraint and in its ease. Mr. White (who is wintering in Southern California) is to be congratulated; and there will be a lively interest in whatever may be his next work. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

**CRAWFORD'S
MASTER-PIECE.**

Judged by the long standards (which are of course the only safe ones) Marion Crawford's *Via Crucis* is the novel of several years. It is an optimistic token, too, that such a novel has already, in a few months, run up a sale of some 53,000. Vulgarities may sell better yet; but we are not quite spoiled when a book of this stature can still be a popular success, as well as a joy to the judicious. One of the blesseddest privileges nowadays is "not to have to" read the new; but one really cannot afford not to read this masterpiece, perhaps the largest novel of the crusades since Scott. Its whole atmosphere and scope are rare in this day, or in any other; and "Eleanor" may safely be measured beside any heroine in fiction. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.50.

**IN
TWO-FOLD
ART.**

Of a charm wholly its own, an achievement quite worthy to rank with "Uncle Remus," and, besides the equal humanity, an added touch of the artistic, Howard Weeden's *Bandanna Ballads* is one of the real gems of the year. The exquisite feeling, sympathy and humor of these genuine poems, which are among the best ever written of Negro life in the South, are matched only by the really wonderful photographic types which illustrate them. As one who has made perhaps as many photographs of types as any person alive, I must say that I have never seen so perfect a collection as that with which Miss Weeden graces her poems. Joel Chandler Harris contributes a worthy introduction. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.

**FROM
CALIFORNIA
EDUCATORS.**

An uncommonly judicious compilation "from the stores of English verse, made for the youngest readers and hearers," is *The Listening Child*, by Lucy W. Thacher, of Nordhoff, Cal. It merits the high commendation so high a critic as Thos. Wentworth Higginson gives it in a foreword—"it has not often been my lot to encounter [a selection] one so carefully thought out and intelligently arranged."

The Thachers are constructive educators, whose thought and fame are far wider than the retired little Californian Eden where their activities are. The quality of Mrs. Thacher is evidenced in the sense of proportion her editing shows; and Mr. E. S. Thacher (who is a valued contributor to these pages) writes for introduction an inspiring and sound "Short talk to children about poetry." Ella Higginson is the only Western poet represented (she has four numbers), Joaquín Miller and

Bret Harte apparently not being deemed quite the milk for babes. But here is a compiler with taste not to forget the most perfect memory in any eight lines of English—Leigh Hunt's matchless "Jennie Kissed Me." The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. E. T. Good-year, 319-323 Sansome street, San Francisco.

It has been a long time certainly, and in human probability it will be as long a time again, that one must look about for another who can write a sea-story with W. Clark Russell. And as he is no lubber at a love-story either, he makes the sort of tales that people sit up to read. His newest, *Rose Island*, is all Russell—which means that it is a good deal easier to pick up than to lay down. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. A GOOD
SEA
STORY.

One will not need to be reminded, in reading *Prairie Folks*, that the writer is the identical Hamlin Garland with whom the same reader may often have been very much out of patience. It is the same; but not quite the same. The old hard strength is here; the old merciless vision for the "practical" (which is apt to be as unscientific in its verdict as dreamy idealism is); but, here, in their own despite, informed with some persistent stirring of romance. There is a rift in the sullen horizon, and a new light upon all the cold landscape. Perhaps it is a mere accident of allocation; maybe Mr. Garland's least depressing stories happened to come free for a book at about the same time. At any rate, this seems to me the most satisfactory of his books. There is no diminution of his uncommon strength, and rather savage insight for savagery, by the new note of hope or of courage (which comes to the same thing)—the quality which so much lacks in his usual atmospheres. The rude life is all here, with its animalism, its roughness and hardness and meanness; but it is no longer as one without hope. These short stories are of real power and stir. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.25. GARLAND
AT
HOME.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood's *Spanish Peggy* is worth liking, even without its historic figures. It is a well digested and sympathetically told little story of life in New Salem when Abe Lincoln and Dick Yates were young men there; and weaves them into the woof very effectively. For so simple and brief a tale, several characters—"Peggy," her Indian guardian and her Canadian boy-lover, the bearded hag and the villainous uncle—secure unusual hold. Several fine photogravures of scenes intimate to Lincoln's early life add much to the pleasure of a handsome book. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50. WHEN
LINCOLN
WAS YOUNG.

Love Made Manifest, by Guy Boothby, is a feverish novel, which begins with boy and girl love in Samoa, turns on a conquering literary hero who writes the play of the year in a night, and elsewhere flouts the ravaging editor and the usual experience; marries a girl he doesn't love, because he is lonely (while she takes him to pension her father), falls in love with his Samoa girl now that she is married, runs off with her to the South Seas, and repents by nursing lepers. She dies, and he is shot by Mr. Boothby's idea of Spaniards. Love is made manifest enough in the book; but none of it of a sort one would care to domesticate. Mr. Boothby is not uninteresting; but he would be better for a de-Gunterating of his temperature. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25. FROM
LOVE TO
LEPERS.

In *Soldier Rigdale*, Beulah Marie Dix has a story to tell of matters nearer home and our hearts than she told in *Hugh Gwyeth*, but with the like formal understanding of a by-gone time. Her dealing is now with the "Mayflower" and Plymouth Rock, and the little colony of the Puritans, and the hard and unlovely life of IN
COLD
DAYS.

its first years. The hero is a twelve-year-old boy, whose name "Miles" allows the fetching in of the title; but Miles Standish and John Alden, and other historic figures are employed to the book's advantage. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.50.

A STIRRING
SEA

Cyrus Townsend Brady makes a warmly readable "romance of the War of 1812" in his *For the Freedom of the Sea*. Archdeacon STORY. Brady is nothing if not patriotic; and his story, which includes the fortunes of "Old Ironsides" and several other mighty craft, is not only active reading, but a rather fair document just now as to Dear Old England. Its color of the brutality and tyranny which drove us to our second war with Great Britain is not overdrawn. The story considerably atones for a general amateurishness of style, though not quite for such English as "had never failed to return from a cruise without the laurels of victory wreathed about her mastheads." Meaning, of course, exactly the reverse. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.50.

WELLS'S
INGENIOUS

Naturally, Mr. H. G. Wells is neither Poe nor Fitz-James O'Brien; and no doubt he secretly thirsts for the blood of unripened friends who would make him so. But he certainly suggests both these masters, and not merely by category of the pseudo-scientific method in fiction, but by measurable approach in rank. He is doing their sort of story better than anyone else does; probably better than anyone else has done since "The Diamond Lens"—and, withal, in his own fashion. The five stories which make up his *Tales of Space and Time* are all of an unusual mold. The first is perhaps weakest—for it is nearest imitation. But all are compelling; and particularly the one with which he had least business, the "Story of the Stone Age," which is as elemental as it is ingenious. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

OF
THE OLD

SCHOOL. Simple, manly and sound, M. J. Canavan's *Ben Comee*, "a tale of Rogers's Rangers, 1758-59," is of a fashion no longer common but none the less commendable. Its homely reality, undecked with rhetorical plumes, will be effective with almost any boy; for it tells of Colonial Indian-wars just as unaffectedly as the hero might have told them in real life. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.50.

SOUNDING
THE

SHALLOWS. Violet Hunt's epigrammatic brightness does not fail her in *The Human Interest*, nor her sensibility to small things. In fact, both qualities are marked in this study of a woman much more tolerable between covers than running at large. Other characters are subordinated—though sufficiently sketched—to this morbid "Mrs. Elles" and her self-made world; the stage, whose star she is, and applauding audience all at once. To live a lie is common; to tell so well the living of so thin a lie and so believed by its inventor, is not so usual. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

OF
OLDEN
CALIFORNIA.

In *Orchard Folk* Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson tells two California stories one rather wonders not to have heard of before. Miss Johnson has been an occasional visitor to California for 20 years; and is here now—but she has learned something much deeper than the usual tourist horizon. The old and deeper things have appealed to this quiet woman; and one comes to admire not only her intuition for them, but her evident study. There is very little in all this book to criticise, and a great deal to commend, in local color; and this is a good deal to say. The most structural criticism to be made of these two long stories is their deliberateness. They linger. Yet they have action enough, and humanity enough and a much more than average aptness of word. The Continental Pub. Co., New York.

The indefatigable Moses King, who does these things harder and better than anyone else, has issued a sumptuous, interesting and really valuable pictorial record, in a substantial volume, of *The Dewey Reception* in New York city. A NOTABLE
PICTURE
GALLERY.

There are 980 views and portraits, showing every stage of the ceremonies; and instructive, furthermore, as a gallery of the decidedly miscellaneous New Yorkers—from Goff around to Paddy Divver, and from the President of Columbia College to the saloon-keepers—who were the officials of the occasion. 346 Broadway, New York. \$5.

Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield is not only of the feeling for a story—that native grace which cannot be acquired—but a sympathetic observer. The heart-warming quality is strong in her *San Isidro*, a novel of the West Indies. The local color is at least as accurate as we may expect, and far more effectively used than average experience teaches us to expect. Love enough and high enough; hate enough, and its fruits; and a judicious use of climatic and social possibilities in the tropics—these and her sympathy have given Mrs. Crowninshield to tell a very taking story. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50. ROMANCE
AND
COLOR.

A particularly attractive book for young children—a little older they will resent its condescensions—is *The Wonderful Stories of Jane and John*, by Gertrude Smith. Full of the right impulse, and generally guided by wise sensibility, these sketches of the wonderfulness of real things approve themselves. The illustrations by Alice Woods are unhackneyed and add much to the book. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50. FOR
THE
YOUNG.

The Macmillan Company, New York, began last month the publication of a new magazine, *The International*, which promises to be genuinely important. The editorial board comprises an American, an Englishman, a German, and a Frenchman in each of its twelve departments, and all famous men. The departments include history, philosophy, psychology, sociology, comparative religion, literature, fine art, industrial art, physics, biology, medicine and hygiene, geology and geography. \$3 a year, 25 cents a number.

Parts III and IV of *Our Islands and their People*, fulfill the promise of their predecessors. They are sumptuously printed, portfolio size, each with a well done color frontispiece, a profusion of extremely good photographs, and the text to carry them. For their pictorial interest and information they are highly desirable. In 24 parts, 50 cents a part. The N. D. Thompson Publishing Company, St. Louis.

The very title disarms criticism of *Some Homely Little Songs*, by A. J. Waterhouse. They are just that—and sometimes a little more—the uncounterfeit verses of a man you think you would like to know. Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.

The Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco, publish for Lillian Leslie Page a pretty brochure of her verses, under title *Forget-me-nots*. 50 cents.

A very tasteful "Lark edition" of Kipling's "Mandalay" is issued by the Doxey Book Company, San Francisco. 75 cents.

Toyon is a book of holiday recitations collected by Allie M. Felker. Paper, 35 cents. Cloth, \$1. Whitaker & Ray Co., San Francisco.

Santa Claus and the Black Cat are yokefellowed by Wm. H. Venable, to point a moral in a genial pamphlet. Cincinnati.

The New York *World Almanac* for 1900 is as useful as its predecessors. Paper, 25 cents.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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Vol. XII, No. 4

CALIFORNIA ALPS,
DAVID STARR JORDAN.
CITIES OF THE DEAD,
DR. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS.

Lavishly
Illustrated

"LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA"

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



THE MAGAZINE OF
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS



A CALIFORNIA MOCKING BIRD.

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IN THE KING'S RIVER ALPS, CALIFORNIA.
View of the main divide from Stanford Peak. See p. 206.

Photo. by Prof. Nobil, Zool. Swalm.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



Vol. 12, No. 4.

LOS ANGELES

MARCH 1900.

THE OLD GARDEN.

BY NORA MAY FRENCH.

The garden of Dolores! Here she walked,
When, fretted on the twilight's pallid space,
The trees were black and delicate as lace,
And palms were etchings, sharp and slender-stalked.
Now riots summer in these magic closes,
And life is rounded in the frailest spray.

Dolores, cold, and buried yesterday,
Is it thy spirit here among the roses?

For restless murmurs thro' the garden seek,
To shadowy caress the flowers unclose,
A blossom in the dark magnolia glows—
Or leaning pallor of an oval cheek?

Upon the dark is borne a strange long cry;
And one quick sob of wind the air has moved.
Ah! perfect garden that Dolores loved,
Her soul has called to thee . . . a last good-by.

Los Angeles, Cal.

NIGHT ON THE MESA TRAIL.

BY J. ALBERT MALLORY.

Night on the mesa trail, and a glow o'er the hill-top dying,
Spectral shapes on the plain, and nearer the restless herd;
Afar the cry of a wolf, and an echo far replying,
And a shuddering breath of wind, and the chirp of a wakened bird.

Night on the mesa trail, and a wistful cowboy singing
Softly a song of a maid—the song that hath mocked the years—
Softly for that good-by, and warm arms round him clinging;
Passionate eyes uplifted, veiled in a mist of tears.

Night on the mesa trail, and a foe in the shadow lying—
Silent the arrow speeds straight to its quivering mark;
A savage cry on the night, and the herd in terror flying,
And under the careless stars a face upturned to the dark.

Night on the mesa trail, and a something yonder lying
Huddled and still—and nearer the cry of the wolfish pack;
And over the hills to the east a maiden shivers, sighing,
Stirred with an unknown fear for one who shall ne'er come back.

Riverside, Cal.

Copyright 1900 by Land of Sunshine Pub. Co

THE ALPS OF THE KINGS-KERN DIVIDE.

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN.

IN this paper I write in a few words to point the way to the highest of the high Sierras, at the same time clinching what I have to say by a few good photographs. These were taken in 1899 by Professor Robert Eckles Swain of Stanford, and they show the characteristic features of some of California's mighty Alps. For the high Sierras, the huge crests at the head of the King's, Kern, Kaweah and San Joaquin rivers are Alps indeed, not lower than the grandest of those in Europe, and scarcely inferior in magnificence. Indeed the number of peaks in this region which pass the limit of 13,000 feet is not less than in all Switzerland. The highest of these peaks, Mount Whitney, is given on Le Conte's map as 14,522 feet in height. It is thus a little lower than the Matterhorn (14,705), while Mt. Blanc (15,731) Monte Rosa (15,366), the Mischabelhorn (14,941) and the Weisshorn (14,803) outrank it a little more. But virtually all reach much the same level, and between these peaks, and the next in rank in Switzerland, the Fenster Aarhorn, 14,026, California claims a good many, notably Mount Williamson (14,448), Tyndall (14,360), Jordan (14,275), Junction (about 14,200), two of the Kaweahs (14,139 and 14,141), with Barnard, Keith, Agassiz's Needles, Dusy, Sheep Mountain, Milestone and the South Palisade, each something over 14,000 feet, and a host of high points as University of California Peak (13,900), Jessie Peak (13,391). Rixford, Brewer, Stanford, Ericsson, Lyell and a host of others named and unnamed which fall but little below. In this we need not mention Shasta (14,400) tall, lone and tremendous, but which is put up independently on a different plan in another part of the State.

If for a moment we compare the high Sierra Nevada with the Alps, we find in the mountains of Switzerland greater variety of form, and of rock formation, and with greater picturesqueness in color, the white of the snow being sharply contrasted with the green of the flower-carpeted pastures. The rainfall and snowfall of the Alps is far greater, hence all the deep valleys are filled with snow, the cañons are glaciers, for slow-melting snow masses become compacted into ice.

The Sierras are richer in color, and they throb with life. The dry air that flows over them is stimulating, balsam-laden, and always transparent to the vision. The Alps seem always bathed or swathed in clouds. Their air is clear only when it has been newly washed by some wild storm. When a storm is over, the sky soon needs washing again, and in its blue reaches is full of a steamy suggestion as though it had not been properly dried.



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Photo. by Prof. R. E. Swain

KING'S RIVER, FROM LE CONTE'S CAMP.
"Glacier Monument" in the background.



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Photo. by Prof. R. E. Swain.

NORTH (MAIN) PEAK OF MT. STANFORD FROM GREGORY'S MONUMENT.

University of California Park in the distance at the extreme right.

The glacial basins of the high Sierras, huge tracts of polished granite, furrowed by streams and fringed with mountain vegetation, are far more impressive than similar regions in the Alps. In the Alps the glaciers are still alive and at work. In the Sierras, a few little ones are left here and there, high on the flanks of precipices, but the valleys below them, once filled with ice, are now bare slicken and sharp-backed or clogged with moraines, just as the glaciers left them. The wreck of a vanished glacier, as in Ouzel Basin of Mt. Brewer, and Desolation Valley of Pyramid Peak, may tell us more of what a glacier does than a living glacier itself.

The forests of the Sierras are beyond comparison nobler than those of the Alps. The pine, fir and larch woods of Switzerland are only second growth, mere brush, by the side of the huge pines (Sugar Pine, Yellow Pine and High Mountain Pine) of the flanks of the Sierras. Giant firs and spruces, too, rival the largest trees on earth, while above all, supremely pre-eminent over all other vegetation, towers the giant Sequoia, mightiest of trees. On a small tree, ten feet through, cut at Sequoia Mills, I counted 1902 rings of annual growth. This tree was a sapling, four feet through, at the time of the fall of Rome. The greatest Sequoias, happily yet uncut, have doubtless four times this age, and it is safe to say that many of them have stood on earth at least 8000 years.

So far as man is concerned, there are great differences between the Sierras and the Alps. The Alps have good roads, trails, hotels everywhere. They are thoroughly civilized, provided with guides, guide-posts, ropes and railings, and the traveler, whatever else he may do, cannot go astray. If he gets lost he has plenty of company. The Sierras are uninhabited. In their high reaches there is no hotel, and not often a shed or roof of any kind. The trails are rough, and when one climbs out from the cañons he has only to go as he pleases. But wherever he goes he cannot fail to be pleased. The Sierras are far more hospitable than the Alps, and the danger of accident is far less. Every day in the Alps may be a day of storm, and no one can safely sleep in the open air. In the Sierras there are but two or three rainy days in the summer, and these are thunder-showers in August afternoons. The weather is scarcely a factor to be considered; every day is a good day, one or two perhaps a little better.

The traveler is sure of dry, clear air, a little brisk and frosty in the morning, making a blanket welcome, but all he needs is a blanket. For luxury he will make a bonfire of dry branches—pine, cedar, cottonwood, all burn alike—and there is always a dead tree ready to his hand. He will build his fire near the brook that he may put out its smoldering embers in the morning. No matter how high his flame may rise in the evening,



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CRAG ERICSSON.

Stanford Peak at the left in the distance.

Photo. by Prof. R. K. Swain.

with morning only embers are left. For surely no mountain lover will leave his fire uncovered to burn and murder its way through the forest. Last year the United States government sent out rangers to protect the forests from fire, and to punish the careless camper, be he angler, mountaineer or prospector. This is a wise move, and it should have been made long ago. More than this, the State or government should never let another acre of land on the Sierras be denuded of its timber. On the preservation of our forests depends the fertility of our plains. To California this matter is vital above all others. Commerce will come in due time whatever we do ; but a forest once uprooted, we can never restore. The great Calaveras grove of Sequoias is now for sale, the first known and the most picturesque of all, doubtless going to the lumber company that will make the highest bid. To destroy this noblest of groves for the lumber that is in it would be barbarous. There should be but one bidder for the Calaveras grove—the people of the United States. We cannot call ourselves civilized if we stand by, consenting to its destruction, as we have done to the slaughter of the great Sequoias of the Converse Basin, with brush, sawdust and soil, all, save the primeval granite, all vanishing in the final conflagration of the abandoned lumber camps.

In the high Sierras, the form of the mountains favors the climber. Each peak is part of a great anticlinal fold, broken and precipitous on one side, retaining the original slope on the other. Most of the mountains about Mt. Whitney share the form of that mountain. A gentle slope on the west side, covered by broken, frost-bitten rock ; on the east side a perpendicular descent to an abyss. On the east and north almost every peak is vertical and inaccessible, the while the west side offers no difficulty. Only time and patience are demanded to creep upward over the broken stones. All of them require endurance, for they are very high, but few of them demand any special skill or any nervous strain, and the views their summits yield are most repaying.

To reach the best of them one should leave the Southern Pacific railroad at Sanger. Here he meets the stages of Gallagher and Denneen. In a ride, preferably taken at night, he crosses the hot plains to the foothills. Turning in at midnight, he sleeps till morning, then taking the stage again, he rides up hill all day, past Millwood, the General Grant National Park, with its giant Sequoias, and through the pine forests to Huckleberry Camp. Here he is met by Kanawyer's troop of saddle horses, and a charming day's ride obliquely down the slopes of the King's River Cañon, brings him at night to a camp in the river bottom. There may be a house there or a tent, but he needs neither, for the night is full of

stars—and the stars keep off the rains! Taking his horse again in the morning, by noon he reaches the Sentinel Camp, which is the best center for excursions. Here Kanawyer keeps horses, mules, tents and blankets for rent, and provisions for sale, so that henceforth all the traveler needs to take with him will be strong clothing, stout nailed shoes, and good temper.

The King's River Cañon he will contrast with the Yosemite. The Yosemite has finer single rocks, higher single cliffs, far more majestic waterfalls and a general air of perfection as scenery. The King's River Cañon is bigger, wilder, with higher walls, which slope backward out of sight, and the mountains into which it rises are far wilder and more stupendous.

The traveler will not be long in the Cañon before he will want to climb up to take a look at some of these. He may wind up the dusty trail to Goat Mountain and see them all at once in glorious waves of distances. He may perhaps crawl to the top of the grand Sentinel and see some of them at another angle. He may wander to Kearsarge Pass on the Main Divide at the head of the Cañon and see the world from one of the three great peaks, Rixford, Jessie, or, highest of all, the huge mass of crumbling granite called the University of California Peak. Or he may turn toward the heart of the mountains themselves and lay his camp at East Lake in the Ouzel Basin, the wonderful glaciated north slope of Mt. Brewer. Here John Muir studied the water-ouzel in its home, and wrote of it the best biography yet given to any bird; and here, too, you may study the ouzel and the winter wren, the marmot and the mountain chipmunks.

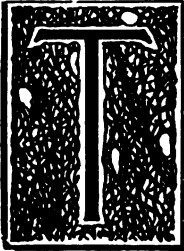
Here you may climb Mt. Brewer (13,886 feet), the culminating outpost of the cross-divide between the King's and the Kern. Or you may go farther, turning eastward into the very center of the frost-king's domains, climbing the gorge of turbulent Stanford brook, past stately Crag Ericsson, over Harrison's Pass, an old sheep trail, steep, dusty and hopeless, to the frost-bitten crag named Stanford. This peak lies in the King's-Kern divide, in the very center of the high Sierras. It is a double-topped ridge, the highest summit 14,100 feet, the southernmost, known as Gregory's Monument, about 20 feet lower.

From this peak one may see nearly all the high Sierras, from the San Joaquin Alps on the north to the Kern Alps on the south; and whoso once climbs this crag or the peak of its sister university or any other of their craggy brethren has earned a place in the roll of honor of those "whose feet are beautiful on the mountains." He has learned the secret of California. He will join the Sierra Club. He will fight in every way he knows against the wanton destruction of our forests and the desecration of our mountains, and, whenever the fates permit, he will wander back to the "heart of the Sierras," the Ouzel Basin and the Mountains of the Great Divide.

Stanford University, Cal.

THE CITIES OF THE DEAD.

BY DR WASHINGTON MATTHEWS, U. S. A.



THE existence of ancient ruins in our Southwest has long been known to the world. The Spanish invaders of 1540 tell of some that they saw; others have been described in the reports of various military and civil expeditions which have explored the country since our troops first entered it in 1846. Since we came into possession of the land in 1848, many of the ruins have been surveyed, sketched, photographed and modeled; surface finds have been abundantly collected, and cliff-dwellings, whose interiors were easy of access, have been looted—too often, alas! in an unscientific manner—but it was not until 1887 that any systematic effort was made to excavate the ruins.

There were some good reasons for this long delay on the part of archaeologists; the barren character of the land, the difficulty of access before railroads were built and the hostility of Indian tribes only recently subdued. There were other reasons, not so much to our credit; the importance of excavation was not sufficiently appreciated; the abundant surface finds were supposed to tell the whole story; the ethnography of the region was not understood, and the valuable suggestions it was able to afford were unknown; the antiquarians of America were more interested in the Orient than in the Occident, and so were their wealthy patrons; while money might easily be obtained for digging on the banks of the Nile, none could be procured for work on the banks of the Gila.

All these conditions are changed now—railroads have penetrated the land of ruins; the Indians are at peace; some of the valuable lessons of modern ethnography have been learned; the rich results of the first excavations have shown what might be expected of others; the noble example of one capitalist has stirred the ambition or directed the generosity of others, and today the work of digging goes bravely on in many parts of the arid land under both governmental and private auspices.

Let them dig. For the past 50 years, all over the mound-strewn valley of the Mississippi, people of all classes, from school-boys to grizzled savants, have been digging and have not yet exhausted the supply of mounds. We may dig for a century in the land of ruined houses and not finish the task of destruction. The ruins are countless. But before the digging goes any further, I wish to call attention, once more, to the work of the pioneer excavators; for at the time the excavations were made they received altogether too little notice, and their importance is not generally recognized in the scientific world, much less in the land where they were conducted.

Excavation was at last begun to satisfy the curiosity of the ethnologist rather than that of the archaeologist. In studying the myths and ceremonies of the people of Zuni, during his long residence in their pueblo, Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, whose labors some years ago were widely heralded throughout the land, discovered some perplexing facts for which he could find no explanation; but a study of the Zuni traditions led him to believe that he might discover a solution of the mysteries

* This interesting and human document by the dean of our Western ethnologists is doubly welcome to these pages; not only because Dr. Matthews never wrote an idle thing, but because of his sketch of an affair which may invite scientific criticism, but certainly merits comprehension. Mr. Cushing's extraordinary service to American ethnology can hardly be too much emphasized. His fruits must be appraised by science, and some of them will surely be rejected; but the fact is certain that he has done for ethnology what few ever could do. We may safely reckon him as the most extraordinary of our field "detectives," no matter what qualification we make as to his judicial equipment.—ED.



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THE RUINS OF CASA GRANDE, ARIZONA.

Photo. by J. B. Lippincott.

by exploring far to the southwest of Zuni, where the people of the pueblo declared their ancestors once dwelt. The interesting nature of these problems and the way in which Mr. Cushing believes he has solved them by means of excavation, have been fully explained by him in a paper read before the seventh session of the International Congress of Americanists at Berlin in 1888, and published in the transactions of the Congress. We have no space here to enter into such details of his paper.

But excavations cost money, and, as before stated, money for American work was difficult to obtain. At length, in 1886, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, of Boston, came to Mr. Cushing's aid. In February of the following year he, with a party of assistants, began to work near Tempe, in the valley of the Salado or Salt River, Arizona. At first he worked on some stone structures of a kind widely distributed over the arid region of the Southwest without discovering anything unusual—without finding the clues he sought. While thus working, with diminishing hope, he learned



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PICTOGRAPHS IN ARIZONA.

of certain earthen mounds on the bottom-lands of the Salt River. His attention was particularly directed to one of great size, some eight or nine miles from Tempe, and he proceeded to dig in this and in its vicinity.

The structure had an irregular rectangular form, appeared to be rudely terraced, and seemed to be an ordinary earthen mound; but excavation revealed that it was the remains of a vast clay building, once many stories high, and similar in construction to the well known Casa Grande, some 35 miles distant in the Gila valley. The bottom-land around the mound was overgrown with mesquite, and, to the untrained eye, showed no evidence of former habitation; but the soil was found to abound in potsherds and other evidences of human handicraft, which led the expert to believe that the remains of dwellings might be found beneath the level surface. So the workmen were set to digging, and they soon came to the numerous foundations of earthen walls. Mr. Cushing and his

party then camped and continued to dig in this neighborhood all summer until they brought to light the remains of an ancient city, some six miles in length and from half a mile to a mile in width. This fallen city he named *Los Muertos*, from the number of skeletons he exhumed there. Subsequent explorations revealed the ruins of several other cities as large as or larger than the first, and several other great clay-walled temples, once as great as the *Casa Grande*, and probably from five to seven stories high. All the ruined cities were given Spanish names.

It would have been wise for Mr. Cushing if he had left the hot flood-plains of Southern Arizona during the torrid summer of that region and sought either total rest or labor in some cooler climate; but he heard that parties of more greed than learning proposed to go to work on his mound with horses and scrapers if he should abandon it, and tear it rudely to pieces for such curios as they could find. Perhaps this was idle talk, but it had the effect of making him remain and pursue his work in the summer. Tent life in the Salado Valley in summer, with a temperature of 120° in the shade, is no pleasant existence for the most robust; but, to a person of our explorer's feeble frame and weak digestion, it was ruinous. When, on the first of September, I arrived at his camp near



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. PREHISTORIC BOWL. (One-third life size.)

Excavated by the Hemenway Expedition.

Tempe, I found him profoundly exhausted, but still endeavoring to work. In addition to his scientific labors, his worries were not a few. It was no uncommon experience for him, when he had laid bare the floor of a dwelling or a pyral mound, put everything in the place where it was found, all ready for notes and photographs, and called his workmen in to dinner, to find on going out again that visitors had kicked and trampled everything to pieces or helped themselves to whatever struck their fancy. When he remonstrated they would say, "This is government land. We have as good a right to these things as you have."

The objects which first attracted my attention, after my arrival in Mr. Cushing's camp, were the human bones which had been dug from among the ruins—chiefly from under the floors where Zuni folk-lore had taught the explorer to seek them. At the time of my arrival they were



C. M. Davis Eng. Co

From Water Color by Mrs F. W. Hodge

SACRED MEDICINE JAR, PREHISTORIC, LIFE SIZE.

From near Halonawan.

scattered in fragments over the ground. Most of the dead had been cremated; but some, supposed to be the priestly class, had been buried without cremation. The uncremated bones had become very friable from long interment and, on exposure to air and sunlight, soon crumbled to pieces. But they were rarely left to the unaided mercies of sun and air. Here again the busy visitors found use for their boots and did what they could to hasten disintegration. A slight examination showed me that we had found here a lot of skeletons which were, in many respects, the most unique ever discovered, and I adapted such means as I found at hand to preserve some of the bones. After my return to Washington, Dr. Jacob L. Workman, anatomist of the Army Medical Museum (now of Yale), went to collect and preserve the skeletons. In his more leisurely examination he discovered other wonderful anomalies, which I had overlooked. A study of these bones, presented in the sixth volume of the



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

From Water Color by Mrs. F. W. Hodge.

A POTTERY "LLAMA." (Reduced one-half.)

Excavated by the Hemenway Expedition at Los Guasos.

Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, has shed great light on many vexed questions in human anatomy and evolution.

On the 9th of September we made an effort to get Mr. Cushing away from our lively companions of the camp—the flies, mosquitos, scorpions, tarantulas and rattlesnakes—and take him where he might regain his strength, in the cool breezes of the Pacific. But we got no further than Maricopa station, on the

Southern Pacific railroad, when violent rains descended in the mountains, the road was washed out both east and west of us, and we found it prudent to return to Tempe. It was fortunate that we went back when we did. The night of our return to Tempe another great storm came on, the branch road between Tempe and Maricopa was washed out, and the latter place (at that time a poor little collection of adobe huts, with one small Chinese eating-house) was isolated from the rest of the world. Some travelers who went to Maricopa on the same train with us would not return because the branch road would not take them back free. We heard afterward that they ate up all the provisions for sale in Maricopa, were compelled to break into a freight car containing Government bacon and hard bread, and subsisted on these luxuries for nearly two weeks. Such a diet would have killed my patient.

It was not until the 26th of September that we finally succeeded in getting away from Tempe, and starting west on the first train that went through on the Southern Pacific railroad after the floods. There were four in our party, Mrs. Cushing, her sister Miss Magill (now Mrs. Frederick Webb Hodge), Mr. Cushing and I. We telegraphed for a Pullman berth for our sick man, but got for him instead room to lie down on the crowded floor of the ordinary passenger-car. Here he fell into a delirious sleep and astonished the gentle tenderfoot by delivering harangues in the Zuni tongue. The morning of the 27th we breakfasted at the salubrious station of Yuma, and spent the forenoon sweltering beneath sea-level and watching the eternal mirage of the Colorado desert. Oh how delicious was that iced tea of Indio at the western end of the desert, where we stopped for dinner! My recollection is that I drank about a gallon of it. I had no room for food. How delicious, too, was the cool Pacific breeze that welcomed us when our train had clambered to the summit of the San Geronio Pass, and we looked down the western slopes of the mountains to our Promised Land! On the 29th our party

reached San Diego, where I turned the invalid over to the skillful care of my good friend Dr. David L. Huntington,* of the army, and where I remained a few days enjoying life before I started back to Washington.

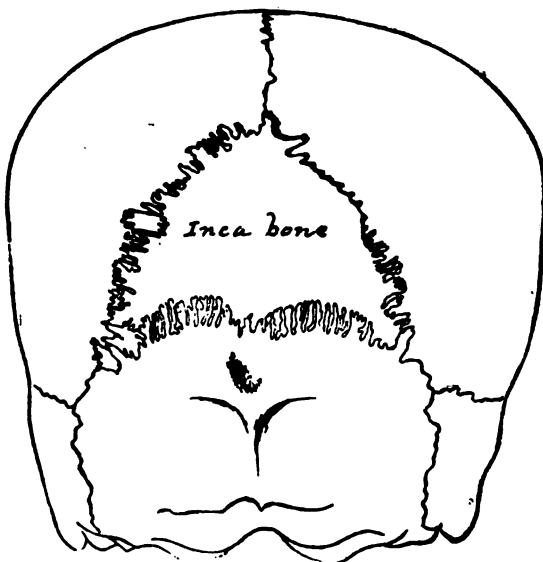
When Mr. Cushing recovered his health sufficiently to go to work again, he returned to the Salt River Valley to continue his explorations there. He afterward made excavations in the ruins of Heshota Uthla near Zuffli, but again ill health compelled him to abandon work.

All the results of the explorations of the Hemenway expedition in the Salt River Valley cannot be presented here, but some of the principal may be mentioned. The great antiquity of many of the remains was fairly established. It was estimated that the aboriginal settlement was in the height of its glory 2,000 years ago, and that it fell some time before the advent of the white man. No trace of contact with European civilization was found. It was thought that the destruction and abandonment of the old cities occurred suddenly. Mr. Cushing thinks an earthquake threw down the cities and temples of the plain; but recent events show that the destruction may possibly have been caused by floods. There is good evidence that the population was dense, and that the waters of the Salt River were not sufficient, even with the aid of their storage reservoirs, for the fields of the ancient Saladoans; but that they constructed dams to hold the waters which at times descended from the desert mountains that immediately surrounded them. The beds of the larger canals—the *acequias madres*—were traced for a distance of 150 miles; but for many miles more their course could not be followed as they had been filled in by the drifting sands of centuries.

The population of the ancient Salado settlement has been estimated as high as 80,000. This estimate may seem unreasonable in view of the conditions of the present day; the country could support no such population now; but it must be remembered that the wants of the ancient Saladoans were more easily satisfied than those of the modern Americans, and that

* Since this was written news has come from Rome of the death of Dr. Huntington.

It is at least "unreasonable." In computing prehistoric populations in the Southwest it is impossible to take the ruins at their face value. A fifty per cent. discount is the least that can be made in reckoning population at any one time. Even in any single town a large per cent. must be allowed for "cast-offs." When a house wore out, its people built another and left the old to add its bones to the general "built-up-area." The same process is visibly going on still in every surviving pueblo; but once it went by steps of towns as well as of houses; whole pueblos being deserted and new ones built. Only Spanish restriction and centralization in the 17th and 18th centuries stopped this broadcasting of abandoned "cities." The enormous number of ruins in New Mexico and Arizona is sure to mislead us unless we remember that they were a sort of ethnographic coral reef—*alive at the top*. This process also has been visible within historic times. The Southwest never had any "teeming millions." Its population was always slender and sparse. It never was able to support anything more. It has not seriously changed its physical temper since man began to inhabit its face.—Ed.



A SALADO SKULL, SHOWING THE "INCA BONE."



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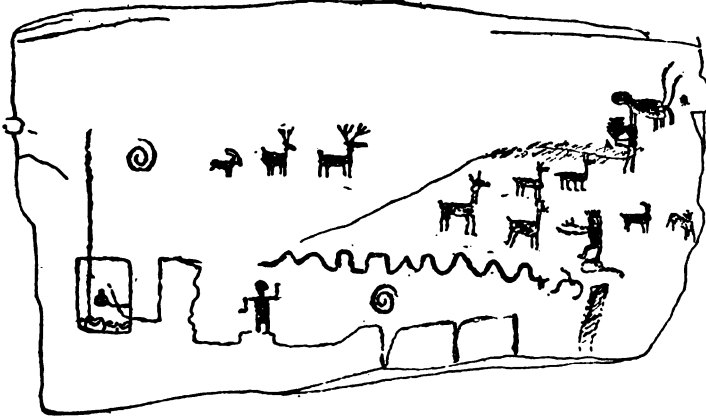
EXCAVATIONS BY THE HEMENWAY EXPEDITION AT ZUNI.

Photo. by Tubor.

the man of the elder day was his own beast of burden. No provision had to be made for the maintenance of great draft animals.

Some of the discoveries led Mr. Cushing to advance the theory that the ancient Arizonians had a more intimate relation to the ancient Peruvians than many of the so-called civilized tribes which dwelt nearer to Peru. Groups of stones found on the floors of the houses seemed to him to be the remains of bolas, such as the South Americans used. He found terra cotta images of an animal, unlike any now living in North America, but resembling the *Camelidae* of South America—the vicuña, llama and alpaca. He found, in rock inscriptions of the Southwest, supposed representations of such animals and of men throwing the bolas. The great prevalence of that peculiar anomaly of the skull called the Inca bone was also notable. Up to the time of these excavations the ancient skulls of Peru showed the presence of the Inca bone more than any others in the world; but the ancient Arizonian crania exceed the Peruvian in this particular. The symbols on the Salado pottery show elements both Peruvian and Zúñian.

Mr. Cushing's Peruvian theory was received with much doubt by the scientific world;* he did not himself put it forward very confidently; but



ARIZONA ROCK-INSRIPTIONS INCLUDING THE SO-CALLED "LLAMAS" AND "BOLA MEN."

recent discoveries among the ancient Calchaqui in the mountains of the far-off Argentine Republic seem to strengthen the theory. The careful Dr. ten Kate in his recent work, *Anthropologie des Anciens Habitants de la Région Calchaquie* (La Plata, 1895) shows that many remarkable resemblances exist between the ancient peoples of Argentina and of Arizona in arts, culture and, above all, in the peculiar formation of the skeleton.

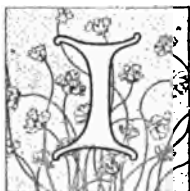
Do the people of the modern Salado cities know anything of the ancient greatness that surrounds them? I know not, for it is long since I have heard from there; but I have reason to fear that they are not fully aware of the value of the archæological treasures that lie beneath their luxurious fields and blooming orchards. About four years after my visit to Los Muertos, I met a gentleman who had recently come from Phoenix, and, as a feeler, I directed conversation to the Hemenway Expedition. "Yes," he said, "Cushing sunk \$500 of Mrs. Hemenway's money, every month, in that valley, for years and found absolutely nothing." About the same time I saw in an Arizona paper an account of a man who, in digging a cellar near Phoenix, had unearthed a skeleton with accompanying earthenware and other objects. The paper made various comments about the novelty of the find and added some profound speculations as to whether the skeleton belonged to a Toltec or an Aztec!

Washington, D. C.

* So it is, I believe, still. The examples of alleged llamas are not convincing; the bola-men as little.—ED.

A FEBRUARY FLOWER-HUNT.

BY CHARLES AMADON MOODY.



Tis high noon of the first day in the second week of February. I stretch luxuriously in the shade of a tall eucalyptus, benevolently assimilating a most satisfactory luncheon. The Philosopher, by way of recuperation from four hours of hard walking over

the hills and preparation for as many more, has swarmed up the tree, and, after cutting his fill of the white-rimmed blossoms, has decided to be Mowgli for a while and lie at length along a branch. Two blemishes on this "play" are that his own coal-black Bagheera is miles away at home, and that I fall far short of a convincing Baloo, being able neither to teach him bird, beast and snake calls nor to enforce any lesson with stroke of paw.

The blue of the sky is rather deepened than marred by the fleecy wisps of cloud that float across it. In the full mid-day splendor of the sun is no hint of discomfort nor any threat of "taking cold" in the cool and fra-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co

Photo. C. F. L., Feb. 13, 1900

FUCHSIA-FLOWERED GOOSEBERRY.



H. W. Davis Eng. Co.

“WILD CUCUMBER.”

Photo. by U. P. L., Feb. 12, 1900

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grant breeze from the south. In the morning paper was some chatter about zero weather and blizzards east of the Rockies, but all that is utterly meaningless to us here. The bees, bustling about their tasks—honey from the eucalyptus is one of the choicer sweets—bring to my drowsy brain some thought of early summer, and I murmur,

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days!"

Whereupon Mowgli becomes the Philosopher again for long enough to assert with entire conviction, "The man that wrote that couldn't have known anything about February days in Southern California."

But what have we to show for spoils of this February flower-hunt? Most of the wild flowers we found a month ago* are far more plentiful now. Canterbury-bells shake and swing by hundreds—yes, by thousands. Baby-blue-eyes nestle close over many a moist slope. The scarlet paint-brush (*Castilleja parviflora*) which then lent only an occasional dash of brilliant color, may now be had by the armful, provided only that one does not balk at hard scrambling up and down the steep and difficult hillsides it most affects. The wild cucumber has not ceased to fling its spray of starry white over tree and bush and ground, though from many of the vines the odd, oval, green fruit, set thick with spines, swings freely. The same fruit laid on a table looks most comically like a green, dumpty piglet in hedgehog's armor. Wild clematis, too, continues to shower its blossoms while seed is ripening, and the wild morning-glory, twisting up tall, dead stalks of last year's plants and curving gracefully down again from their tops, reminds the Philosopher of the miracle of Aaron's rod.

The shooting-star's fireworks have faded in some of its earlier stations, but are yet to be found a-plenty in other spots more accessible to the wayfarer. Poppies—past their prime in the foothill fields—are only now coming into bloom on the lower reaches of the arroyo. Wild hyacinths lift their pale-blue crowded clusters everywhere; and the lupines, though fuller-flowered and richer-tinted than a month ago, are so common as to seem hardly worth the gathering.

Yellow remains the master-color, and this seems to the Philosopher passing strange. "In the East," he says, "we used to find white and pink flowers mostly in the spring, except dandelions and buttercups; and then came the blue ones, and the red ones, and the yellow ones didn't come till last of all. Now, why do you suppose it is so different here, with so much yellow at the very first of it?" I can only admit ignorance as to the reason, but the fact is as plain to my eyes as to the Philosopher's. Ten of our thirty varieties, four weeks ago, were

* See "A Midwinter Maying" in February LAND OF SUNSHINE.

either solidly yellow in some shade, or showing that for the conspicuous color. Today the tale stands seventeen out of fifty — for we can count no less than half a hundred kinds of wild flowers gathered during this walk.

Right here comes a difficulty. As the Philosopher puts it, "If you just tell their names, it'll sound like a store catalogue, and if you try to tell what they look like, there won't be room for anything else in the magazine." The only way out seems



to be to take for granted the flowers named last month (we have seen all but two of them today) and just hint at the beauty of part of our newer finds.

Deer-weed (*Hosackia glabra*) is the commonest of them all, yet one of the most decorative, with its long, slender stems

crowded from end to end with small yellow flowers, slightly red-tinged. There are a score of stems, or more, to each bush, and they stand at every angle. Why so beautiful a shrub, and one so valuable for its honey and for feed to browsing animals, should be called a "weed" puzzles the Philosopher.

Conspicuous for size and assertiveness, but far less graceful, is the sunflower. It seems entirely out of place at this time of year, but is evidently quite indifferent to that fact. The same conditions of slope and soil that suit these two suit also the wild buckwheat, none of the three being, in truth, at all fastidious. The small, dull, pinkish-white blossoms of the buckwheat are borne in packed heads an inch or two in diameter, fragrant and rich in honey.



G. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo. by C. F. L., Feb. 13, 1900.

HUMMING-BIRD'S SAGE.

The tree-poppy (*Dendromecon rigidum*) carries its four-petalled, bright-yellow blossoms spread flat open at the end of every woody branch. It is hardly a tree, despite its name, but a tall, spreading bush. "Airy" is the right adjective for the flowers, which are in sharp contrast with the pale-green, rigid leaves. So far we have found only three of these bushes, but each one of them offers us flowers by dozens.

Even more interesting than the tree-poppy is the fuchsia-flowered gooseberry (*Ribes speciosum*), whose motto might well enough be *Noli me tangere*, so well is it protected with short, strong "prickers." The flowers are small, but exquisitely shaped, very numerous, and of a brilliant scarlet that is most effective against the glossy dark-green of the dense foliage. "It looks too good to be true," is the Philosopher's comment.

Richer yet in coloring is the humming-bird's sage (*Audibertia grandiflora*). The camera has caught form and habit of growth to the life, but cannot even suggest the superb bronze of stem and bracts nor the wine-color (shading from claret to port) of the sparse blossoms. The true sage already mentioned looks utterly plebian beside it.

It is all too easy in writing of California wild-flowers to exhaust one's stock of superlatives. The blue larkspur certainly demands more than one of them to do it justice, for the perfection of its blue leaves nothing more to expect in purity and depth of color. Perhaps we prize these specimens all the more for the difficulty of getting them.

Our showiest flower-cluster is made by massing together quantities of the scarlet paint-brush and that *Orthocarpus* which the illustration shows so beautifully. Its thread-like bracts are delicate below, turning white above and strongly tipped with pink. The flowers proper are almost hidden among these filaments, but themselves form a dainty study in white and pink. "Owl's clover" is the name they share with others of their family, but they will answer also to "pink-paint-brush," "fox-tails," or, in the soft Spanish "escobitas."

The flame-red of the Indian pink is worth more than a passing word, but that is all it can have here. It sets off wonderfully the clean beauty of the white daisy, though this has little enough need of aid from any contrast. Aristocrat to the petal-tips is this daisy (*Layia glandulosa*), preferring to stand by itself on the sandy washes where little else grows.

The white snap-dragon—a single spike crowded full of small white flowers, darkly dotted as though a pepper-box had been once lightly shaken above them—resembled an orchid at first glance. It adds pleasure to the gathering to know that it will still look fresh and beautiful after ten days in the house.

The last word of this talk about the flowers may well come

from the dear little "whispering bells" (*Emmenanthe penduliflora*). Lift the stalk to your ear, shake it gently, and if you are truly Initiate, the soft rustle of the tiny bells will tell you far more than any printed page of the secrets of the birds and the bees and the flowers, and all the wild, sweet life that thrills in them all.

Pasadena, Cal.

AN INTERRUPTED WHEELING.

BY RALPH E. BICKNELL.



MAY as well say at the start that my chum, Jackson Tidd, is superstitious. Generally, he is rational enough; he handles Greek with an ease that is exasperating; he handles the pigskin well, too. But I have known him to be blue for days because a dream went wrong; to give up a yachting cruise because it fell on the thirteenth. Banter at home and ridicule at college have failed to shake his credence in the preternatural.

His room-mate at college, I was spending the last month of vacation at Tidd's home in Santa Barbara, Cal. Two weeks were already gone when he proposed a bicycle trip to San Diego. The greenest of tenderfeet, I was nothing loth to learn something of the "land of sunshine." The very next morning, happening not to fall on Friday, found us, with cyclometers freshly set, skimming southward along Pacific Boulevard. Tidd had even gone so far, I afterward discovered, as surreptitiously to slip a dozen plates, tenderly wrapped in cotton batting, into my traveling case; an indefensible deception, as I afterward earnestly represented to him, but then, photography is Tidd's other fetish.

It was yet early morning when we reached Carpenteria, a little town famed as possessing the largest grape vine in the world, owned by "Jake" Wilson, a genial old bachelor whose chief care in life seems the well being and reputation of his giant vine. A framework over one-fourth of an acre in size is required for its spreading branches, and my pocket tape measured the circumference of its trunk as seven feet ten inches. From eight to ten tons of fruit is its annual contribution to its owner. I was impressed by the possibilities of appendicitis, but on inquiry we learned that Jake didn't know what an appendix was. Under the shade of the old vine, in the primitive days of '50, was held the first election in Santa Barbara county.

Leaving Jake and his wonder we struck an up-grade that took us into the charming Casitas mountains. There was walking, to be sure, and the sun was eager, but the views were surpassingly lovely. Set in frames of varying green, Nature had painted a paradise of flowers by the roadside. Picturesque cañons, too—sun-kissed glens, brooks that defy the traveler to pass without a drink.

There were many little ranches at intervals, where farming, however, is done on such a bias that the usual agricultural wagon is abandoned, and a wooden sled, as not being likely to topple over, is used instead. Stopping at Ventura long enough to admire a solid acre-and-a-half of calla lilies (raised for seed), Tidd and I continued to Saticoy, in the center of the great bean-producing Santa Clara valley. We inspected a bean warehouse 400 feet long, with a capacity for holding 120,000 sacks of the Boston delicacy. A New Englander, I found it difficult to repress my feelings.

Another good day's jog brought us to Camulos, the chief scene of

Illustrated from photos. by the authors.

Helen Hunt Jackson's powerful novel *Ramona*. As a special privilege we were allowed to pass the night there; and next day were conducted over the place, which is the same now as when "H. H." transferred its beauty to the pages of her California classic. The house is a typical mansion of the old Spanish régime—a one-story, whitewashed adobe, built round a court on three sides. The white walls and grated windows of *Ramona's* room are there as in the story, but "*Ramona*" was not there, nor ever had been. We had it on the authority of the delightful Spanish-Californians, whose home this is, and who were personally acquainted with Mrs. Jackson, that the character of "*Ramona*" is entirely fictitious—albeit several old Indian dames in Southern California claim to be the original.

A pretty little place of worship is the ranch chapel, with all its burning tapers and its crucifixes in miniature. One little statue is 120 years old. Near the chapel is the set of bells, brought from Spain in the early days, that for a century have called master and servant to a common prayer. Queer old specimens they are, cracked and corroded, and



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A ROW OF HOUSES IN SANTA BARBARA.

with Spanish inscriptions. On hills beyond the house are the wooden crosses, too, mentioned in the well known book.

We found Newhall Pass a pretty "tough pull" while it lasted. It is probably the most costly piece of road-building in Southern California. The county carving-knife was sunk into the decomposed granite for a gash of fully a mile. At the summit the cut is a hundred feet deep and barely wide enough for a wagon. The wind was like a hurricane in the narrow defile, and Tidd and I were fairly blown down the other side and into the fertile San Fernando valley. One enormous composite orchard we noticed—of apricot, olive, orange, fig, and almond—whose rows were two-and-a-half miles long, and uninterrupted except by the road.

A fine old place the San Fernando Mission must have been in the days of the Franciscan missionaries. One of the most picturesque of all the twenty-one that stretch from San Diego to San Francisco, it was in its prime one of the most complete, but the century since its founding has crumbled into ruin many of its thick adobe walls. In its habitable part a colony of ranchmen were living, and its stately corridors were littered with modern wagons and farming tools.



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SANTA BARBARA MISSION.



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WILSON'S GIANT GRAPEVINE, CARPINTERIA.



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CAMULOS — "RAMONA'S HOME."

It is a reproachful commentary on our race for the new, that these noble specimens of the old are allowed thus to fall into decay. The California Missions are an inheritance of which any country might be proud, and ours is not so rich in the past that it can afford to lose a single tile from these monuments of the devoted pioneers.



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MISSION OF SAN FERNANDO — THE MONASTERY.



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OLD INDIAN AT SAN FERNANDO.

The outer buildings of the San Fernando Mission are nearly leveled to the earth. The main structure [monastery] is still standing, though much of its peculiar red tiled roof was fallen in, and time and the rain had made huge breaches in its whitewashed walls.* Some of the old rude benches, on which the ascetic padre sat, remain in the rooms, and a picture of the Savior now and then, but there is a prevailing odor of mold and age.

An old stone fountain is still seen in front of the mission and a couple of gigantic palm trees. In the rear is the olive orchard, unkempt and overgrown. Blue sky and bare rafters roofed the chapel building and the grass was green on its sacred floor.† The original

* Roof and walls fully repaired by the Landmarks Club since Mr. B's visit. See this magazine for Oct. '97 and March '98.—Ed.

† Also now re-roofed by the Landmarks Club.—Ed.



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THE SAN FERNANDO CLOISTERS.

frescoing at the altar end still faintly colored its weather stained white.

By a caved-in set of steps we descended into the mission dungeon. It was totally dark—a repulsive place, with a clammy damp floor of earth, suggestive of the grave itself. Tidd lit a match. "Christian-like, this hole! I can almost hear some poor devil groaning now."* In fact the atmosphere of the place was not congenial, and when a rat ran close by my leg we rather hastily retired.

Sunning herself under one of the arches, an old woman who might have been Age personified was squatted on a low chair. "Venus realized!" Tidd muttered, "I must have a picture." To this the ancient dame would not assent till a twenty-five cent piece magically changed her feelings. It is guessed at the village that she is a hundred and sixteen years old—one of the first converted Indians.

It is a hard road from San Fernando to Pasadena—through a comparative desert, where sagebrush and greasewood grow and the lively lizard and horned toad hold forth. We turned off our main road to take in one of the many interesting places about Pasadena—Brown Mountain, the home of the anti-slavery agitator's sons, Owen and Jason. An extraordinarily poor road has been constructed for the convenience of travelers and up it we took our weary way. None too wide at best, it at places overhangs "Negro Cañon" at a height of hundreds of feet. Away below—miles it seems—a brook dashes over the boulders.

Stopping to breathe at the summit I reflected on the strange nature (inherited doubtless from their peculiar father) that made hermits of these two men. When a pleasant home was to be had in the valley, they took the silent mountains for their companions and accepted gladly a solitude that most men would deem unbearable. On a few acres of level, the ground was tilled; a few sheep and a cow or two were kept, occasionally a job was obtained outside—this was the life of John Brown's sons.

Their first abode was a small log cabin; later a frame house—but both have been destroyed. The grave of Owen is on a little knoll near where the cabin stood. A small pine tree, planted by his own hands, stood guard, and a plain wooden slab had this inscription:

Owen Brown

—Died—

Jan'y 8—1889.

Aged 64 years.

Nature's wild offerings growing about the flattened mound were its only decoration. But the very bareness was impressive, and "his soul is marching on." A fine monument has since been erected, at the completion of which memorial ceremonies were held.

"Well, ready for Pasadena, Tidd?" I ventured.

"I want you to snap my picture here first," he replied. "I'm in love with the place." So, he standing on a crag, I pressed the button. "That's the first plate off the new dozen," he said—the dozen that he had smuggled into my case.

We registered at a Pasadena hotel for the night, and Tidd went out to hire a dark-room in which to develop. It took him a good while, and when he returned to our room he was evidently agitated. He sank into a chair and fell to studying a time-table. I looked on in amazement.

"Tidd," I said, "are you possessed?"

"Not possessed, Bick—I've had a warning, and I leave for home on tomorrow's train."

Reason and ridicule had no effect. He was mum and melancholy as we steamed through the towns lately passed on our wheels. Neither

*The "Dungeon" of tourist fable was in fact merely a wine cellar.†The only prisoners were the spirits of the 32,000 grapevines.—Ed.



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DR. EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

(See next page.)

was I jovial, when I considered that our trip was "gone up" beyond reclaim.

I could get not a word from him until, as the hills of Santa Barbara came in sight (perhaps thinking himself now tolerably safe) he pulled a plate triumphantly from his pocket and held it to the light. It was Tidd's Brown Mountain picture. Standing right above him, with outstretched arms, was a figure in white! The rest was much over-exposed. The figure, though very indistinct, was nevertheless discernible.

The train slowed up and we stood on the platform. In exchange for our checks the baggage-master gave me our abandoned wheels.

"Tidd," I said, between laughter and anger, "you're an aggravated case of chump. That plate—that 'warning' of yours that has spoiled the trip—is one that I accidentally pulled out while I was cleaning my wheel the evening we were at Camulos. A part of the cotton stuck to it and by shutting off the weak evening light made that strange figure. I had meant to tell you that the plate was spoiled."

But Tidd is still superstitious.

Lawrence, Mass

A CALIFORNIA BOOKMAN.

DR. EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR, of San Francisco, long known at home as a serious scholar, and a year or so ago brought to the wider notice and consideration of bookmen everywhere by his competent and conscientious translations—notably of *Hérédia*—has renewed and corroborated his claim to recognition by a new volume of poems, reviewed on another page. His literary industry is clearly extraordinary; and, in spite of its volume, his work, so far from showing haste, bears all the evidence of careful workmanship.

Dr. Taylor was born in Springfield, Ill., Sept. 24, 1838, and grew up in Missouri. He arrived in San Francisco Feb. 4, 1862; studied medicine, and was graduated in 1865 from the school which is now the Medical Department of the University of California. Was private secretary to Gov. Haight from 1867 to the end of his term, and later became his law-partner (having been admitted to practice by the Supreme Court at its January term, 1872). Remained in active practice of law till the summer of 1899, then retiring to become Dean of Hastings College of the Law. Was a member of the Board of Freeholders, which framed the "New Charter" of San Francisco, and is at present a member of the Board of Trustees of the San Francisco Public Library as well as of the Law Library.

Dr. Taylor is not of the stage bookworm type. A short, powerful man, with an unusually large and symmetrical head upon a massive trunk, he belies his age, and has every promise before him of long years of scholarly activities. Some of his best verse has been kindled by a deep appreciation of Keith, the most prophetic and inspired of American painters—and naturally not the best-known to a country which largely measures art by the artist's "mixing" with reporters. To find Dr. Taylor after office hours, it is a pretty safe guess to drop into that canvas wonderland on Pine street, and wait a bit. This curious intimacy between the hard-headed bookman and the rapt painter has influenced both; and beneficially, no doubt. One of his sonnets to Keith is included in the new volume. It ends:

"Would that my rhyme could run as does this stream,
Which on thy canvas breaks in rapturous song
Where Spring, triumphant, bursts from every clod!
Then would be realized my vain, fond dream:
To sing one bar that might amidst the throng
Of countless voices rise from earth to God."

A SOLDIER OF SPAIN.

BY BELTRAN ESCOBAR.



THE sun had gone down two hours when my "bunkie" Texas Harry and I were munching our hard-tack fried in bacon grease, and washing it down with black, muddy coffee.

The cathedral bell of Santiago tolled mournfully in the distance, and I rose to repeat my *suplica de la noche*, causing the venturesome land-crabs to scurry back among the scrub palms.

As I resumed my seat and supper, Harry irreverently remarked, "You-all Mexicans do pray and fight some." I ignored the statement, and Harry went on, "Say, pard, I seen a Spanyard up yonder today, a-drawin' his rations, and he was sure *flaco*, like he never had a bite to eat since we-all infested this lay-out. He had a little gold cross crucifix thing on his ches' and I ast him to sell me it, but 'twasn't no go. Say, is it agin his religion to sell it?"

"No," I replied, "probably it was a great keepsake, for those poor fellows are pretty hard up and will sell 'most anything."

The tiny fire before us snapped and blazed fitfully as we sat smoking our cigarettes. Our thoughts were in far distant Texas, with the brown eyes that gazed after us when the Bough Riders left San Antonio.

Santiago was taken, Cervera's fleet destroyed, and already it seemed as if the war were half over. How long would it take to get back to San Antonio, I wondered.

"*Buenas noches, señores*," came a voice from the chapparal. "*Buenas noches*," we answered. "*Pase, amigo*," said I, "be seated."

The intruder was clad in the regulation blue and white stripe of the Spanish regulars, and by his emaciated face and hands I presumed him to be Harry's man with the cross.

"How didst thou pass the picket?" I asked, as he gracefully accepted the cigarette Harry offered.

"Like the land-crabs," he replied, "On my knees and elbows." Then turning to Harry he asked, "Does the Americano still want to buy the cross? If so, it is his. I love it much, but I need the money more."

His thin hand trembled as he handed it Harry, who held it up to the light, saying, "What's it worth, Beltran?" The Spaniard started and looked up. His thin lips parted in a smile as he said, "My name is also Beltran, *Señor*. We are *tocayos* (namesakes). The cross is gold, *Señor*. It belonged to my wife, and she is dead. Her brother brought it to me from Spain. He was killed at San Juan Hill. You will give me a good price for it, *Señor*?" he went on, turning to Harry, who was examining the exquisite workmanship of the tiny crucifix, "the money is for masses for my wife and child, *señores*. They died of hunger in Córdoba, after I left for the war."

"Died of starvation in Córdoba? How could that be, man?"

"Ah, Córdoba is a vast city, *tocayo mio*, and when the men were conscripted for this unholy war many wives and babies were left to starve. Listen, I will tell you my story, which is like that of many a soldier.

"Three years ago I was studying law in Toledo. My father had made considerable money in handling cork, and it was his wish, as well as that of my mother and sisters, that I become a lawyer; and when I took up my studies with the great Hernandez they were indeed happy.

"After I had been studying about a year I went with some students to Madrid to hear a course of lectures there, and while visiting some relatives of a poor fellow-student met my wife that was to be.

"She was an orphan and poor, but, *Señor*, she was most beautiful, and as good as the Virgin herself. After the lectures were finished, we were quietly married by the *padre* and returned to Toledo together.

"Ah! how happy we were on that short journey! It seemed as if we were living in Paradise. Yet, with all my happiness, there was one drop of bitterness. She was of the people; and when I realized what my family would say, I trembled for both of us, for my father was a stern man, and a fault was never forgiven nor forgotten.

"Well, it turned out as I thought. My family were enraged beyond description and we were banished from the house. I can hear the curses of my father to this day. My poor mother tried to say a word of compassion, but my sisters and father overwhelmed her with reproaches and we went away, not knowing how we should live.

"It was misfortune from the beginning; but we were brave through it all, and when I earned a few *pesetas* by copying some legal papers we were as happy as two doves.

"The Señor Hernandez invited me to discontinue my studies; and after I saw all my old friends turn away when I came near, we decided to pack up our few belongings and go to Córdoba. Maria would not hear of returning to Madrid, for she had told all she knew that her husband would be a famous lawyer, and her pride was great.

"At Córdoba our baby was born and the few *centavos* I earned went for medicines. I wrote to my mother for some money, and the letter came back with a postscript that my actions had killed her.

"At last, in desperation, I joined the army, hoping that my small wages would keep my loved ones from starving or charity.

"We were told that the war in Cuba was almost over, and that the *Americanos* were afraid to interfere, and in all probability we would only have to serve a short while, and that in Spain.

"But one day orders came to go to Cadiz and embark for Cuba. Who knows what agonies I suffered. My Maria and little José—how could I leave them? As we marched through the streets to the cars, Maria walked beside me in the gutter, promising that she would keep well and strong, for God would provide for her and José until I returned, with many *pesetas* from Cuba.

"At the railroad station I clung to my *preciosa amor*, cursing the army and all soldiers. A *guardia civil* came up and rudely ordered me to join my comrades in the train. 'One moment more,' entreated Maria, her great dark eyes pleading stronger than lips. "*Ni un momentito mas*" (not an instant more), snarled the beast, and taking Maria by the shoulder he pushed her down the steps.

"The blood rushed through me like fire, and swinging my rifle I struck him down like a dog.

"'Mother of God, what hast thou done?' moaned Maria, as the blood gushed from the wound and the man lay like one dead.

"The captain of my company rushed up with some men and made me a prisoner, binding my arms behind me, and throwing me on the train.

"I never saw my wife or child again, and when shut up in my prison aboard the ship, my only consolation was the thought that when we arrived in Havana I would ship aboard some vessel returning to Spain.

"*Pues*—there is no need to tell you how that and many other schemes failed and how I drifted from Havana here.

"But one day, while out in the trenches of San Juan Hill, I saw Maria's brother Ramon working with pick and shovel; and going to him I told him who I was—for care and disappointment had changed me.

"Ramon had been in Cuba only a few months, having enlisted in Madrid and come direct from Cadiz. When I asked him how Maria was he dropped his shovel, and taking from his neck this little cross, handed it to me. . . . 'And José?' I stammered. 'He is dead, too.' Then the Inspector approached and we resumed our work.

"After dark I went to Ramon's quarters and he told me all he knew.

"For some days after I was thrown aboard the train Maria was in the hospital, and José with her. When she was strong enough to leave—where to go? No husband, no friends, no money—nothing.

"That night, crouching in a doorway, she thought it all over carefully. If in three days she could not find employment she would leave José in the Hospicio de Santa Inéz, to the care of the good sisters there. The three days came and went. There were many soldiers' wives looking for work. Weak, and faint with hunger, she hastened toward the Hospicio. Poor little José was crying—he was hungry, too.

"It was dark when she reached the Hospicio; and with many a kiss she laid him in the revolving cradle, set in the wall, which turned to the watching sister within. Must her child grow up a nameless foundling? No! and yet she could not write his name!

"Another young woman, coming with a child in her arms, urged Maria to make haste. Stifling her sobs, she swung the cradle inward, but it had scarce left her hand when she thought of the cross she might have hung about José's neck to distinguish him.

"*Revuelta! Revuelta!* (turn, turn) she screamed, clutching madly at the iron, which slowly swung back; but it was empty.

"Running around to the main doorway she pounded until her knuckles bled. At last the huge door swung slowly inward, and a soft-voiced sister asked what was wanted.

"A child? What child, señora? For we have many babies. Come in the morning and you can pick it out."

"At daylight she returned to the Hospicio and patiently waited till mass was said and her knock was answered. As she entered the infants' ward a white-robed sister came out with a still babe in her arms, its face covered.

"José was not among the children of the night before. And when Maria fainted, her forehead struck upon an angle as she fell.

"I went to the hospital to see an injured friend," went on Ramon, 'and as I came out they were carrying Maria into the building. I tried to get in, but it was too late; no more visitors could enter; I must come the next day.

"At the visitors' hour I was first on the line and I hastened to see Maria. I could stay but a few moments, they said, but it was enough for her to tell me all, and give me the cross for you. She said she wanted to die, for all had been taken from her—husband, babe, friends, health, everything; only sorrow and want were left.

"I told her my regiment was on the way to Cadiz, and thence to Cuba, and that I should surely see you, but meanwhile she must keep up courage.

"The next day I bought a bottle of wine with my last few *centavos* and took it to the hospital for her, but they told me she had died in the night and they would bury her beside her child."

The Spaniard's voice grew lower and lower, till at last it was but a whisper. "So you see, Señores, I have lost all. For Ramon was killed by your bullets at San Juan."

"Harry, you don't want this little keepsake," I managed to say, at last.

"Reckon you're right, pard! Say, let's give his nibs a couple of *pesos* apiece, anyhow. He's up agin' it strong."

I explained to our friendly enemy; but he would not listen to the proposition.

"Take it as a loan, then," I argued, Harry chiming in with lame Spanish.

"Señores, you are very kind, and God will reward you. But it is a loan."

We gave him five silver dollars, and after many tearful thanks he shook our hands and disappeared in the brush. Our fire had long since

gone out. Without a word we crawled into the tiny dog-tent, and drawing the blankets over us tried to court sleep.

Next day about noon a Cuban came down the rough road driving a sorry-looking horse attached to a rude cart. A blanket-covered object lay on the floor, and when I asked him if he had anything to sell he crossed himself and answered, "*No, señor, es un muerto* ; a dead Spaniard. I found him near the arroyo. He was stabbed, señor, but I found this held to his lips," holding up the cross we had seen the night before.

Harry and I took charge of the remains, and together we buried him. The cross we replaced on his breast, and on a rough headboard we cut the words "Beltran Navarro, a Soldier of Spain."

When we were permitted to go to Santiago we had a special mass said for him and for his dead in far-off Spain.

Jersey City, N. J.

FAMILIAR BIRDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY ELIZABETH AND JOSEPH GRINNELL.

THE BUTCHER BIRD.



TO THE novice there is sometimes some difficulty in distinguishing the shrike from the mocking bird. There is a little similarity in color and size, but in markings, and form of head and beak, the difference is great. Compared with the mocker, the California shrike, which is our "butcher bird," is more grey than brown, and the white of the wings and tail is more conspicuous. The tips

of all the tail feathers are white, as is also the throat. A "black bridle" on either side of the forehead, which includes the eyes and meets at the base of the black beak, renders this bird easily distinguishable. The beak is hooked, larger and shorter than that of the mocker, but the whole bird from tip to tip is more than an inch shorter. The sexes differ but slightly or not at all. While the butcher bird has come honestly by his name, he does not persist in crime to the exclusion of turning an honest penny for the farmer. He dotes upon the Jerusalem cricket, that wicked little fellow that digs holes in the sides of our potatoes, and is as fond of mice as he is of small snakes. He has been seen to watch for and snatch a gopher throwing up its solitary mound on the mesa. True, he does eat an occasional small bird, and it cannot be denied that he impales his prey on orange thorns and barbed wire fences. What purposes he has in view is not perfectly understood. Possibly it is for reasons of taste. He may prefer his meat cured, or he may have learned from his fathers to lay by something for a rainy day. Or he may do it from pure mischief. In any event we have found small lizards, birds, even downy chickens, Jerusalem crickets, mice and beetles, impaled—always by the neck. There is method even in the seeming

cruelty of this tyrant, for he kills his prey before hanging; always by blows on the back of the neck and head. So he is not the heartless creature he is supposed to be. He is the agriculturist's friend, and very interesting as a study. Close acquaintance with him reveals him to be a bird with an occasional musical note, some charm of manner, and a graceful though solitary personality. It is probably on account of his preference for a meat diet that he is shunned by other birds. The butcher bird nests with us in March and April. The eggs are usually six in number, of a greyish-brown mottled appearance. The nests are large and compact. So heavy are they, intertwined with string and sticks in a general structure of wild sage, that one imagines them to be partly of mud like a robin's. Why this preference for sage, is a question. We have never found a butcher's nest built wholly of any other material. Possibly it is to keep away the mites, as these parasites are well known to infest the nests of most birds.

The butcher bird makes its nest in orange trees and hedges, or other low trees and shrubs, often within easy reach. Whether they succeed better than the mockers in rearing their young is not certain, for the birds are not too common. They may be seen in the uplands and mesas, but not so frequently in our house gardens. They are not noisy birds as we know them, except for a harsh scream once in a while, and, but for their hooked bills, might find a warm place in the hearts of all.

Pasadena, Cal.

THE PROFESSOR'S WEALTH.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

Author of Millionaires of a Day, etc.

"YOU look tired tonight, John," said the wife of Professor Dumpkin as he came in.

"Yes, there are several other tired folks in town. Prices haven't risen any for a day or two."

"Why not sell as they are? You say your lots are worth a hundred thousand dollars, and that is thirty times what you began with a year ago."

"I have been trying all day to sell," he was about to say, but the words died upon his tongue. For it was in the height of the great real estate boom of 1886-1887 that raged so violently over Southern California—a bubble that swelled and rolled never so brightly as the very day before it broke—and no one could admit that there was any defect in the tissue. He had resigned a good position as principal of the school because "time is too valuable to waste in the school room at a hundred and fifty a month." In spite of the entreaties of his wife to sell and put the money in something safe, he kept selling only to buy more on a margin that every day was becoming thinner. He could almost any day have sold all he had for \$100,000; but to him, as to the majority, it seemed throwing property away to sell for any purpose except to re-invest in a still larger draft on the golden future.

* * *

"Did you sell anything today, Dumpy, dear?"

"Why—ah—no. Somehow there were not many buyers around today."

"But were there any?"

"Why—ah—yes—I expect so, but I didn't happen to strike them. There may be—a—ah—temporary lull. Folks would naturally have to catch their breath after such a rush. When they do they will take hold harder than ever. Then I will sell and let you invest the money."

* * *

"No, Molly, I didn't sell today, either. It was kind of quiet again. Folks say they are tired of giving away their property, and have taken it off the market."

"But would not that only make buyers more eager?"

"Why—ah—I suppose so—of course. But somehow it doesn't seem to work that way. But you needn't be scared. There are just as many rich strangers coming as ever. But the new ones didn't bring money enough with them, and the old ones have spent all theirs and are waiting to get more from the East. You see it takes an immense amount of cash to keep abreast of such a growth as this."

* * *

"John, you look real sick tonight."

"Second payment is due on those lots at Wildwood, and it will take all my ready money."

"Why, you don't mean to pay it?"

"Good gracious! I have five thousand invested there in the first payment. You don't want to lose that, do you?"

"But what is the difference between paying five thousand more now, and another five thousand in six months, and buying new lots of the same kind in six months for ten thousand, if they are worth it then?"

* * *

"Molly, you are always on deck when it comes to steering the family ark. Instead of paying on those lots I exchanged them for stock in the Occidental Land Company. I have been elected president. Quite an honor, my love. The president of the Empire Bank resigned to make way for me. His wife will call on you shortly—and don't be starchy because she never called when we were poor. We've got to keep an eye on business. Folks are just beginning to realize my business ability."

"Can you not use some of that ability in getting some money where it will be sure?"

"Why, I am worth seventy-five thousand, safe enough. To be sure, it isn't quite as much as the hundred thousand, but it is quite a neat little sum, considering we had only three thousand to start buying with, a little over a year ago. I am getting it clear of the debts, and then it will be just as good as the United States bonds that you want so much. And as soon as things pick up again it will be worth the hundred thousand, and a good deal more."

* * *

"Molly, we are going to board at a seaside hotel."

"Why, Dumpty, dear, I couldn't think of it! With deferred payments coming due, and prices falling every day, we can't afford it."

"If the rest of the boys only had such a wife! But your dear solicitude is needless. We are going to board out the rent. I swapped the Occidental stock for the Hotel Del Golden Strand."

"That immense thing? Why, I heard there was a mortgage on it in proportion to its size."

"But you didn't hear that there was an assessment on the stock in proportion to its size. I can sell a hotel with a mortgage more easily than stock with an assessment. That's where a knowledge of business comes in, you see. Colleges don't teach such things. You can only learn them on the street."

"I do wish you would sell and quit business."

"Why, that's what I am trying to do. But somehow the blasted stuff sticks to my fingers like pitch. Deacon Jones and Brother Smith are helping me get out from under. They all say I am worth \$75,000 all right; but somehow the fellows with money don't seem to think so."

"Well, do sell for less—and make sure of something."

"That's what I am trying to do. But when I offer to sell a thing for less they look wise, and say I don't want to sell at all. That's queer talk when a man is trying his best to sell. Molly, it looks now as if the fools had all the money."

* * *

"John, these folks are so cross I can hardly endure it here. They actually want cash for our board."

"Possible! I guess the only way to get our rent is to run the hotel ourselves."

"But where are the guests?"

"Where are the guests at the other Hotels de Boom? They all run without any. Why can't we? It's mighty respectable now, too, keeping a seaside hotel."

* * *

"In luck again, Molly! I won't have to rustle clams on the beach any more, and you won't sing to empty rooms. I swapped the hotel for Buglake Water bonds."

"What, the new city water works? Then we'll have interest to live on, won't we? And you will let me clip the coupons, won't you?"

"Not just this evening, my dear. You didn't hear me through. I found there was something wrong about the levels, so that the water would have to run up hill to get to town. Our school philosophy says it won't do that; so I traded them off for University stock. I am going to be a director and have an eye on a professorship. Deacon Jones and Brother Smith are directors, and they say they will stand in with me."

"But I never heard of colleges paying any dividends!"

"Well, it's first class trading-stock, and I have got to have something that will trade, so as to get out what I have all clear. I am wiggling out from under in fine shape, but not quite through yet. I am worth fifty thousand fast enough, when I get it all clear."

"John, couldn't you get half that in cash and keep off the street?"

"That's just the trouble, Molly. The fools have got the money and the brains have got the property. It's a singular arrangement that the books on political economy in college don't throw any light on, somehow."

* * *

"Why, Dumpy, dear, this is a *round* steak you brought home."

"But, Molly, dear, it will make a square meal just the same. Nobody eats porterhouse now but the tourists. There is plenty of business, though, and I made a big trade today. Traded those lots in Paradise Park for Electric Railroad stock."

"Why, everyone says the electric railroad is a failure."

"It's a fine trading stock, anyway. We've got to keep things humming here to keep up a show of business, or the whole thing'll pop all in a heap. Deacon Jones and Brother Smith are stockholders, and they say the franchise alone, for a city such as this will be in a year or two, is worth a million, no matter what the motive power is. They will stand in with me to control the company."

"But you said they were already bankrupt."

"But out in this progressive country that don't make any difference. It's mighty respectable, and in some ways is an advantage. You don't have lawyers chasing after you all the time."

* * *

"Yes, Molly, I am cleaning up fast, now. Made a big trade today."

Lumped everything for two houses and two lots right in the middle of town. Be right in the business part in a year. We can live in one and rent the other, as soon as we get possession."

"As soon as we get possession?"

"Yes. You see I only got a mortgage on them for twenty-five thousand, but as nobody pays anything of that sort just now, I will have to foreclose the mortgage to get possession, and that will take a little time. I am worth twenty-five thousand now, sure. There was a little imagination, I find, about the other values, but this is a straight mortgage on business property, property that will be business property. It will be worth the hundred thousand then, but I am not figuring on that any more. Twenty-five thousand is quite a little dust-heap now-a-days, my dear. What are you sighing about?"

"Only to think how easily dust-heaps are swept away here."

"Well, don't worry. Things are sure to go up. Some folks say it will be in six months. But I am conservative and don't think it will be much under nine months. Conservatism is the only advantage that I can see from my college education. What are you sighing about again?"

"I wish you had a little more of that conservatism, John, and had kept the school."

"Don't stew about that. I am laying pipe to tap it again. I'm—I'm getting to be quite a politician as well as business man."

"You look so tired to night, John."

"I am. Blasted lawyer wants a thousand dollars to foreclose that mortgage, and wants the cold stuff in advance, because he says the other party is going to fight it all the way through the Supreme Court, so as to hold it till things start up again. You see that shows it's valuable, just as I told you."

"And how long can he keep it in court?"

"There's the rub, Molly. From three to five years, they say. You see the blasted colleges don't teach such things. But I'm getting there with both feet. I found a lot of liens for lumber and work on it that are ahead of the mortgage, and I am arranging to get them in to foreclose. Then I found there had been some street grading and paving and curbing ordinances passed that will take several thousand dollars, and the cuss that owns the mortgage never can pay them."

"But how are *you* going to pay them any more than the other man?"

"Haven't just exactly decided that point myself, Molly."

"Struck bottom at last, Molly! I'm comfortable for the first time."

"And how much are you worth now? I am losing confidence in your estimates."

"Replace it, my dear, replace it quick! It will be all right this time."

"And what is it?"

"Well, it looks as though I had dropped another \$25,000 or so."

"John, you don't mean to say that it's all gone?"

"It bears a close resemblance to something similar, Molly. I have traded out everything and wiped out all the indebtedness; but the blasted sponge mopped the whole slate. It seems as if I had been playing with a great big soap-bubble on a rock. The soap-bubble was mine. The rock belonged to the other fellow. When the bubble burst the suds stuck to the rock!"

"But you have some money left in bank?"

"All blown in in commissions. Brother Smith worked ten days on that last trade for me. It takes a high order of genius. As the goods can't be split, the commission has to be in cash, of course."

"And is the three thousand that I saved with such hard work out of your salary all gone too?"

"Molly, I'm awfully afraid somebody has got it. But it's worth it all to see how nobly you stand adversity. Thanks to your good sense we have no big display advertisement to take down, and no diamonds to run to your uncle's with. We are rich in experience if no longer in fancy, and—Molly, I've got the school back."

"My, I'm so glad! You will talk respectable English again, then. Won't it seem strange to have a decent steak once more?"

"I am afraid we'll have to wait a bit for the steak. My first month's salary is loaned to Deacon Jones."

"Why, John, how could you, when we need it so much, and he is bankrupt?"

"He is on the school-board."

"And will you have to wait a month before you get any money?"

"Two of them, my love."

"Why, what's the matter with the second month's salary?"

"Loaned to Brother Smith."

"Is he on the school-board, too?"

"No, but his brother-in-law is. Pass the beans, please."

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE PITY OF IT.

BY BERTHA S. WILKINS.



ONE who has lived and worked in an Indian boarding-school with heart and eyes open, the life of the children appears as it really is, lonely and forlorn, though the visitor is often impressed by the order and system of institution life.

On hearing the children singing grace at the table, an impressionable lady exclaimed enthusiastically, "Oh, what a glorious work! What an influence for good!" Yet this same "influence for good" is killing the Indian children as surely

as our bullets killed their ancestors.

Tribes which have yielded to our "civilization," and have given their children to the schools, are dying out, while tribes like Navajos, who have strenuously opposed our overtures, have increased in numbers since 1868 from 12,000 to 22,000. They are not only self-supporting but wealthy, though their large reservation is mostly barren and waterless; with industry and care their herds of sheep and cattle afford an ample income.

The boarding-school dormitory, with its rows of snowy beds, about which the visitor goes into raptures, has another aspect at times. While watching almost a hundred coughing boys retire on a cold night, a government physician remarked, "These places are death-traps. It's impossible to protect the healthy from contamination in such a place. The windows must be open for ventilation, and there is no mother nor father to see that the covers are not kicked off."

*The editor's series of papers on "My Brother's Keeper," of which No. VII was printed last month, is now temporarily interrupted, for variety's sake, to allow other witnesses to be heard. There is no intention, however, to abandon this crusade for manhood's sake and mercy's. The magazine means to pour steady light on the abuses and ignorance and injustice which mark our present system of Indian education; in the simple belief that Americans wish to deal justly and will deal justly when they know how.

Miss Wilkins, whose sound paper is given herewith, is a noble and earnest woman whom I have no hesitation in vouching for. She is an experienced teacher of Indians in government schools, and a competent witness. Her theory is a theory, albeit a good one; but her statements of fact are strictly true and very mildly stated.—ED.

Another objection to these great schools is, that any institution is a sorry home for a little child. Children need above all else love, and nothing but love will satisfy them.

A boy of six who had made his little mark in a reservation school, was asked by his teacher, "Will you come with me to my home and go to school where white boys go? There are engines and big houses, and you shall see the ocean with the ships. There are grapes and apples and all kinds of fruits to eat. You will be a smart man when you are big, and you will get money when you work!"

"I like to go to see the engines and the ships on the ocean," he answered, thoughtfully, "but my papa will be very sorry. When I come to this school, not far away, my papa just cry and put his hand on my head and put me up on his arm and will not let me go. I like my papa. Just catch fish for me and put it on fire with salt and we have a good time to eat. No, I not go far away from my papa. And my mama got nice baby. Just cry and laugh and like to play with me too, that baby!"

What can we do to compensate the child for such memories of home, which are in themselves a benediction?

When children droop and pine with homesickness, or some other ailment at boarding-schools, they can usually be saved by sending them home. This is sometimes done in time to save them; more often they come home to die. It is awkward for the Superintendent to report deaths. Dying is not in the curriculum.

At the Los Angeles Institute, Major Pratt of the Carlisle School had the satisfaction of hearing some of his graduates defending his position as champion of the policy of doing away with reservations and rearing all Indian children in institutions. Since his influence is so strong upon his students, it is to be deplored that the Major cannot give them some of his own splendid physical vigor; for the three young Indians who championed his cause, though admirable in spirit and genuine in conviction, were, in their low state of health, living arguments against our system of education.*

However far behind modern pedagogical methods the Roman Catholic Indian schools may be, they are usually in very good locations, with orchards and vegetable gardens, making it possible to vary the children's diet. One of the great hardships of the children at the boarding-schools is the monotony of the diet and the lack of vegetables. They usually have more meat and coffee than is good for children, and, even in the spring and fall, neither fresh vegetables nor fruits.

The government furnishes white flour (not whole-wheat as they have it at home), meat, beans, hominy, rice, molasses, coffee, tea, some sugar, some milk, and a low grade of dried fruits.

So much for the physical conditions; the moral conditions are even worse. In many instances the dormitories are schools of vice; here the influence of the bad child has few restrictions.

It is often said that the Indian camp is a low place—that depends upon its distance from low whites, as a rule. A class of twenty boys between the ages of ten and eighteen, was received into a reservation school direct from "the camp." They had never been in "civilization" and had to learn the use of knives, forks, chairs, etc. They were, however, a frank, manly set of boys; compared with boys in our public schools, they were much above the average in manly qualities, with the exception of two. The oldest was morally low, having been on the range with the Mexican cowboys, and another was lowering and savage in disposition. He was the only one of the class, be it remarked, who could speak English. For some time he acted as interpreter.

*This is literally true. They were bright and refined; but physically a sad deterioration from the average of their own home people.—ED.

The homes from which these eighteen boys came could not have been corrupt—since men do not gather figs from thistles.

When they left school in the spring, however, their faces had hardened. With their knowledge of English they had gained in knowledge of evil. After spending the summer at their homes (tiny mud huts on the desert) they usually return in the fall with a healthy bronze and some of the old-time wholesomeness upon their faces.

Economists divide all the activities represented by the word "civilization" into two classes. Those necessary for the physical, mental or moral welfare of the individual or of society in general are the essentials of our civilization; all unnecessary activities, such as the production of useless luxuries, the changes of fashions, and the awful waste of competition, constitute the non-essentials.

To the essential activities belong those which furnish the wholesome food-stuffs, materials for clothing and the education of all. Education, broadly considered, comprises not only schools, but also the press and all truly artistic and scientific professions.

This essential part of our civilization represents enlightened simplicity with no limit to its advancement as soon as relieved from the encumbrance of the non-essentials.

The civilization of the Indians, and other primitive races, represents unenlightened simplicity, which remains well-nigh stationary for ages. The connection is obvious; in our attempts at civilizing a primitive race, their simplicity should remain; but for their ignorance we should give them enlightenment.

What child-study is doing for education, race-study should do for primitive peoples. If, therefore, a permanent commission were established under the guidance of the Bureau of Ethnology, for instance, with its workers trained in such settlements as Hull House in Chicago, where they might receive the baptism of the newly-awakened spirit of altruism, the Indian would, for the first time, have a chance to develop his possibilities.

Under scientific direction the natural tendency and invariable habit of our primitive race to a community life might be studied. After some experiments with the alum-children of New York city, Mr. George has evolved his Junior Republic. The children are learning self-government, cheerful obedience to laws, the value of money and the necessity of work.

This knowledge is exactly what the Indians can use. Self-government and obedience they know, and should be allowed to retain; the other they can learn. It should be taken to the Indian home. In the straight-jacket of our great boarding-schools the children learn at best only obedience to—strangers.

The institutionalized village, as Mr. George has evolved it, offers a rational solution to the problem of the primitive races; it is practically a course in self-government under inspiring leadership, not under "management."

Given favorable agricultural conditions, the physical needs of all the Indians can be supplied coöperatively by the Indians themselves; rations would be unnecessary.

A village of huts, large enough for comfort and decency; a large oven to supply bread for all; a sewing-room; a laundry; a kitchen, such as we find in European cities, where wholesome food can be bought cooked, in any quantity and at cost; bath-rooms and swimming-tank and a general meeting-room where entertainments of a wholesome kind might be given; a nursery, kindergarten, a day-school; most of these departments the Indians themselves might learn to conduct. Any who were not inclined to fit themselves into such conditions should be given full freedom to face the problem of getting a living alone; the very motive of the coöperation being to secure freedom for the individual—freedom from vices, diseases and overwork.

PIONEERS OF THE FAR WEST.
THE EARLIEST HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, NEW MEXICO, ETC.
From Documents Never Before Published in English.

ESCALANTE'S LETTER (1778).

Pursuing its fixed policy—which is to be entertaining if possible, but valuable anyhow—this magazine continues* its publication of rare documents of early Western history hitherto unavailable to the average student.

A compact and very accurate sketch of the bloodiest episode in all Southwestern history—the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, and the Reconquest of New Mexico, which took more than a decade to complete—is given in this letter of the Franciscan missionary, Fray Silvestre Velez de Escalante. He condenses the account from official documents then in the archives at Santa Fé, before our civilized blood had come in with the kind of officials that sold heaps of these priceless historic documents to the ragman. Whatever sins of omission or commission the *conquistadores* were guilty of in New Mexico, they never did anything more vandal than that destruction of archives for waste paper in our Gov. Pile's administration; and this historic fact should make us rather more tolerant of our predecessors.

All this aside, the red uprising and the gallant reconquest, more than two centuries ago, are of deep thrill as a human story. The loneliness and heroism of that early pioneering of New Mexico, the pathos of the greatest "Indian massacre" in what is now United States, and the new winning of that Frontier by some of the most desperate military assaults in American history—these are quite as interesting, perhaps, as the average "make-believe" stories. Fray Silvestre's summary is a valuable historical "source." A "popular" review of these events, digested from every known document, may be found in *The Spanish Pioneers*.†

In this close translation and annotation, parentheses are used simply to aid lucidity; but brackets indicate supplied or explanatory words.

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LETTER
of the Father
FRAY SILVESTRE VELEZ DE ESCALANTE,
written

ON THE 2D OF APRIL, IN THE YEAR 1778.

1. Reverend Father reader, now my lord: As much because of the necessary duties of the office I have already twice resigned, though in vain, as because of the journey which I made to El Paso this winter, I have not been able either to read or make extracts from the MSS. of these government archives; except from the year 1680 (there are no older papers here) in which year this kingdom was lost, to the year 1692, in which Don Diego de Vargas began the winning back of it. I

*Already published: *The Reglamento*, or code of laws for the government of California (1781), Jan.-May, 1897, (translation and fac-simile); *Testimonio* on the first Comanche raid (1748), Jan.-Feb., 1898 (translation and original); Revilla Gígedo, Viceroy of New Spain, Report on California (translation), June-Oct., 1899; Zárate-Salmeron, *Relacion*, New Mexico and California from 1588-1626, Nov., 1899-Feb. 1900, translation.

† A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

hope to disengage myself, and in the coming [months of] May and June to finish examining the documents which remain. All whatsoever I find useful, I will send together, whither Your Reverence may bid me. And although just now I have not the necessary quiet, nevertheless, that Your Reverence may see that these delays are not excuses, but that truly I desire to do your pleasure, herewith shall go this epitome of the information gathered from the [official] papers of Don Antonio de Otermin; of Don Domingo Gironza Petriz de Cruzate (who succeeded him in the governorship in August of 1683); of Don Pedro Romero Posada (who succeeded Gironza in 1688 and governed a year and [some] months, Don Domingo Gironza resuming the governorship in the [year] of 1689), and of Don Diego de Vargas who succeeded him in 1691. Of the predecessors of Otermin there are in these archives no edicts nor any other document [paper] whatsoever; for even those [documents] pertaining to the first years of the government of the said Otermin are lacking. Some [other governors] are named incidentally in various memorials [representaciones] and depositions made to Otermin, after the general [Pueblo] uprising, by various citizens of this kingdom [New Mexico was then a *reino* of the Spanish crown, governed by a "Governor and Captain-General"]; and these the Father Fray Francisco Farfan says had been governors successively before Otermin. And these are all as follows: Don Fernando de Argüello was governor in 1645; Don Hernando Ugarte y la Concha in 1650; Don Fernando de Villanova, Don Juan de Medrano, Don Juan de Miranda, and Don Juan Francisco Treviño. This Treviño was succeeded by Otermin. This is the most that I have found concerning the ancient governors, from Don Juan de Oñate up to Otermin.

2 This kingdom of New Mexico, before it was lost by the general uprising of the Indians [1680], was composed of forty-six pueblos of Christian Indians, and one town of Spaniards—which was at first that of San Gabriel del Yunque,* and later that of Santa Fé, capital of the kingdom, as it is today; with various farms [estancias] also of Spaniards. [These were] situated in various places on the banks of the Del Norte river [Rio Grande]; and tho' altogether they included more population than Santa Fé, on account of their being much scattered and distant from one another they did not merit the name of pueblo. A few years before the said uprising, the hostile Apaches destroyed, by almost continuous invasions, seven pueblos of the said 46. One [was] in the province of Zúñi, and this was Jahuicu [Hawiku]; and seven [six] in the valley of the Salt Lakes. These were Chilili, Taque [Tajique] and Quarac [Cuarac] of the Tehua Indians; Abó, Jumanacas and Tabirá,† of the Tompiros. All the which were on the Eastern skirts of the Sandia range [that part of it now known as the Manzano], except two which were distant from the range and toward the Salines. Nearly all the confines of this kingdom were then occupied by the infidels of the Apache tribe [nación], distinguished by different names according to the lands each portion dwelt upon; and only on the west of the province of Moqui were neighbors [text "confiaban," evidently misprint for confinaban], as today, the [Indians] of the Cofnina [Cosnino] tribe. At the beginning of the governorship of Don Antonio de Otermin, they let themselves be seen, and established communication with the Spaniards. From there [are] the Yutas [Utes], of whom until then there had been [no?] information. Of the Comanche tribe, if any information was had in the last century, it was not known until the present one, in which [century] the Yutas introduced them to the pueblo of Taos.‡ Today they dominate nearly all the plains and the

*Contraction for Yuge-linge; San Gabriel de los Españoles, founded by Oñate 1598 where Chamita now stands. This was deserted, and Santa Fé founded, also by Oñate, 1606.

†See "The Land of Poco Tiempo, Chap. XI, Scribner's.

‡See this magazine for Jan., 1896, p. 74.

country of the Buffalo, which formerly the Yutas and Apaches possessed. For that [i. e. the buffalo] they called those who lived on said Plains, Cowboy Apaches [vaqueros], and other infidel tribes. And thus on the northeast, east and southeast they bound this kingdom to-day, these said Comanches; and on the north and northwest the Yutas; and from the west-northwest to the south-southeast, the Apaches.

3. The year of 1680 (the second of Otermin's government), on the 10th day, an Indian of the Pueblo of San Juan de Los Caballeros [St. John of the Gentlemen, named by the Spaniards for the gentleness and courtesy of the natives] found himself a fugitive in the pueblo of Taos. [He was] of the Tehua tribe, and was named Po-pé. In the time of [Gov.] Don Juan Francisco Treviño he had been imprisoned with 46 other Tehuas for having committed various murders, idolatry and evil-doing; and on this occasion he went fleeing on account of other new crimes of this class. Being thus in this pueblo, he plotted the general uprising, and from there sent messengers to all the pueblos of the kingdom; for already, from beforehand, they secretly obeyed him. He had persuaded them that whatever the padres [priests] and governors ordered them was directed to no other purpose than to enslave them each day more.* And they feared him, because all were persuaded that he held frequent and express communication with the fiend, and that for this reason he could do them all the harm he might wish. All the pueblos agreed, except those of the Piro—for although the Queres of the pueblos of the Cieneguilla [text Cienegail], and the Tanos, showed some repugnance, at the time of [carrying the plot into] execution they followed the rest. The day determined upon for attacking all the monasteries and houses of the Spaniards was the 18th of August. But this treachery was discovered on the 9th (and it could not be avoided), for the Tanos [Indians] of San Cristóbal and San Lázaro gave warning to the Father Custodian, who was then Fray Juan Bernal, and he promptly sent it on, with a letter, to the governor. Likewise the Peccos [Pecos] revealed the conspiracy to their minister, the Father Fray Fernando de Velasco, who on the same day communicated it to the governor. The [governor] on account of these warnings, and another upon the said matter, which he received at the same time from the alcalde of Taos, Marcos de Eras, caused to be seized two Indians of the pueblo of Tesuque, who, on behalf of the Tehuas, had gone to call together the said Tanos and Queres. Seeing by this that they were discovered, the Taos, Picuries and Tehua [Indians] broke out by order of the said Po-pé, and attacked the monasteries and the houses of the Spaniards, carrying everything with blood and fire, the 10th day of that same August, before dawn. All the rest of the rallied pueblos, soon as they knew this, did the same. They took the lives of 18 priests (among them the Father Custodian) and three other lay brotherst; and 380 Spaniards, this number including men, children, women and domestics [criados], and a few Spanish women who were kept as captives. The remnant Spanish population, and a number of priests besides, who did not perish, divided into two parties. In the pueblo of Isleta those as-

* This is a fair statement of the case. Rather different from the usual ignorant idea that the Pueblos were enslaved, forced to work in mines (which did not exist), etc. Po-pé's argument was that the churches and schools would result in slavery. The scientific proofs of this estimate are overwhelming.

† These martyr missionaries were as follows, the pueblo where they were slain being given: Fralles Juan Bernal, custodian, Gallateo; Tomás de Torres, Nambé; Juan Domingo de Vera, Gallateo; Juan Bautista Fró, Tesuque; Fernando de Velasco, between Pecos and Gallateo; Luis de Morales, San Ildefonso; Matías Rendón, Picuries; Antonio Mora, Taos; Manuel Tinoco, between San Marcos and Gallateo; Francisco Antonio Lorenzana, Juan Talabán and José de Montas de Oca, all at Santo Domingo; Antonio Sánchez de Fró, San Ildefonso; Luis Maldonado, Acoma; Juan del Val, Halona (Zufi); José de Figueroa, Ahuatul (Moqui); Agustín de Santa María, José de Epeoleto, Oraibe (Moqui); José Truxillo Xongo-pabi (Zufi); Juan de Santa María, Jemes; Juan de la Pedrosa, Taos.

sembled who had lived at San Felipe and points down stream. On the 14th they started on their flight for El Paso; for the rebels spread the word that the governor and all those in the town [Santa Fé, then the only *villa* in N. Mex.] had already perished. Those of the *Cañada* [of Cochiti] congregated and fortified themselves in the house of the *Alcalde Mayor* [mayor and judge] of that jurisdiction. Being few indeed, they defended themselves by being together, until Otermin sent them succor, and they came to incorporate themselves with those in the Town. On the 15th this [Santa Fé] was besieged on the south side [the mountains wall it elsewhere] by the Taos [Indians] of San Marcos, San Cristóbal and Galisteo, the Queres of the *Ciénega*, and the Pecos. They took possession of the houses of the *Tlascalas* [Mex.] Indians, who lived in the ward [called] "*Analco*," and set fire to the chapel of San Miguel.

The said [Indians] were 500 men-of-arms. Against them sallied the Spaniards of the Town, and joined such bloody battle as lasted more than six hours. Our men would have conquered, had not the Taos, Picuries and Tehuas arrived. These besieged the said Town on the north side, and began to attack in force the royal buildings in which were gathered the women and children [families], as well those of the Town as those from San Marcos, and from the *Cañada*, along with those of the *Tlascalans*. In five days they gained and got possession of the greater part of the Town, burning some houses and quartering themselves in others. They set fire to the church and monastery, and left the Spaniards no more ground than what was occupied by the royal houses and the plaza. They cut off the water from them, and reduced them to the last peril. Already the rebels were close upon 3000 men; and ours, between soldiers, citizens and domestics, did not count up 150—wherefore they scarce had spirit to take their arms in their hand. But as the governor saw that already there was no other means than to risk it to break through the besiegers, he set in array the few men-at-arms he had, with the three priests who labored hard enough to relieve them of somewhat of that dire dismay and terror which possessed all. On the 20th, with only 100 men, the governor fell upon the enemy, invoking the sweet name of Mary. He slew more than 300 of them, captured 43 whom he promptly had shot [*hizo arcabucear*] in the plaza, took from them some arms and horses, and made them raise the siege and go out fleeing. Of ours, only five perished in all the time of the siege, but many were wounded; and among them the governor with a [musket] ball in his chest and another wound on the forehead, though neither of the two was dangerous. At once, without detention, Otermin marched, with the three priests (who were the Fathers Fray Francisco Gomez de la Cadena, actual minister of the Town; Fray Andrés Durán, guardian of the monsternace [casket in which the Host is kept]; and Fray Francisco Farfan), with the aforesaid people, retreating toward El Paso. At the halt at San [text, "*fray*"] Cristóbal, he overtook the Lt. Gen. Alonso Garcia, seven more priests, and the citizens of down the river. From here all went on to the halt of the *Salineta* [salt pond], where they made a plaza de armas [military square]. They were here a little time, until they proceeded to another halt which they named San Lorenzo, in which they suffered great want, in spite of the fact that the Father Fray Francisco Ayeta, then Solicitor of the kingdom, gave them free rations [*les franqueó*] in the name of His Majesty Carlos II, and caused to be issued to them daily ten horned cattle and ten fanegas of corn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





We have too many cynics nowadays. There is enough to provoke cynicism, no doubt—but, after all, it's a coward's refuge from the ills we have and ought to mend. It is a fool's part not to see when things go wrong; a cur's to let them go; a man's and a woman's part to face them, understand them and fight them—hopeful always. When the world stops growing it will rot. When society stops growing it has rotted. And the world never did grow and never can grow in any other way than by its individual grains. It is not so smart or so good yet that it can rest, nor spoiled enough to be thrown away. There is nothing so bad it cannot be mended, and nothing so good it does not need bettering. And these things are "up to" you and me.

Mr. Moody's appreciation on another page deals with the miracle that is perhaps trite to some Californians but is eternal in its beauty. The wild flowers of a California "winter" are so heavenly a glory as never elsewhere beamed on this old earth. The original Garden of Eden had not their parallel, for the simple reason that it hadn't room, even if it could have had as many kinds of flowers—as of course it couldn't, for plain evolutionary reasons.

There was doubtless never another land where a man could walk 400 miles and trample a flower at every step—as John Muir records of the great central valley of California before it had been turned into such vast wheat fields as man had never even dreamed of before. We have no 400-mile flower carpet left; nothing but square leagues of winter bloom. There are plenty of Californians who used to know all the New England flowers, and campaign among them with the old Gray's *Manual*; but no one ever saw in New England, at any season, any flower in such mass, nor any such variety of flowers, as is common here in every normal winter. The "poppy" fields are of course most famous, by their richness of Etruscan gold; and one perfect day I saw their glow against the Sierra Madre from the deck of a Pacific Mail steamer, at least 30 miles away. But they are no lovelier and no more lavish than plenty of other flowers, in this land where Mother Nature is not stingy. And possibly the Nature that gives a new life and glory to the flower will have something to say in developing even so slow and stupid a plant as humanity!

Precisely how clear a title we have to call ourselves civilized is just now being searched by the abstract office upon whose report the Supreme Bench of Posterity will pass. Vandals whose god is their belly are moving to cut down the Calaveras grove of Big Trees. If we permit them, we are as base as they. Savages, of course, are never such brutes. They take what wood they need to keep warm, and no more. It takes the camp-followers of civilization—the men who have grown up within reach of schools, churches and art—even to conceive of such a barbarity as turning this grove of the noblest trees in the world into boards, to be peddled at \$17.50 per M.

Now the Big Trees may be "on some one's land," but they belong to California. They belong to every man in the United States who has

risen above the mind and conscience of a razorback porker. And if the men who "own" them are of the stuff to sell them for slaughter,* we ought to be of the stuff to stop it. There is some proper way to avert this crime. Government is simply a machine to work the will of the people—and there is enough machine to do the work. Mostly it is engaged in labor which could be deferred. It is time for Gov. Gage to wake up, for our legislators to wake up, for the people to wake up. The petty intrigues will keep till day after tomorrow; but if the Calaveras sequoias are cut down it will take 7000 years to replace them—and for 7000 years the California which let them be cut down would be a byword. If it is found the State hasn't legal strings to trip up these barbarians, then the State must go to the national government for redress—and with the impetus to get it. Senator Perkins and Senator Bard and our congressmen are good and useful representatives; but in all their lives they will never have a chance to do work so enduring unto the ages as if they preserve these trees. The Lion believes in law. He has taken his rifle to help maintain it against "mob justice." And he is sure there are enough laws in the United States to suppress crime. But if there are not, let us find out; and meantime advise these public enemies who are infinitely more dangerous than a poor vulgar murderer, that if they go to chopping before we can get a law, some of the Calaveras redwoods will dangle a new sort of cone.

GOOD

OUT OF

TEXAS.

In one important direction, at least—and perhaps in several—the University of Texas is approving itself a good living force in Western scholarship. Under Dr. Geo. P. Garrison, the department of history is doing a sort of work of which, to their reproach be it said, most of our bigger and richer universities are startlingly neglectful—and that is original research and publication in State and regional history. Dr. Garrison is not only an inspiration and a balance-wheel to his students, but a vital energy in the Texas State Historical Association and editor of its useful and honorable *Quarterly*. These are steps in the right direction, and should rouse larger universities to emulation at least. A chair of history nowadays, if it does not rally recruits to original local research and open the records, is rather a fossil inutility—particularly here in the West, where out of so long and so romantic a past so little of the real material for exact history is even today accessible to the ordinary student. Our colleges, little and big, ought to be doing something for the publication of original "sources." It is rather a pity for a great State to be represented in so vital a line of modern scholarship only by what this little magazine is able to do at its proper cost.

GETTING

AT THE

ROOT.

President Arthur Hadley, of Yale, a fine young impulse already seriously felt in a fine old body, advises that we apply the social "cut direct" to men who make money dishonestly. He argues, and very justly, that men will not be unscrupulous to get millions if the rest of us are scrupulous not to bow to the millions if they are dirty. The only reason why money may be dangerous is that we are rather inclined to be mighty polite to money, no matter whence it came. Trusts and millionaires are not so much to blame as a society ready to think their "means" justify their ends.

Prest. Hadley has a good idea; and good ideas are always worth tracking to their lair. It might, for instance, interest the forceful young President of Yale to read Margaret Sherwood's *Henry Workington, Idealist*. It is only a novel; but it applies his own political economy several stages nearer home. Its suggestion, if even more chivalric than his, is also farther consistent. If colleges, libraries and other public utilities would refuse any endowment because the money was not quite clean, it would much more seriously jolt the conscience of money-getters than any individual snubbing. Imagine a magnate giv-

*It is only just to say that Mr. Sperry has long tried to have the grove bought for the public.

ing Harvard a million dollars; and Harvard pausing even a moment to enquire "how was it made?" Imagine Harvard investigating and maybe saying: "We feel obliged to decline this gift for the reason that it represents methods we do not wish our young men to follow." Fancy Harvard! Or any other institution! But also fancy the millionaire thus snubbed! Fancy the shock to "society!"

There is, of course, the other side. Practical persons may say, "Yes, this money was ill-made, but now it can be well spent. Isn't that better than having it spent as shamefully as it was made?" Well, that depends. It is no better spent than made if it is used to teach young men that if they can learn Greek they may forget scruples. But it is a long question and a wide one, and perhaps truth is somewhere in its middle. Maybe the colleges might compromise honorably; take the million and devote ten per cent. of it to a chair for teaching that nothing in the donor's money became him like the "leaving" of it.

Almost beyond comparison, the population of California is PANIC above that of any other State in average intelligence and AMONG THE morals. This is for the very simple evolutionary reason that RECRUITS. its people come by choice, not by chance. But their very newness carries some penalty. For instance, in the ease with which they panic about the weather. Where a man is born, he takes the law of gravitation for granted. He expects the grace of God to come out all right. He doesn't expect any country that could produce *him* to go to the dogs by way of the weather.

But in a new country, where he isn't quite sure whether God rules or not, any departure from a hearsay program alarms him. If it doesn't rain on the day he has been told it ought to rain, he worries. It isn't very complimentary to his maker nor to his own intelligence—but perhaps it is human nature.

Men and brethren, do not worry! If California peters out, the rest of the continent will go too. There will be none left to mourn us. But we are not in any direct succession to be mourned. The very worst thing we have is a good many "tenderfeet"—and even they will digest.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls—the world."

A matter of fourteen years ago two young men of assorted AS TO A sizes used to tramp the seared valleys of Southern Arizona together, nominally to hunt, but perhaps, in fact, merely getting HARDWOOD joy of their legs. As unlikely as possible in type, they agreed in toughness. One was a hickory sapling, and one a trunk of oak. The wiry, brown newspaper man had had an uncommon experience of tramping on rough frontiers, and has had more since; but to this date he has never tried another man who could "keep him going" all day except this blonde Hercules of an army surgeon then new to the West; medium-tall, square, very broad, with a grip like a grizzly, a torso like Atlas, and level eyes, and a jaw no child would fear and no sensible bully disregard. If for nothing else than the fellowship of men fit to be out of doors, a bond must have grown between the two out of a whole post who preferred to go out and master the desert rather than stale at poker in De Long's, what time all waited summons to the field. But there *was* something else; for the young surgeon was as marked and as rare a type in manfulness, integrity and poise as in his extraordinary physical endowment. From either point of view, he was one man in forty or fifty thousand. FINISH.

It was in the last great Apache outbreak, just before splendid Lawton made that grey-wolf campaign which finally ran down Geronimo and promoted—Miles. The surgeon was Lawton's right hand; his fellow tramp was to have been the left. But just in the waiting "the paper"

needed him at home. It was reorganizing, it claimed its man, and it had his pledge. But he still keeps Lawton's telegrams urging him back to join the expedition in which a place was reserved for him. Unfortunately, he did not know, until too late, how much of a place. For his newspaper chief was too good a friend and too good a soldier to have held back a city editor from being Lawton's chief of scouts, had they known.

Times have changed since then. Lawton—God rest him!—is dead; the foremost soldier in a war he did not as a man believe in. Geronimo teaches a Sunday school in Florida. A little frontier newspaper has grown to a giant, which would never miss a much better man than it once could not spare; and its "Colonel" is now a Major-General. And the young company surgeon on an Arizona post is picked up over the heads of an army to be Governor-General Leonard Wood, of Cuba; a model of what appointments should be and so seldom are. Would that our new subjects everywhere might never know a smaller type of American manhood!

"THAT WERE
NOT BORN
TO DIE."

The passing of John Ruskin is after all rather a comfort than a shock to those who loved him—which means all who intelligently love Truth. It was his release from the shadow; for his own flame flickered out several years ago. Only a body was left to die. And the real Ruskin will never die, so long as there is left on earth a heart wherein the flower of immortality can find soil to grow. Timely—as the world always finds her greatest—he came at perhaps the psychologic moment when a prophet was most needed to arrest and shame the swift corruption of ideals by commercialism. The disease spreads still; but its antidote is known. Even as vulgarity and philistinism were never so rampant as now, the People who Think are better-armed than ever to combat them. Probably no other man ever lived who did quite so much for Art—and Art does not mean the snippy "shop" of degenerates, but man's conscience for the Beautiful and True. Ruskin was not infinite. He even made mistakes. But he was an inspiration and a light and a standard. No man can follow Ruskin and be cheap or venal or shallow or untrue.

THOSE
BRAVE
OUTLANDERS.

If it be absurd to ask people to use common sense every day, it certainly is not too much to expect them to take it out of their cedar-closet and air it once in a while. For they are inclined to get angry if you suggest that maybe they haven't any, even in camphor.

Now, the poor Uitlanders! Think of those wicked Boers shamefully "downtrodding" the virtuous aliens, who "are two-thirds of the population" of the Transvaal and pay nine-tenths of the taxes—and even then cannot become citizens without becoming citizens! Think of it! Think of Englishmen not being allowed to vote in the United States until they become naturalized! Just—*think*. And while you are about it, think upon the arithmetic of your youth.

The Uitlanders are two-thirds of the population of the Transvaal—so our British and Tory friends swear. Unless the multiplication table has changed its mind lately, that means that they outnumber the Boers two to one. And where are they now? Read about any beleaguered garrison of Uitlanders, cooped upon some kopje, and heroically standing off half their number of unwashed oppressors? Noticed any roster of an Uitlander regiment coöperating with brave old "Bohe"? What has become of this "two-thirds of the population"? Have they *all* run away?

Now, the Thirteen Colonies were two million when they won their liberty from England, which then had twelve million. We were not two to one but one to six. And as there are still some people in America with the blood of Lexington in their veins, it is a little too soon to ask

America to cry for the two-to-one adventurers who are still slaves—and so slavish that having whined others into fighting for their liberty they promptly disappear from view. There are 200,000 British soldiers in South Africa—which is an additional four to one. England has 39,000,000 people; and if the brave Uitlanders could be found with a microscope, the Boers would be outnumbered *seventy to one*. Really, the Uitlanders appeal to an American! They are a manful lot. But that is unjust. The fact is simply that the politicians lie. A few hundred Uitlanders have run away and are Johnhayshammonding wherever they can find credulous ears. Some are doubtless trying to mind their own business. But the majority of the foreigners in the Transvaal are evidently neither curs nor shopkeepers. They are evidently helping the Boers stand off, and in magnificent fashion, not only the flower of the British army, but the whole vegetable garden. For England has sent against the South African farmers an army eight times as big as she needed to crush Napoleon, and nearly twice as big as she ever put in the field before.

The Lion would be last to hate England at all—not to say **NOT HATE** blindly. He doesn't. But he hates her policy, historic and **BUT** unvarying, ever building new upon the same old lie that **HISTORY.** Might makes Right. His forefathers hated it, and so did yours—else there would be no United States today. The sole reason why we have a country of our own, instead of being a nice appendage to the British Empire is, that we believe empires are wrong. England had a more plausible right to coerce us than she has had in any war since our Revolution. We were her sons and her subjects, the country was hers, the money which had developed it was hers. India, the Transvaal and many other victims, never owed her allegiance at all. She takes them not because they are hers, but because she wants them. We took from her what was hers by every law the world knew; for we declared to the world a new law—that there is no ownership in human liberties. The world, no matter how reluctantly, has felt the justice of the republic. England, herself, is tremendously republicanized. Why? Because freedom is catching; and her people saw us grow, and wrenched for themselves new and ever larger liberties from the unwilling fist of Divine Right. But because England is freer now than she was before a republic taught her what freedom is, it does not follow that she is more entitled to take away other people's freedom than she was when her king was a soddan brute and her laws whipped women at the cart's tail and hanged the starveling who stole a loaf of bread. She could give many countries "better government" than they have; but no country wants her good government since the United States has made such a tremendous success in getting along without it.

The Lion is glad to feel, and to say, that he believes President **SCORE ONE** McKinley's stand for free trade with Puerto Rico absolutely **FOR THE** right, and all the more honorable because it makes an excep- **PRESIDENT.** tion to our party creed for the sake of humanity. Not only that; if the opposite policy shall be adopted, we shall ruin and starve the Puerto Ricans. Their blood will be on our heads as surely as there was blood on Weyler's—for God never cares what language we speak, but what we do. The island is already in a pitiable condition because we have not understood its needs; but if we raise the price of food to these 900,000 simple natives by import taxes there and shut them from their only market by our own protective taxes, we shall starve far more than even Weyler starved. And the Lion hopes President McKinley will carry this point. It will not seriously pinch Americans, and it will save the lives we have assumed responsibility for.

The trouble is that no one foresaw this logical trouble before—though it was inevitable from the first. If we are going to make people free by

taking away their independence, we must at least give them our own sort of liberty in return. We cannot make them accept this country as their country, and then forbid them to travel where they like in it, and to trade freely with it. I say "must" and "cannot" for the simple reason that the United States must not and cannot be a liar and a tyrant. Does anyone care to dispute that? Now, Hawaii, Cuba and the Philippines come under the same moral law as Puerto Rico. We have taken them; if we keep them we must treat them justly. We cannot and dare not be more wicked and more stupid even than Spain, whose colonial history is a solemn warning. But unless we oppress these islands and starve them by taxation, and keep them under the fist of the United States but not under its Constitution, why, we must ruin our own laborers and producers—our California fruit-growers, sugar-growers, laborers, among others. Free trade and unrestricted immigration between us and the islands will ruin our backbone class; the other thing will ruin the ten million poor devils we have forced to accept "liberty" at our hands.

It isn't so simple to play empire after all. A plain republic, which the noblest Constitution on earth is big enough to cover, is safer and better. And it is now confessed, of course, by the Administration, that the Constitution isn't big enough to cover the Islands.

BRUSCED
AND
SHANGHAIED.

Capt. Alfred T. Mahan is a justly famous writer on sea power. Perhaps too famous for his own good. The hen which broods too long on one nest rises with uncertain gait and a vacant eye for everything but her glass eggs. Sky and earth and air are mere background for the brood she never wearies of counting beforehand. And something of this at times marks human incubators of a theory. Capt. Mahan, rising from obscurity to fame by a fine commentary upon the use of ships and guns when we need them, has worked himself into the conviction that we need guns and ships all the time, and nothing else—except, of course, a Captain Mahan to direct them. This tendency, indeed, is in human nature as much as in hen nature. It is a tremendous temptation for men of war to forget that their "chance" is after all their country's misfortune. The well balanced natures resist. Grant and Sherman were not the worst soldiers we have had; but they detested war. Capt. Mahan, it is hardly necessary to remark, is not of their stature—except that he can write much better than either. But there are indications that while the rest of his mental crew is drilling overtime his common-sense has gone ashore and got shanghaied. Certainly Capt. Mahan would never have been heard of unless he had started with more brains than he is using on the present dog-watch. "The United States," he says in the religious *Independent*, "holds the Philippines by the unimpeachable title of successful war, confirmed by treaty with the previous unimpeached possessor." Verily, to stultify oneself thrice in twenty-two words is turning in narrow sea-room. The "unimpeachable title of successful war," eh? Then if England had whipped us in 1776 the Declaration of Independence would have been a lie, would it? Morals, liberty, equity—they have nothing to do with title in Capt. Mahan's idea of a republic? Physically it would be a mere walk-over for me to knock Capt. Mahan down, throttle him, and relieve him of his hat, watch and loose change. And doubtless he would be consistent enough to agree that I thereby acquired an "unimpeachable title" to that plunder. But the courts wouldn't confirm my title, and neither would the conscience of people with common sense.

"Previous unimpeached possessor," eh? The Filipinos had already impeached Spain's title by war successful enough to shut the Spanish up in one walled town. And the United States impeached Spain's title by going to war with her. We made war on the ground that she had no

legitimate title to any colony held by force. She was an oppressor and a robber. Now in this matter of title, either Capt. Mahan tells a falsehood or the United States did—since both have intelligence enough to be responsible for what they say. I do not think the nation lied.

Perhaps Capt. Mahan should consort with the marines while his skull-power rests. At present he rather suggests, with his appetite for armaments and a chance to use them, the boy who wished: "Ma! If the Pacific was only made of custard-pie and I was throwed into the middle of it and had to eat my way ashore!"

There must be Americans still in whom "Yankee inquisitiveness" is not altogether dead; and anyone in whom it is not dead as a nail must often wonder how so many Filipinos come to get killed and so few Americans. "Marksmanship" won't do altogether. Boys with guns would make more mortality among invaders. The answer now and then leaks out, in spite of the censorship. "The troops killed 75 natives, eleven of whom had rifles. The others were villagers armed with wooden swords. . . . Several fleeing non-combatants were killed, including three women." This is not a "copper-head" document. It is an Associated Press report, passed by the administration censor at Manila, Feb 5. Now in the name of God—is there an American that does not feel that?

WHAT
ARE WE
DOING?

What makes "fitness for self-government?" Getting it perfect? Then *we* are not fit. Rome at its rottenest, Russia at its most despotic, never beat our Alger beef or the Montana senatorship, nor ever rivaled our "nigger-barbecues" down South. But a despot, though he would do our politics better, would do *us* worse. We are fit for self-government because we desire it and would fight for it. That was the enablement of our forefathers who did fight for it—though as a matter of fact their self-government for many years was about as bickering, jealous and insecure a status as history records. Revolution? Well, what was our Rebellion? Assassination? How did Lincoln and Garfield die? Corruption? What does Senator Clark pay for his seat? Security? What about Homestead and Pullman strikes, what about Georgia children brought to see a man burned at the stake, what about murder and martial law at Frankfort? No, friends, we must admit that fitness for self-government means—as the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States say it means—the birthright of all men who demand it. If we make a test by absolute success, we shut ourselves out. The man who will fight for freedom is fit for it—fitter than some of us are who dare not fight even a politician's jeers. Our colonial grandfathers were fit for it because they fought for it—and even they never stood up armed only with "bows and arrows and wooden swords."

BY
OUR OWN
RULE.

There were three saloons in Manila when our army entered it. There are over 400 saloons in Manila today. A firm of Milwaukee brewers proudly advertises that it has sent 219 carloads of beer to Manila in one shipment. This is certainly progress for 14 months. But not popular progress. Manila has been under martial law every day of that time. It is absolutely and exclusively for the Commander-in-chief of the army of the United States to say whether there shall be one saloon in Manila, or 400—or none. And, by the way, on whom do the 400 saloons now in Manila make their living? Has native thirst increased more than one hundred-fold in a year? If so, who taught them? And if the new-comers who brought the saloons are their chief patrons, isn't it time for some one to look out a little better for American soldiers?

LET
US
THINK.

SAM'L

OF

POSEN.

Commercial-traveler Beveridge has made a flat failure of his trip for the "House" whose samples he carries. He was too sordid a Sam'l of Posen to be stomached even by men pretty well seasoned to drummer politics. In the very Senate he was instantly and mercilessly rebuked, not by partisans but by Senators from the opposing wings of his own party, for his shamelessly mercenary estimate of American character.

The impudence of such a person in accusing his elders and betters of contributory murder; of "cheering the Filipinos on to shoot down American soldiers," and of having the blood of the war on their hands, would be miraculous elsewhere—but not in Mr. Beveridge. He has shown us precisely what to expect of him.

No Anti-Imperialist has any blood on his hands. There is not an Anti-Imperialist alive who does not care more for the life of each American soldier than Mr. Beveridge or his sort care for all their lives. There is nothing in the Philippines any Anti-Imperialist would trade one American soldier's life for—but there's something there that the Administration will pay as many soldiers for as may be the "asking-price." The only people who are "cheering Filipinos to shoot down our men" are those who keep our men where Filipinos can shoot them down, and can't well help trying to shoot them down. For it was not the "Antis" but the God of the Antis who put in every ignorant human heart—aye, and in every brute beast's heart—a rude tendency to fight for its lair and its young. A badger would certainly be better fed, better lodged, better "civilized" in Herr Hagerman's menagerie; but he doesn't care to be. Who is to blame that a man whom Hagerman sends into the den gets bitten? The badger? No—for he is as God made him. The bystander who says, "Oh, let the poor brute run"? Or Hagerman, who sends a beast-catcher, who has no power to disobey when sent?

As for the equally sapient charge that the Anti-Imperial sentiment keeps the war alive—well, the Anti-Imperial sentiment kept alive a little war which began in 1776. The Anti-Slavery sentiment kept alive the casual unpleasantness which befell in 1861. But, quickly as things move now, it will be at least 1901 before even the Beveridges will tell us that the blood of our heroes was on the hands of Washington and Lincoln, and the sentimentalists they stood for and led. Meantime, we shall go on thinking that the guilt of blood lay on just the other hands.

POLITICS

AND

PATRIOTISM.

An anonymous subscriber writes to ask why this den "must meddle with politics." Dear heart, reveal yourself, and accept the gift of a dictionary! This magazine, since the day it was born, has never printed one line of politics. Until it gets into better hands it never will. The *Lion* is a Republican—too much a Republican to be a traitor to Lincoln. His country comes before his party; and his party is nothing unless it serves his country. Politics are partisan; patriotism is merely American.

THE

ROLL OF

HONOR.

The statement in "One of the Old Guard" (this magazine for January) that the *Los Angeles Times* was the "only daily on the Coast which 'stood fast, stood firm, stood true' for law and order," should have been qualified as to the size, effectiveness and fierceness of that standing. The *Alameda Argus*, the *Pasadena Star* and the *Bakersfield Californian* (then by Geo. F. Weeks, now editor of the *Alameda Encinal*) wish it to be remembered that they also stood up. They are entitled to be on that short roll of honor; and the people have a right to remember those that were true to their trust.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



Some seventeen years or so ago, this serious person (then seriously engaged in jesting) adapted an old proverb to the youngest of humorous papers. The p'int was in the application on't. He received current rates (namely, four bits) for the one insertion. For some 800 insertions since (for after doing duty amidships the motto was directly run up to the masthead and kept there) he has been paid an enormous royalty—in satisfaction. Satisfaction, not because every week since has proved him a true prophet, but because the prophecy was true—which is different. The six words were simply :

"While there is Life there's Hope."

The point? Look at the top of the second page of the brightest and truest humorous paper in the world.

Life is "only a funny paper"—and only the funniest. All have characteristics—this one has character. This is "funny," too. But *Life* is never funny enough to forget manhood and citizenship; never funny enough to hold its breath lest it scare a dollar that might fly its way if it were very still; nor to think that by being witty one is absolved from being an American. And what was true seventeen years ago is truer still today. For if there were not a good many of this sort of Americans, the highest-class thoroughbred of all our humorous papers would not be also the "best-paying." It is a visible token of our health. We may pimple a Beveridge now and then, we may fall into a state of coma by wards and townships, and dream that somebody is so good that every other conscience can knock off work. But we are not going to be altogether lost so long as there are enough Americans of the type to support such a paper. While there's *Life* there's hope—let us even hope to bring the Dead to *Life*.

A large, dignified, and seemingly volume of *Moods and other* RHYME
Verses bespeaks alike the industry and the culture of Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor (San Francisco), the indefatigable translator of Hérédia. Here are more than 175 poems, in a long variety of themes, some of local inspiration, but more of pure literature; with all the handicraft of a confirmed and earnest bookman, and showing in many ways how useful a training is severe translation. There is not much of the savor of humor, and melody seems rather by technique than instinctive, and inspiration shows less than careful workmanship. But Dr. Taylor's taste is trained, his affection real, his thought sound; and the volume is a credit to him—as such a volume, inside and out, is a credit to the Coast. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco. \$1.25. AND REASON.

Margaret Sherwood has a quietly generous revenge on the AS TO
reviewer who rather staved off the reading of her *Henry Worthington, Idealist*, because it looked a task. For when he did pick CLEAN
it up, it took hold, and with an unusual grip. Purpose novels are MONEY.
generally hateful, and this is a purpose novel most decidedly. But it is not hateful, nor impossible, nor depressing. Miss Sherwood's fine work was never done to better advantage; she makes the vital success—for

her "purpose" is not a lump in the throat of the book, but the motive power of the human beings in the book. This delicate distinction is the difference between preaching and art. One may not agree with the hero; and the large class which will officially and off-hand disagree with him is drawn in the book with a serene and unbiting clearness. There is nothing to antagonize the smaller class who will disagree without being living mediocrities—in fact there is every temptation to them to admire this young knight. The question of the book is "clean money;" and whatever our convenience may reconcile us to, it would be hard to deny that the hero has rather the ethics of the case. In any event it is a thoroughly good story to read; with some little weaknesses but an uncommon average of strength, poise and sympathy. The Macmillan Co., New York. Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco. \$1.50.

WHEN

KANSAS

BLED.

A simple, straightforward and winning romance of the Kansas Border Wars is Wm. R. Lighton's *Sons of Strength*. With rather Quakerly tendency the story follows the little founding from his abandonment by the emigrant wagon up to young manhood and love, and the dramatic finding, for better or worse, of the mother who had deserted him for his good, and a good figure of a brother. As a picture of the Free-Soiler struggle it barely whets our appetite; John Brown enters only to go out again a trifle inadequately; but as a sympathetic human story it is attractive and promising. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.25.

A NURSERY

OF AMERICAN

LETTERS.

Another useful volume in the useful series of "National Studies in American Letters" is *Brook Farm*, by Lindsay Swift. The real nature and balance of this most extraordinary experiment in idealism; what its aims were and how they failed, what its influence was upon that transcendental group of its members and associates of whom so many stand high in our literature—these things, and in fact about all that really is known of value concerning the subject, Mr. Swift sets forth clearly, with dignity, and a good deal of skill. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue, New York. \$1.25.

"JUST

ABOUT

A BOY."

Walter S. Phillips knows how to tell an outdoor story, even if he errs in spelling his pen name, "El Comanche," and insists on saddling "bronco" with an impossible h—two things no Westerner who writes should ever be guilty of. But hunting and fishing and general outdoor fulness he can spell very handily; and his pretty book, *Just About a Boy*—and his and the boy's drifting and tramping adventures and content—is pleasant reading. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.25.

"RELIGION"

ON ITS

HEAD.

A review here always means a book read through; wherefore Mr. Frank Crane's *The Religion of Tomorrow* is hereby noticed but not reviewed. Life is short, and the religion of yesterday as much as a busy man can honestly apply. For those who for any reason have more leisure and less respect for words the book may be interesting. The first fifty pages, at least, are well written and earnest; but I should be sorry to need to read more than fifty pages of a book founded wholly on the proposition that "Religion is the personal influence of God." Without troubling as to what tailor's measuring-stool Mr. Crane climbed withal to discover that God is a "person," it is enough that he takes the dictionary otherwise in vain. It will not be religious, even tomorrow, to murder the parts of speech. All persons know, who use what endowment the Impersonal gave them, that religion is just the other thing. It is man's personal attitude toward his divinity, whatever that may be. This is the reason there are many kinds of religion—including "true" and "false." Now, God didn't make the English language; but He doubtless has His opinion of those who

falsify it in His name. And I have a vague recollection of a biblical remark to the effect that "This man's religion deceiveth his own heart." H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.

It is economically certain that Mr. Bram Stoker is a sober man. Drunkenness would have no charms, nor delirium any news, for a person of his imagination. His novel, *Dracula*, is a most surprising affair—and not its least surprise is that of finding yourself clutched and dragged along by so grisly an impossibility. Mr. Stoker has a steady and rather adroit hand to steer and display the paces of his hasheesh fancy; and though the story never convinces, it never loosens its peculiar grip on the reader. "*Dracula*" is a human vampire—literal vampire of the folkmyths—and with this repellant motif, the author has spun a web of horrors I do not remember the mate to. Perforce, all turns out well in the end; else one would have every right to resent so persistent racking of whatever nerves one may have. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

Stephen Bonsall, a newspaper correspondent who became heard of in the Cuban war, has made a sober-looking book (thanks, doubtless, to sober publishers) of a rather ingenious hash which he calls *The Golden Horseshoe*. It is in the form of a putative correspondence between two U. S. officers engaged in the present war "for liberty," and desires to show the conversion of an anti-Imperialist by the good old argument that there's more money in Imperialism. Mr. Bonsall's evangelizing will convince the deacons but not convert anyone. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.50.

It is a good deal of comfort at a certain stage to be able to write *Songs of Love*. The verses in Mr. Adcliffe Teske's slim volumette of this title must have consoled the lover and the lady, and they are not liable to disturb the rest of us, being rather platonic than incendiary. Nor does the singer fail to slip in now and then a message which we drier ancients may cherish when eyebrows fail to stir us:

"There are letters as dull as a donkey,
And letters as prim as a prude;
There are letters saucy and spunky,
And letters as soft as a dude.
But of all written letters the sweetest,
Full of pledges and passionate sighs;
The letters of youth are completest,
With their taffy and nonsense and lies."

Which nobody can deny. But it took Mr. Teske to think of it and bind it in cloth. The author, Hartford, Conn.

Charles Battell Loomis has been for years a steadfast purveyor of humor to the risible papers; best known, perhaps, to readers of *Puck*, but breaking out frequently in all sorts of places—even unto the *Century* and the *Critic*. One of his charms is his dependableness. He will undertake a joke when all other undertakers fail; and it must be said that he composes them decently. *The Four-Masted Catboat* is his latest book—just late enough. It is well illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn; and still better by the author. It really shows Mr. Loomis at his best; and his best is a comfortable professional humor, not too startling, not too forced, but homely and welcome. The Century Co., New York. \$1.25.

Frank C. Riehl, to whom Indians and the muse alike have charms, considerably commingles the twain in two pretty volumes of verse—*Poems of the Piasa* and *Runes of the Red Race*. Mr. Riehl's aboriginies are rather Fenimore Coopers—which is

to say that they are Noble Red Cigar-Signs — and his "legends" are newspaper legends, not real ones. Of the real Indian, who is human, and noble and romantic enough, but an Indian and not a stuffed angel, there is no glimpse. Mr. Riehl's verse is reasonable and his sympathy real; and if he will apply both to the actual humanities he will gain in weight. Published for the author, Alton, Ill.

THOUGHTFUL James Douglas, LL.D., President of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, reprints two compact and competent **LEAVES.** "separates" of recent papers by him. One is on the "Technical Progress of the Nineteenth Century;" the other, still more interesting, on "American Transcontinental Lines." This is a convenient digest of large facts; perhaps particularly commendable for its judicial view of the early exploration of this continent. The stolidity of the Anglo-Saxon—"enterprising but not adventurous," as Mr. Douglas justly says—as to the intellectual appeal of new lands is here admitted in a sketch which is worth writing several papers for. "It seems absolutely incredible that a community of England's hardest and most intelligent sons should have been content to remain for two centuries hemmed in between the sea and the Alleghenies, uninspired by the slightest curiosity to know what filled the gap of 3000 miles between their home and the western sea." But it is true. And meantime, as Mr. Douglas roughly sketches, the Latin races had discovered, conquered and largely colonized a majority of North and South America. If this seems disproportionate space in these crowded pages for notice of a slender pamphlet, it is entitled by the breadth of Mr. Douglas's view. He should, however, expunge the threadbare folly that the Spaniards came here "with the sword in one hand and the cross in the other" That has long ceased to be history. Nor is it exactly critical to make a race contrast of the fact that the Spanish in 1540 made "only trails," and that we nowadays make railroads. 99 John street, New York.

AT THE Mr. Geo. H. Pepper, of the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York, and director of the Hyde Expedition to New Mexico, reprints in a "separate" from *Monumental Records* his modest and workmanlike paper on "Ceremonial Deposits Found in an Ancient Pueblo Estufa in New Mexico" by that expedition. The ruin in question is the famous one well named Pueblo Bonito; and Mr. Pepper's own photographs, which illustrate the paper, give a graphic hint of the mystery and beauty of that immemorial walled city. They are pictures made with scientific insight, and, as well, are really of extraordinary artistic charm.

STORIES *Little Jim Crow* is an attractive collection of eleven stories **FOR GIRLS.** for girls by Clara Morris, author of *A Silent Singer*. The stories are all of tender feeling, a bright if rather conscious humor, and a good deal of the art of telling. There will be many girls to like "My Mr. Edwards," and "Theophilus" and other heroes of the book. The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York. \$1.25.

Emmet Densmore, M. D., publishes a volume of nearly 200 pages on *Consumption and Chronic Diseases*. His "cure" harks back to nature, and the "open air treatment." Undoubtedly Nature is the best doctor, if she have a chance. But most people treat her very much as they do a doctor—call her in and then muddle her prescriptions with someone's else nostrums. Stillman Pub. Co., 15 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. \$1.

The Nevada Magazine, edited by C. D. Van Duzer, is making a fair fight for "the best interests of the State of Nevada." That is up hill, of course, but up hill is the way to go. The "Sagebrush State" has a good many loyal hearts and some good heads, and reasons for both; and every reasonable Westerner will wish well to the plucky State and the plucky magazine. Winnemucca, Nev. \$1.50 a year.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

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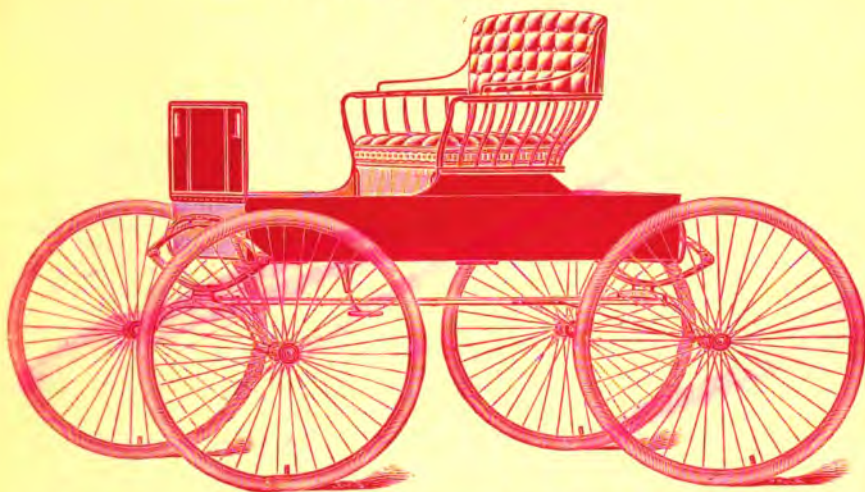
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Vol. XII, No

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THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



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CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST

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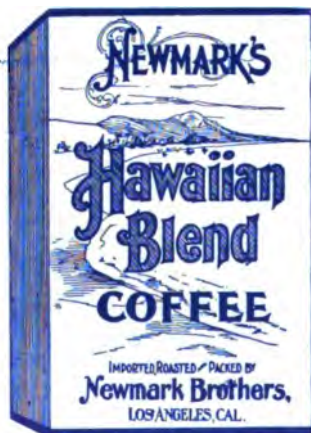
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THE DISCOVERY OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN 1540.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 12, No. 5.

LOS ANGELES

APRIL, 1900.

FINDING THE COLORADO RIVER.

BY GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP.

Author of "The Coronado Expedition."



HE conqueror of Cibola sat on the bulwarks of the captured stronghold, looking out upon the land which he had won with sword and pike, cross-bow and arquebus. For many months this land had been the subject of his dreams. He had pictured it cool and forested like the lovely Mexican valley in which he first heard the stories of this northern land of promise. In his mind's eye he had seen its populous cities, with their houses rising story above story, filled with workers in silver and iron, leather and fabrics, the store-rooms crowded with treasures such as the conqueror of Peru was sending home to excite the wonder and envy of Europe. And now, as he shifted his seat deeper into the shelter of the plastered walls behind him, away from the rays of the burning July sun, he took stock of the land before him.

Six months before, in the opening spring of 1540, Vasquez Coronado had started northward at the head of a splendid force, adequately equipped for the conquest of regions which should rival the glories of Montezuma and the riches of Atahualpa. Week after week his soldiers had made their way steadily forward, uncomplaining in the face of recurring accidents, discouragements, disappointment and failing provisions, as they passed through the mountainous wilds of northwestern Mexico on to the sandy deserts of Arizona. Steadily they pushed on toward the goal, and with a last supreme effort possessed themselves of the city in which, they had been told by priest and noble, were to be found the treasures which should rival



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IN ONE OF THE "SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA."

Photo. by Husher, for Taber.

the hoarded gold of the south. The city fell before their fierce assault—the city of Cíbola-Zufi, Háwikuh, a stone and mud-built pueblo, the communal home of a New Mexican Indian tribe. A few blue turquoises stuck in the door-posts, leading down to the sacred estufa, clay vessels of curious design scattered about the house floors, and strings of corn-cobs drying from the rafters or piled in the dark inner rooms, were all that rewarded their search.

Hopes long held die hard. As Coronado looked off across the sage-grown hillocks to the bare, brown edges of the Zufi valley, he thought of the plans which had brought him hither. Since the assault, a few of the natives had straggled back to the village, curious for a closer look at the strangely-clad men and the stranger beasts that had driven them from their homes. Gaining confidence, they accepted the greetings eagerly offered them, and listened patiently while the invading captain asked searching questions about what lay beyond the field of vision. In reply they told him much, by nods and waving arms, with occasional harangues in the forceful Zufi tongue, of other cities beside flowing water, toward the rising sun, and of another nation like themselves, at the end of the trails which led northwestward from the mouth of their little valley. The Spanish general had risked and suffered much. He had been sorely disappointed, and these answers to his questions offered little to console him for his shattered visions. But the unknown ever beckons with a suggestion of that which has not yet been found. Coronado was bound to try his best, to lay open every possible hiding place of the expected treasures. Whatever else he found, he was already master of an unknown country which his explorations were adding to the domains of the Spanish crown, and to the regions within the reach of christian salvation and civilization. First of all, he determined to search out the peoples in the northwest.

About the middle of July, 1540, Don Pedro de Tovar was ordered to take twenty men and follow the trail to Tusayan, as the northwestern province was called. Five days' steady marching brought him, late one evening, to the foot of the mesa heights whereon the Moqui Indians of Arizona still have their homes. Unperceived by the natives, who could be heard singing and talking in the houses above, the Spaniards passed a watchful night. At daybreak, the Indians discovered the strangers, and hurried down to look at the white men, of whose arrival at Zufi they had already heard. Their warriors gathered in groups along the trail, prepared to defend their homes, while the priests drew the sacred corn-meal in a bar across the path, forbidding progress. The Mexican interpreter called out the demand for surrender to the overlordship of the

christian King of Spain, and then both sides waited restlessly, uncertain what to do next, each anxiously watching the other. A horseman moved his uneasy steed too near the line of sacred meal, and an overzealous youth, anxious to win his place among the fighting men, swung his club across the horse's check-strap. The Spanish friar, Fr. Juan de Padilla, who had made a name for himself in his younger days as a fighting man, said pointedly, "Of a truth, I wonder wherefor came we here." Some one sung out the Spanish war-cry of Santiago, St. James against the infidels. There was a sudden rush, a *mêlée* of swords and clubs, lances and arrows and stones, and then the white men drew back to re-form for the real attack. The natives were scattered far over the plain. No second assault was necessary. Already the wiser old men of the village were seen coming down the path, bringing gifts of corn and garments in sign of peace. The Spaniards picked out a good camping place near the spring, and everything was soon arranged on the best terms of good friendship. These villagers, it was easily seen, had nothing the Europeans desired, nor could they tell of anything to arouse hopes of better beyond. There was, however, one point which seemed to call for investigation. Far in the west, twenty days' travel, it was said, a great river ran deep down in the earth, where giants made their home.

Tovar returned to Zuffi and reported all that he had seen and heard. Determined to try every chance, Coronado selected his trusted army-master, D. Garcia Lopez de Cárdenas, to take command of a dozen comrades who were willing to go and see what truth there might be in this story of the giant's river. Reaching Tusayan, the friendly Indians provided the party with stores of food and with guides who led them across the sandy plains to the north of the imposing San Francisco mountains. The journey from water hole to water hole came to an end when, of a sudden there opened before them, seen for the first time by European eyes, the cañon of the Colorado. What they said or thought, we do not know. Three and a half centuries later, those who have not seen the glory of the cañon wonder if the repeated stories told by every returning tourist can be true. Less wonder and more certainty as to the quality of "traveller's tales," greeted the reports of the companions of Don Garcia Lopez, at Zuffi, in Mexico and in Europe. Their descriptions were soon forgotten among the countless stories of far more probable wonders which came from every corner of the New World. In 1900 each one who visits the cañon for the first time still rediscovers the marvelous grandeur of this indescribable wonder-work of Nature's God.

The Spaniards followed the edge of the cañon, perhaps along

what is now known as Cataract Cañon, for three days. Already their guides had gone a day's journey inland for each day's water supply, and as they proceeded, even this became no longer possible. Before returning, however, three of the most agile of the white men, Captain D. Pablo de Melgosa, Juan Galeras, and a third whose name we do not know, determined to make an effort to descend to the stream, which seemed like a slowly rustling ribbon more than a mile below them. Their companions soon lost sight of them as they picked their way downward from rock to rock. At last, after a third of the distance to the bottom had been accomplished, as nearly as they could estimate, all hope of further progress was ended by the sheer drop of the marble cliff. At its foot they could see the black and foaming torrent roaring and rushing. About them rose rocky pinnacles and towers, steeple-high, which from above had seemed scarcely a man's height. Above them the sun was gilding the gloom into which they had dropped. Overpowered, oppressed, half-frightened perhaps, they climbed hurriedly back to the waning daylight and their companions. How they felt, those who have been there know.

The companions of Cárdenas were the first Europeans to visit the Colorado cañon, but the river had been discovered a few weeks earlier by another branch of the Coronado expedition. In the summer of 1539, Cortez made an attempt to find the Cíbola country, in the hope of anticipating the explorations for which Coronado was already making preparations under the direction of the Viceroy Mendoza. Cortez, influenced like Mendoza, by the reports circulated by Fray Marcos of Niza, sent his Lieutenant Ulloa, commanding a fleet of two vessels, to explore the country around the head of the Gulf of California. His vessels reached the sandbars which mark the limit of navigation in the upper gulf, and then, deciding that there were no signs of anything of value on the coasts thereabouts, returned along the coast of Lower California. A few months later, in May, 1540, Mendoza dispatched a similar fleet of other vessels, commanded by Hernando de Alarcon, who was instructed to coöperate with Coronado, as the latter might direct. After leaving the port of Culiacan, the land and water forces were unable to keep in touch with each other, owing to the divergence of Coronado's route away from the seacoast. Alarcon sailed to the head of the gulf, where he recognized that the sandbars were evidence of the mouth of a considerable stream. There had been much discussion among the sailors in the Mexican Pacific ports as to whether Lower California was an island or part of the main land. Alarcon refused to let his pilots turn back until he had settled the possibility of the existence of a strait connecting with the main waters of the Pacific. After a preliminary survey of the chan-



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A PUEBLO OF TUSAYAN (MOQUI).

Photo by C. F. L.

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nel through the sandbars, the pilots ran one of the ships aground, while attempting to make the passage, but the rising tide luckily floated her off and over into the deeper waters beyond, where the other two quickly followed. The mouth of the river was soon located. The swift current pouring out showed there would be no chance of sailing up stream with the vessels. Two small boats were therefore equipped, and on August 26, 1540, Alarcon with twenty of his men, the first Europeans to float on the waters of the Colorado, started up the stream.

A few Indians appeared on the banks during the following day. Finding that no attention was paid to their efforts to frighten the strangers, they changed their tactics and accepted the jingling trinkets held out by the white men. In return for these gifts the natives seized hold of the ropes by which the Spaniards were towing the boats against the current, and thenceforward relieved the sailors of all this labor. Alarcon went on up the stream for fifteen days, during which the friendly relations continued unimpaired with the Indians, who furnished their visitors with abundant supplies of corn. The natives were asked repeatedly about the names of the places of which Fray Marcos had told, but no satisfactory answers were received until a village was reached where there was a man who gave the Spaniards to understand that he not only recognized these names, but had actually visited the places mentioned. He said that these towns were forty days' travel toward the sunrise, and gave a very accurate description of the peculiarities of the New Mexican pueblo houses. He also told about a dog belonging to a black man, and of other loot which the Cíbola people had acquired after the death of the negro Estevan, the companion of Cabeza de Vaca and the guide of Fray Marcos. In reply to further questioning, the Indian gave an account of the plains Indians and the bison of the prairies. During one of the interviews with this man, he was excitedly called ashore by his friends. After a while he returned to the boat, and announced that two messengers had just arrived from the East, who reported that men resembling those in the boats had appeared at Cíbola, with "things which shot fire, and swords," and that they called themselves by the name of Christians. Some of them were said to possess beasts which ran very swiftly, upon which they rode, and they were accompanied by other beasts, some of which resembled the bison, while others were "little black animals with wool and horns." After several unsuccessful efforts to induce some of his men to take a message overland to Coronado, Alarcon returned to his vessels. The current took him down the fifteen days' journey from the mouth of the stream in two days and a half. Unwilling to return to Mexico at once, he refitted three

boats "with wares of exchange, corne and other seeds, and

hennes and cockes of Castille," as the old chronicler has it, and started up the river again, about the middle of September. The natives were as friendly and as helpful as before, but they could produce little of value to trade for the European trinkets. It is probable that Alarcon kept on until he reached a point some distance above the mouth of the Gila, where Yuma now is, without finding anything of consequence. Before he turned back, he erected a large cross as a sign of Spanish occupation, covering a message for any of Coronado's people who might explore so far west. Similar messages were left at other points along the river, and also at its mouth, where the ships had been careened and cleaned during his absence. Having now done all that he could, Alarcon re-embarked his force, got safely across the sandbars once more, and sailed back to New Spain.



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Photo. by O. F. L.

NOMADS IN THE TUSAYAN DESERT.

Alarcon's message was found, though not by one of Coronado's immediate fol-

lowers. When Coronado's army passed through the valley of Corazones, in northwestern Mexico, the general decided to establish a town there, as a means of securing the line of communication with Mexico. Melchior Diaz, who had already proved himself one of the most competent of the officers attached to the expedition, was placed in charge of the new post. As soon as the place had been made secure against attack, he was ordered to explore the surrounding country. Late in September, 1540, Diaz selected twenty-five men from his garrison force, and set out across the rough mountain country which separates Corazones from the gulf. The native fishermen whom he found on the western slopes of the Sierras possessed nothing which could tempt him to tarry among them, and so he turned northward, keeping inland but following the general trend of the gulf shores, until he came to a very large river. The natives hereabouts had attracted the attention of the soldiers by a curious practice of keeping themselves warm by means of a fire brand, which they carried about with them so as to protect their very much exposed persons from the cold. By constantly twirling the brand so as to keep the flame alive, and shifting it often from one part of the body to another, they made up in some measure for the lack of clothing. As a reminder of this custom the Spaniards named the river *El Rio del Tison*, or the Firebrand.

These Indians told Diaz that some boats had been at a place three days' travel down the river. They guided him to the spot where there was a tree on which was cut a message stating that "Alarcon reached this place; there are letters below." Upon digging, Diaz unearthed a jar carefully sealed and wrapped so as to prevent moisture getting in, within which was a letter giving a brief account of Alarcon's efforts to find out what had happened to Coronado. As Alarcon had obviously explored the lower river, Diaz turned back and went up stream in search of a ford by which he could cross to the further side. He soon decided to attempt the passage with rafts, and tried to induce the Indians to assist in preparing these. For some reason the natives became hostile, hanging about the camp in increasing numbers. Disturbed by their threatening actions, Diaz had one of the Indians secretly overpowered and gagged. At night, pressure was applied to the prisoner, who confessed that there was a plan to attack the Spaniards while they were crossing the river, when the white force would be divided into small parties on both sides of the stream. The prisoner was then strangled and his weighted body thrown into the water, so that he might have no chance to reveal the discovery of the plot. The increased watchfulness of the Spaniards, however, showed the Indians that their plans would probably miscarry, and so they made a sudden attack next

day on the camp. There was a sharp fight for a few minutes, until the horsemen could get together for a charge, which drove the natives into the hills. The Indians continued hostile, but after this they refrained from active annoyance, and the passage of the river was accomplished without further trouble. Diaz proceeded westward, apparently hoping to reach the ocean. The route led him into a volcanic country, full of ash heaps and malpais, waterless and desolate. An earthquake shock rocked the earth so that it "shook as if the ground had been a piece of paper, and so that it seemed as if there were lakes underneath them." They withdrew hastily from this region, and Diaz began to look for some more satisfactory direction in which to continue his explorations. Before a fresh start had been made, however, an accident ended all thoughts of proceeding further. Diaz was taking his turn at guarding the camp one night, when a dog belonging to one of the soldiers began to bark and chase the sheep which had been brought along to furnish fresh meat on the journey. Failing to call the dog off, Diaz started to drive him away. While his horse was on the run, he threw his lance, which turned and stuck upright in the ground. Before he could turn or check his course, the point had pierced his groin. Deprived of the inspiring guidance of their leader, the soldiers promptly decided to return to New Spain. A litter was improvised for Diaz, who survived the added agony of the march for twenty days. Relieved of this burden, the party proceeded rapidly back on their trail to the gulf, and thence over the mountain passes to the settlement of Corazones.

The geographical importance of the discovery of the Colorado was immediately recognized. Domingo del Castillo, who was one of the pilots on Alarcon's vessels, drew a careful map showing the results of the explorations at the head of the gulf. This map, which is dated 1541, or one similar to it, was evidently sent to Spain, where its influence is seen on the Ulpius globe of 1542, on Sebastian Cabot's large map drawn in 1544, and on the other maps of this decade. For nearly a century, apparently no one thought of questioning the connection between California and the mainland. In 1626, however, John Speed drew a map showing California as an island, and the same idea was adopted for a map prepared by Hondius when he edited Mercator's Atlas in 1633. The same volume of Mercator contains other maps which give a correct representation of the peninsula, and Saltonstall, who translated the Hondius' Mercator into English in 1635, pays no attention to the innovation. Between 1650 and 1670, however, several very popular geographical works were published by Peter Heylin, Montanus, Ogilby, Blome, Sanson, and others, all of whom adopted the theory that Lower California must be an

island. The result was that this idea became so thoroughly established in the European conception of American geography, that the true cartographic representation of California was not again adopted by the map-makers until the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Carter Brown Library, Providence, R. I.

FLOWER FARMS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY SHARLOT M. HALL.

"Like, perhaps, that mountain piece
Of Dante's paradise,
Disrupt to an hundred hills like these
In falling from the skies;
Bringing within it all the roots
Of heavenly flowers and trees and fruits."



CALIFORNIA is a land of contradictions where bare, brown hills open to disclose vales of glowing blossoms, or cleft-like cañons looped and veiled with green mist of ferns delicate as cobwebs. A thread of moisture in a strip of sand leads to springs plumed and crested with long, nodding fronds of bracken; and the mountain nooks

hide lilies of jewel-like beauty.

Where nature has done so many wonderful things it is not strange to find art performing miracles, too; and to learn that for a good many years California has given the world its choicest floral novelties.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo. by Brewster.

MRS. THEODOSIA B. SHEPHERD.

It is fifteen years and more since the beginning was made, and by a woman, a natural flower lover who turned to the beautiful blossoms for expression as an artist turns to his colors.

In the shadow of the old Mission of San Buena Ventura, sheltered by the hills and almost touched by the sea, is a garden worthy of permanent preservation as a landmark of the State. Here Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd began in her home yard the work which ended in a distinct industry for Southern California. Her confidence in soil, climate, and local conditions made her the successful



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CALIFORNIA CARNATIONS.

Photos by Brewster, Ventura.

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AUSTRALIAN TREE-FERN, GIANT LOQUAT, MATILJA POPPY IN FOREGROUND.

On Mrs. Shepherd's place, Ventura.

Photo by Brewster.



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MRS. THOS. GOULD AND HER GIANT PETUNIAS.

pioneer in a movement encouraged and commended by so wise and careful a horticulturist as Peter Henderson, and richly developed and demonstrated by one so great as Luther Burbank.

As the result of that small beginning, knowledge and interest in a business hitherto practically unknown in the West have grown until all along the favored coastwise strip are farms from which go seeds, plants and bulbs that take high rank in home and foreign markets.

The bulb-growers of Holland, Italy and Bermuda find in California no mean competitor, and the rose gardens of France may some day have a formidable rival.

The young industry advances not by ounces and pounds but



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A VENTURA FIELD OF "FRAGRANT FREZIERIAS."

Photo. by Brewster.

by acres and tons. Holland seedsmen place large wholesale orders every year in California, and many American dealers have their principal grounds there.

Broad fields of sweet peas yield seeds by the ton, to be cut, threshed, and handled like beans or wheat; whole ricks of snowy Blanche Burpee, pink Cupid, numberless crimson, rose, purple and lavender beauties, piled up like hay in Eastern fields. A hundred acres of sweet peas in one plot; field after field of calla lilies and freesias harvested, and sacked like potatoes; these are typical items on the California seed-farms.

This generous planting is only the natural order of a land where you may ride all day through one wheat-field; the gathering of things rare and unusual, the hybridizing and the actual creation of new families of beautiful plants are what have drawn the eyes of the world to these modest, sun-bathed gardens.

Mrs. Shepherd's grounds, of a few acres only, contain more rare things than could be found elsewhere in many times the space.

Terraced up from the street, a wave of heliotrope two hundred feet long breaks over the wall in foam and spray of purple blossoms, trailing its sweetness on the walk six feet below as it borders the grounds and hints of rarer things beyond. Right and left are beds of brilliant color; and the pepper-tree walk, banked with giant geraniums, is alone worth a journey to see.

A rare tree-fern from Australia holds the central place; and climbing over lath frames and lattices are tropical vines seldom seen outside of their native forests.

Borders of papyrus from the Nile, beds of cacti in strange and fantastic shapes and scarce varieties, aloes and agaves spotted, striped and blotched, some tinted like the wing of a mountain quail or the breast of a partridge, hold the attention at every turn. Wonderful passion-vines steal in and out among the pepper-trees; and not far away the largest passion-vine in California, said to be the largest in the world, has swung itself across two trees and forms a giant screen of great, rosy blossoms such as no hot-house ever fostered.

California has the honor of having originated the most famous sweet pea of modern times, the dwarf "Cupid" from the Morse farm of Santa Clara; the lovely Redondo carnations, some rarely beautiful asters, and many more great floral novelties.

The "Cosmos," which is more and more rivaling the chrysanthemum as an autumn favorite, was perfected in Mrs. Shepherd's gardens; there, too, the great moon-flower, "Heavenly Blue," and a California poppy of wonderful size and beauty. Many notable successes have attended her work as a hybrid-



O. M. Davis Eng Co.

A FEW CALLAS.

Photo. by Brewster, Ventura.

izer, and a splendid new race of begonias stands a monument to her genius and the favoring conditions of California climate. Taking these almost human plants, she has created a new race. "The finest begonias in the world," they have been called, and foreign florists unite with native in praising them.

Growing almost in the open air, sheltered only by lattice houses of lath, or green-houses of lightest construction, many of them stand ten feet tall, thrusting out their bamboo-like



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

"GIANTS OF CALIFORNIA."

Some of Mrs. Gould's Petunias.

stems and branches in all directions, dwarf trees or giant shrubs.

And how wondrously beautiful they are, with waxen, shining stems and immense clusters of pendulous, wide-open blossoms like silver frost-flakes or carven gems of coral and pearl! So fragile-seeming, so pure that a breath might dissolve them, flushed and tinted like the cheek of a little child, they well deserve place as the loveliest begonias ever produced.

The great leaves are spotted, blotched and tinted with rare



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A GROUP OF DAHLIA IMPERIALIS.
(At Mrs. Shepard's.)

Photo. by Brewster.

shades and markings never before seen in the large flowering varieties—equaling the choice foliage begonias in beauty. Pink, crimson, silver, and palest green, sprinkled seemingly with diamond dust, they glow in the sunlight.

Perhaps no one thing speaks more strongly for Southern California as a field for experimental hybridizing than the creation of the new race of petunias, "Giants of California."

That such a success could have been attained in five or six years, evidences much not only for the skill and care of the worker, but for the favoring conditions of soil and climate. Like Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Gould first grew her flowers for the love of them, and brought no exceptional experience to the earlier stages of her work.

From the artistic view-point the results have been marvelous; the dull-hued, small-blossomed petunias dear to the old-time gardens have been transformed into great, velvety flowers several inches across, rivaling the most beautiful orchids in form and color.

Double flowers like balls of fringed crape or crumpled silk, shade from snowy whiteness to burning crimson and purple with eccentric spots and splashes of contrasting color, bending the sturdy branches to the ground with their weight.

The still more beautiful single blossoms, yellow-throated, fringed and curled like soft plumes, marked in a hundred varying ways, some pure glowing rose, magenta, or purple, others satiny-white, others yet seeming to blend all hues in their own, are a growing wonder and delight. One very modest little green-house, a strip of California hillside, artist eye and careful fingers, and floods of California sunshine, have produced these living jewels.

Not all the seed growers care to make such experiments. There is too big a field in growing standard varieties by the ton; but Nature herself not infrequently takes the matter in hand and presents the flower farmer with a fortune in one plant, as in the case of the dwarf sweet pea, which brought the owner several thousand dollars.

One of the pluckiest successes among many is that of a young Englishman who landed in California with just three cents in his pocket; but he had grown seeds at home and knew the ideal conditions for producing them. There was a struggle—nothing worth having comes of itself—but his harvests now are measured by long numbers and his business is prosperous and growing.

These beautiful flower farms are to the stranger among the most delightful things in all the California wonderland, and are doubtless destined to increase in value and importance as greater experience is gained and capital increased.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

BEGONIAS, ASPARAGUS PLUMOSUS AND MONSTERA DELICIOSA IN FRUIT.
(One of Mrs. Shephard's last-season.)

Photo. by Breckner, Ventura.

BIRD TOURISTS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY ELIZABETH AND JOSEPH ORINNELL.

Authors of "Our Feathered Friends."

OUR newspapers frequently note the "flocking" of tourists to Southern California—the human wanderers who come with each revolving season eager to stow away as much as they can of our climate and our fruit; but seldom mention the birds, those faithfully returning visitants who pay us liberally for board and lodging, throwing in a series of entertainments well worth our while.

They are "deadheads," these bird tourists, to whom invisible aerial railroads have issued free passes, which often include whole families or townships, so that when they arrive they take us by storm, as many of us as are prepared for them. Those who are not prepared for them may never even see them or hear their voices. It is well to prepare the eye and ear for these varied travelers, that we may recognize them at sight,



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THE ROBIN—FROM LIFE.

These illustrations from photographs of living wild birds—caught, photographed and let fly again—are unique. So successful portraits of our feathered friends have never been made before; they are a great aid to identification.—Eo.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

WAX-WING—FROM LIFE.

call them by name, and be able to give them such hospitality as we may. They are "people," all of them, with tastes and preferences, and even critical tendencies.

Of our many tourist birds the robin is dearest to every heart. "Ho, you have the robin here!" is the frequent exclamation of many a stranger on whose sandals, or patent leathers, our dust is clinging in a first embrace. Yes, we have the robin here, but as a visitor only. He is a great traveler. Every returning year sees him staying with us a little later, and we hope some day to find the familiar nest of mud and sticks in the forks of our live-oaks and mottled sycamores. But alas, this hope may be in vain, for we are cementing our reservoirs and no mud exists on their dry banks. Should we see

to the matter of leaving a little pool in the back end of the lot in the adobe berry-patch, these red-breasts might take the hint. They leave us with reluctance, and last year a few old bachelors remained with us all summer, a trifle out of sorts, we fancied, with their condition. There is no need of describing the robin; after long effort we succeeded in photographing him. His dear picture is in every heart. He is also in the heart of the sharp-shinned hawk. We shot one of these little desperadoes the other day just as its talons buried themselves in the breast of the sweetest robin in the garden. And so the hawk, scarcely larger than its prey, was deprived of its sweet morsel. These hawks are said to be so fond of the robins that they follow them about.

Usually (and especially in a wet winter) the robins and the wax-wings (cedar bird) appear together. It is they who strip our pepper trees of their pendant pearls, swallowing the berries whole, with a good deal of flattering comment, as if they were making poetry, like the tourist preachers and other folk. They disgorge the hard seeds of the center at random, and with ceaseless rapidity. One can hear the patter of the



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GOLDEN CROWNED WARBLER—FROM LIFE.



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AUDUBON'S WARBLER—FROM LIFE.

light hail on the roof, or the side-walk, or the hard ground anywhere, and looking up see no cloud. The thin, sweet pulp under the red skin of the berry is the only edible part, and meal-time seems never to end. We induce these tourists to remain in our grounds a little longer than elsewhere by saving up a few bushels of the pepper clusters, after the first autumn wind, for their banqueting after they have stripped the trees. Now these spicy berries may serve as a sort of spring alterative to these robins and wax-wings. This may prove a point worthy of notice by our local physicians. It was by noting the fondness of the bobolink for the poke-berry, or phytolacca, that a famous "anti-fat" remedy was discovered. The bobolink, fattened into the "butter-bird" by high living in the grain fields and the rice swamps, betook himself to the poke-berry and thereby reduced his adipose tissue. But he knew better than to poison himself by too big a dose.

Perhaps the wax-wing is the most beautiful of our tourists in color and form. The difference between the sexes of this bird (as of the robin) is in the shading of tints only. Both male and female possess the "sealing-wax" tips to the wing and tail feathers. Of what use these are, save as ornament, cannot be conjectured. The crest, which the bird lifts when curious or happy, and depresses when frightened or cross, is peculiar, and a wonder to all admirers. The crest of the wax-wing makes him as conspicuous a tourist as the traveler from Philadelphia, who wears his stove-pipe hat on the streets of Los Angeles, well nigh losing it over backward in his attempts to peer into the blossoming top of a blue gum.

Aububon's warbler is another of our tourists. The upper parts are bluish ash streaked with black. A spot of yellow is on the crown, the rump, the throat, and each side of the breast. The belly and under tail-coverts are white. The grey wings have a white edging, and the whole length of the bird is about five and a half inches. It breeds northward and in Alpine regions. Its note is very sweet and not intrusive.

The intermediate sparrow comes early and stays late. We see them in large flocks. They love to stay about the stables and chicken houses to feed on the grains. Nothing so good as cookies for them, if one will take the trouble to give them crumbs. They will fly away with a large piece and thank you as they fly. They and the towhees are great friends and may be seen together around the woodpile and the bamboo bunches, whirring away with a great noise if disturbed, but returing immediately. Their song is very sweet, the bird sometimes twittering between mouthfuls as it picks up the cracked corn, with the hens. They will perch on the edge of the bran-pail while the cream-colored Jersey takes her lunch, and pick the bits from her face. They may be recognized by

their striped head and wings and sparrow-like form. They make a fine photograph. Our Alaskan travelers noticed this bird, and the robin, in regions beyond the arctic circle last year.

Among other tourists are the golden-crowned warbler, the ruby-crowned kinglet, or little king, and the varied thrush. The hermit thrush is another, always a solitary individual, as if disgusted with what it has seen of the world, or love-sick, or a possible poet. Probably the latter. This hermit is rufous brown, shading to yellowish underneath. There are dusky spots on the sides of the neck, and around the eye is a yellow-



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INTERMEDIATE SPARROW—FROM LIFE.

ish orbital ring. This last renders the hermit easy of identification as he hops among the orange trees.

There is the red-shafted flicker who hammers away at the house gables until everybody is awake in the morning, and then darts off with a sheen of the rising sun under his wings. And there too is the red-breasted sapsucker, running up the pepper trunks or backing down the same thoroughfare, red, and black, and white, as gay a young fellow as there is in all our land. He takes care to keep on the opposite side of the tree if you are near, where he amuses himself by pecking holes in the bark. He then flies off, to wait until the sap dries,

when he will return to peck it out in a round white globule of sticky wax.

Besides these mentioned, there are many other tourist birds, each as welcome as the other. To induce them to feel at home in one's grounds one must see that too much spray is not used on the foliage, that the trees and shrubbery are mostly of natural growth, little clipped, with swaying branches and hidden nooks. That people move about softly, sweet of tone, and harmonious of character. That there are no cats about, and that plenty of food is placed in tempting display. As a usual thing, compact, precise, hotel grounds are not sought by the birds. Birds love to "see out," with plenty of wing space and listening room. If one would become familiar to the birds one must form the habit of sitting or standing stock-still. Birds notice movement more than form. But who ever saw Southern Californians sitting or standing stock-still? Well, one can make-believe stand still, and see what there is to see. It may be a butterfly sitting down on his haunches like a dog. Or it may be a cotillion of airy flies dancing on nothing. Or it may be a rufous hummer talking love to his mate while she naps on a blade of pampas grass.

Pasadena, Cal.

IN WESTERN LETTERS.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



T requires no serious strain of the imagination to foresee a very near time when California shall be either the steady home or the ready refuge of a large proportion of American writers and artists. Not that a few present swallows make a summer, but because summer draws the swallows. People of brains do not know very much; but the attraction of gravitation works upon them as well as upon those who do not know *anything*. And when they come to realize its pull they are apt to yield a little more gracefully and gratefully. Though the temptation is strong to their vanity and their pockets alike to leave Nature (whence their strength cometh) and sleep on the steps of the market-place, they are learning—by slow stages, as all good things are learned, and by degrees of the most teachable among them, as all learning advances—how much better to live in and to work in and to rest in California is than New York. And if there is anything in evolution, or anything in common sense, the day is not far distant when the Athens of America will be as far from Boston as it can get—without wading. With fair luck, I expect to live to see it; with good luck, to see it in the age of Pericles.

* * *

If we of the real West have to stammer a little about the geography of Chicago, there are times when we feel no embarrassment about receiving her into our map. It is a delicate question, and a complicated one, whether Chicago is West or East; and it is to be analyzed by neither provincial. She is Eastern enough to play the Eastern cities their own fool game; she is Western enough to beat them at it—and beat them



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FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE, EDITOR *The Dial*.

out of sight. She stands her teachers up in a row and puts a dunce-cap on them all — reserving the tallest for herself. Is it the drunkenness of commercialism they idolize? Well, she makes them look like young Good Templars in presence of her "business" orgie. Building new and rather sillier Towers of Babel? Why, she takes the kindergarten provincials to eastward of her and shows them what tall buildings really mean. And having distanced them in greed and sin and folly until they rage enviously over her supremacy in their own ideals, and taunt her with lack of taste, she turns around and "does Taste" on a scale no one of them ever dreamed of. The World's Fair could not have been in any other city in the world. Perhaps there is no city which has not more Taste than Chicago; but there is no other city which has so much Nerve.

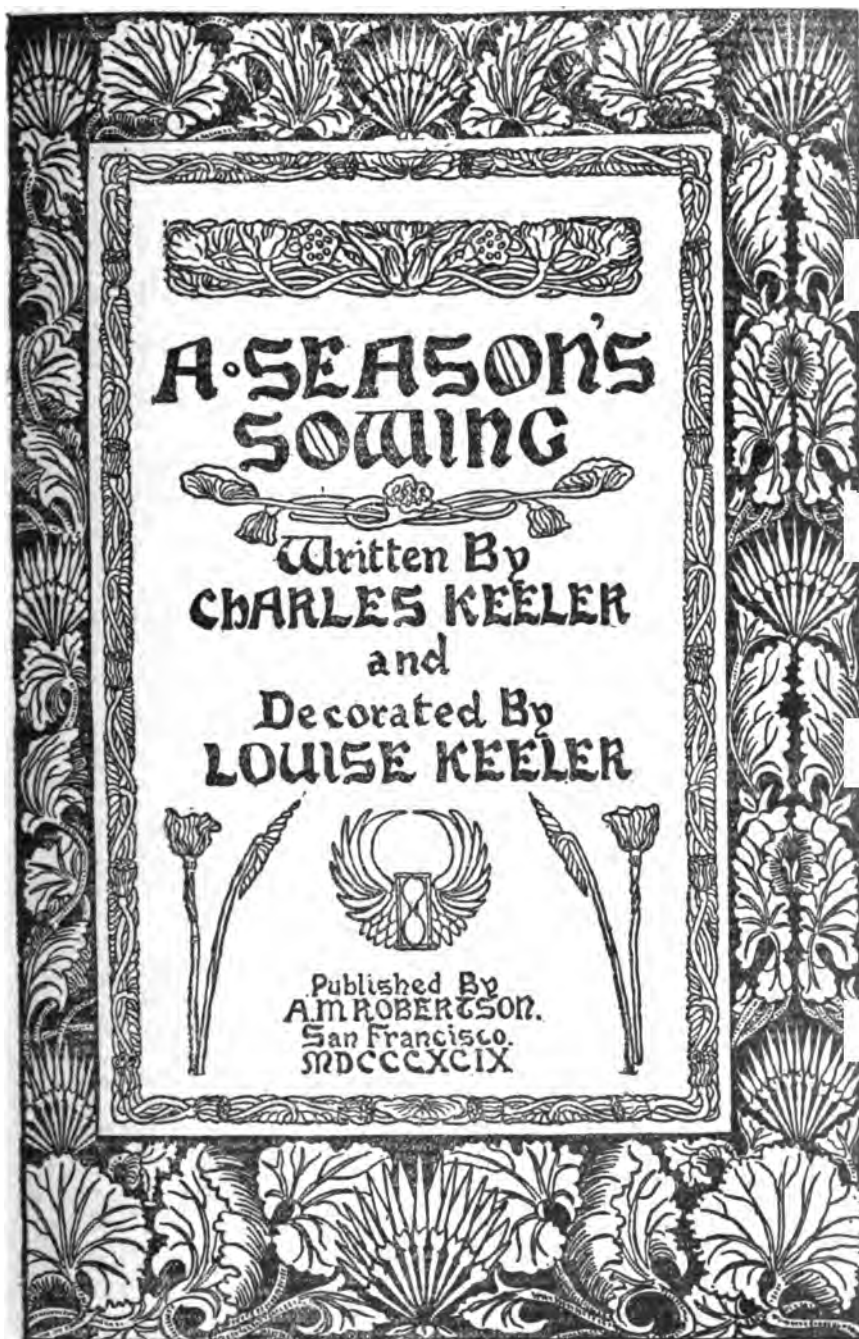


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CHARLES A. KEELER.

Study by Dr. A. Genthe.

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TITLE PAGE OF THE NEW KEELER BOOK.



Portrait

Hair of the harvest field, eye of the
ocean's hue,
Thoughtful and calm the brow,
tender the lips, and true;
Peaceful the poise of head, loving
the smile of grace,
Lofty the spirit that shows through
the gentle face.



Spring flowers

Cups of blue and stars of gold
Reach above the April sward;
Earth in vain may seek to hold
Spirits who would greet their Lord.



In the Springtime

The lizard has crawled from the
darkness to bask in the sun,
The snakes, in their raiment of gold,
glide abroad, one by one;
The birds in the branches above are
with gladness inspired,
fair earth with the glory of heaven,
sublimely is fired.

It—Chicago, or Nerve, which you will—is the apotheosis of what a good many of us take for “Americanism.” The difference between Chicago and New York or Boston is merely difference of success in the same ideals. And that is the reason why Chicago is the most disheartening city on earth—therefore perhaps the most useful. It is a Terrible Example of what we are trying to come to. So terrible, that perhaps we may be warned in time to turn and go the other way.

* * *

Yet the coolest, cleanest, foremost purely literary review in America is printed in that city-amuck. *The Dial* is now twenty years old—and all its life in Chicago. Boston has nothing remotely comparable in dignity, culture, intellect, authority. In fact, to put all its reviews together beside the Chicago *Dial* is to make a Bostonian take to the tall timber. Neither has Philadelphia, nor any other city. New York competes only by breaking the classification; for among its “purely literary” journals none are for a moment on the *Dial*’s plane.

This strange, sane patch on the Chicago crazy-quilt is of course a mere personal coincidence. The *Dial* is, and ever has been, Francis F. Browne, its founder, editor, proprietor. This remarkable man—and “remarkable” is a mild word for the man who can create and maintain such a paper in such a city—is just now “resting-up” in God’s Country after a long getting tired in the Other Fellow’s. It has been for years his habit to come to California when he could stand the Eastern grindstone no longer.

Any adequate list of the six greatest American periodicals must include the *Dial*. No newspaper, of course, falls within the first six; and only one weekly. The rest drop into later classifications, with which we have no concern here. Scholars may differ as to the order of their procession, and I do not presume to dictate it; but no scholar will think of formulating other classifications until the *Nation*, *Harper’s Magazine*, the *Atlantic*, *Scribner’s*, the *Dial* and the *Century* have been set off in a class by themselves. After them—the deluge.

* * *

The only conceivable comparison for the *Dial*, in this country, is the *Nation*; and even that is not pertinent, for the *Nation* concerns itself as broadly and as authoritatively with political as with literary criticism, and the *Dial* does not. Whittier was entirely safe in calling it “the best purely literary journal in America.”

* * *

Indeed, it is sheer Chautauqua for any one to pretend to keep abreast of expert criticism who does not read the *Nation* and the *Dial* both. Reviewing as a fine art is not wholly extinct; but in this country it is vital and perennial and reliable only in these two journals.

* * *

Mr. Browne, who is the significant “figure on the *Dial*,” is a Puritan thawed, not spoiled. His face is as it were a composite type of the Larger American; strikingly like Whittier in some aspects, but stronger; with much suggestion of Lincoln, and as gentle a smile; and no small resemblance, despite a different barber, to our traditional Uncle Sam. It is an index at once to his heredity and his mellowing. “Austere” is the precise word for his intellectual and moral attitude; but not the word at all for his humanity. It is most rare that such tact and kindness should inhabit with inflexible integrity.

* * *

He was born in South Halifax, Vt., December 1, 1843, and grew up in Massachusetts, learning the printer’s trade in his father’s newspaper office at Chicopee. A slender lad of 18, he enlisted in the Forty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment and got his baptism of war. After leaving the army

he studied law at Rochester, N. Y., and the University of Michigan. In 1867 he "located" in Chicago and gave up law for journalism. From 1869 to 1874 he maintained and edited the *Lakeside Monthly*, the only real magazine the Middle West has ever had. For a time he was literary editor of *The Alliance*; and for many years literary adviser to the foremost of Western publishing houses—A. C. McClurg & Co. In 1880 he founded the *Dial*, of which he has ever since been editor. It was at first in the same relation to the McClurg business that the *Bookman* now bears to Dodd, Mead & Co., the *Book-Buyer* to Charles Scribner's Sons, etc. But presently Mr. Browne became "the whole thing"—proprietor as well as editor, an honorable model in business as well as in the higher relations—and made his paper an independent review.

He is author of *The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln*, and of a small volume of poems—*Volunteer Grain*—and compiler and editor of several anthologies. He was chairman of the committee on the Congress of Authors at the World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

Hervey White, the young Kansan whose first book, *Differences*, has pleased the judicious, is in Southern California at work upon a second novel.

Peter F. Dunne, the universal "Mr. Dooley," is also vacationing here, and very quietly. If this young man, who has already found his place as third great humorist in American literature—side by side with A. Ward and Mark Twain—if Mr. Dooley can catch the elusive "tenderfoot" and embalm that serious tumble-bug in the amber of his non-corrosive satire, along with the large collection of flies already held there, why, still larger immortality is his.

That most meteoric but "not Impossible She," Charlotte Perkins Stetson, has reverted from a long, tiresome and triumphant anabasis through the crowded lands to the free California she loves. Since the severest critics rank her *Women and Economics* beside John Stuart Mill, there is no longer serious reason for any one, no matter how stupid, to fear that Mrs. Stetson's rather unearthly brilliancy will be disastrous. It isn't catching, anyhow. But our meteor seems to be amenable to gravitation, and to have found an orbit. If the rest of us could acquire genius as readily as this disconcerting young woman will pick up years, it would be a comfortable world. She has been unconventional, impatient, not always wise—as the rest of us always are. She is still careless (perhaps even sometimes ignorant) of literary technique—particularly in verse. But those are things bearable anyhow, and rather a matter of mellowing. Meantime she burns enough original thought to furnish a whole Authors' Club—or to disrupt an average community if so many real ideas ever got loose in its midst. And there will be, among those whose expectancy counts for anything, a genuine interest in whatsoever book it is that is now being written outdoors on a breezy foothill of the Sierra Madre overlooking one of the fairest and most Bostonized valleys in the world.

Very like a pair of their own wild-birds, Charles A. and Louise M. Keeler nest on a high ridge of the Berkeley hills; looking out across that beautiful university town, across the changeful Bay, to the Golden Gate and the farther sunset. Birdlike in devotion, singleheartedness and faith, they work together, for home and for art, in a partnership as exquisite as it is rare. Both are very young—neither, I think, has seen 25 yet—both have, in all probability, by far their best work to do, and both have already made a creditable mark in serious work. It is a rare and a fine sight to see, in these days, a housekeeping of youngsters

absolutely free from flippancy. Mr. Keeler is already of honorable repute as an ornithologist—not provincially, but among real scientists. His road to distinction in that line is direct, if he shall care to pursue it. At present his ear is rather for the song of the sirens on the Isles of Verse. Mrs. Keeler (who is a niece of Mary Mapes Dodge, founder and framer and still editor of *St. Nicholas*) has no smaller endowment. A pupil of Keith, she shows very uncommon growth and promise as a decorative illustrator. Two recent books from this birdsnest on the hills are reviewed on another page; and herewith are given fac-simile pages from one of them to show the work of these home collaborators.

* * *

Even artists are beginning to "discover California;" and before many years their Mecca will be here.

E. A. Burbank, who is painting the most adequate—and historically the most valuable—Indian portraits ever done, is recruiting here. Lungren, easily master of all landscapists of the arid lands, is now in Europe, but has bought a home in Los Angeles, and "could not be hired to live anywhere else." Paul de Longpré, who paints flowers marvelously well, is tentatively located here. Wendt, one of the most modest and most conscientious of American landscape-painters, is here on his periodic outing. And so on.

And good old Thomas Hill, a veteran Californian, and of the category of Bierstadt, is home again from a long roving among the scenic wonders of Mexico. After a few wayside halts in Southern California he has gone on to his (copyrighted) Yosemite.

WHILE THE HONORABLES SLEPT.

BY EDITH KING LATHAM.

IT was half an hour after midnight and little Ah Tsun had not once closed her eyes, although the old slave woman had put her to bed at 9 o'clock.

Through the open door she heard the deep breathing of the Honorable Parents in the adjoining room. Occasionally one of the little brothers in their bed in the corner laughed softly in his sleep, a gurgling, happy noise.

Ah Tsun gave a patient sigh. At the sound the slave woman lifted herself on one elbow from her resting place on the floor.

"Is the evil pain worse, beloved?" she asked, lowering her voice to a guttural whisper and glancing stealthily in the direction of the "Honorable."

"It is just the same, Seen Fah. Will it ever go away?"

A pained expression came into the old woman's face. She lifted the child from the bed, and taking her in her arms padded softly up and down the room in her stockinged feet.

"That is better, is it not?" she urged. "Yes, daughter of Quong Wo, the pain which eats thy heart will one day vanish, and then will Ah Tsun hold her head very high with pride for knowing that she has the honored golden-lily feet of the nobly-born. May the gods grant that Seen Fah be permitted to support the tottering steps of the lady, Ah Tsun!"

A wan smile flitted over the little girl's face even while she involuntarily drew up one foot with a twitch of agony.

"The honorable Quong Wo will make a noble marriage for his daughter of the tiny feet," continued the slave soothingly. "The elephant-footed maidens will scream with rage when they learn that they must remain forever in the house of their fathers, with no hope of leaving it for the house of a husband. For who would wish a wife who can run about the streets alone, like any common slave?" Seen Fah

laid the child again on the bed, and sat by her side crooning in a low tone a weird sort of tune. At last the weary eyelids closed from sheer exhaustion and Ah Tsun fell into a troubled sleep.

The slave woman had been purchased by Quong Wo, when his daughter was two weeks old, from a Chinese returning home with a grown family and a fortune amassed in the "Land of the Golden Mountains."

For seven years Seen Fah had devotedly guarded the child. The two little brothers, who had been born during that time, were also under her charge, but her care for them was merely perfunctory and never approached the passionate love with which she watched over Ah Tsun.

Poor old Seen Fah was afflicted by nature with a grotesque ugliness of feature which was accentuated by the deep scars of smallpox, but Ah Tsun thought her beautiful.

Since the binding of Ah Tsun's feet a year before, Seen Fah had served as surgeon and nurse. At first she had thought only of the honor which the foot-binding would eventually confer upon the child, and stolidly shut her ears to the wails of agony which pierced the air when the little toes were doubled under and mummified in yards of white muslin.

The cruel bandages were drawn tighter as the shrunken flesh and decaying bones grew slowly into the deformity of narrow stumps which at last would be embellished with gaily embroidered shoes too small for a healthy six-month-old baby. Then came the terrible agony which follows the sudden interruption of the circulation, and Seen Fah's heart smote her that she should have lent herself to this torturing of her darling.

Quong Wo, however, thought only of the future, and smoked his long pipe contentedly while the child's cries filled the house. He had married a woman with bound feet, his daughter should be lily-footed also.

Ah Tsun writhed nervously in her sleep. The pain in her feet had been worse than usual all day because of new bandages put on in the morning, which pressed closer the already-tortured toes.

The old woman roused herself from a half-waking doze and peered anxiously into the little girl's eyes, which languidly opened. To her horror she saw by the light of the nut-oil tapers blinking before the ancestral tablets a deathlike pallor steal over Ah Tsun's face as the child fell into a merciful unconsciousness. Terrified, she grasped a punk stick, held it to the flame of the tapers and thrust it under the little girl's nostrils. The pungent odor brought her back to renewed agony. Seen Fah was beside herself with grief, but she never once thought of appealing in her distress to the "Honorables." The child was her own, if love could give a deed, for her sun rose and set in Ah Tsun, whose real mother rarely troubled herself to remember that her daughter existed.

Two deep wrinkles creased Seen Fah's forehead. The child would die, and with her would go the daylight. There would be left only the little boys, who were applauded for kicking and biting the slave woman. Quong Wo always smiled at this exhibition of manly spirit in his heirs, and the mother laughed shrilly and clapped her slender hands.

Ah Tsun's eyes became more sunken and the lines of pain around her mouth deepened. Seen Fah made a sudden resolve. She would release Ah Tsun from her pain. The poor, writhing feet must be unbound. She would trust to luck and the gods to distract the attention of the "Honorables" that they might not discover the trick which the slave woman would perpetrate. Then when Ah Tsun's feet had grown to their full, natural size and the deceptive bandages were finally removed it would be too late to renew the torture. And if the "Honorables" felt it necessary to sacrifice Seen Fah to their anger it would be only a slave woman who would die.

Creeping across the room, she listened for an instant, then noiselessly closed the door. With a stealthy, backward glance she approached the bed and began gently to unwind the bandages on the right foot of Ah

Tsun. The child, only half-conscious, moaned and drew the foot away. Then she opened her eyes and languidly watched Seen Fah.

The woman had unwound all of the outer bandage and was now coming to the foot itself, forgetful of the added agony she would thus inflict.

The pain roused Ah Tsun. Raising herself in the bed she watched the slave with wide-open eyes. There were no new bandages lying near. A look of horror overspread her face, then a sharp cry escaped her.

"Seen Fah, Seen Fah, what are you doing?" she screamed.

Seen Fah quickly placed her hand over the child's mouth and gave a glance at the door. But the "Honorables" slept soundly.

Ah Tsun in her weakness fell into a fit of low sobbing, but all the time she fought the old woman with what little strength she possessed.

"I will do thee a kindness, honored maiden," she said. "The feet will not hurt any more, and thou shalt sleep sweetly all night instead of lying awake to watch for the little gray mouse in the chimney hole."

"I shall have no pain," answered the descendant of a thousand lily-footed, "but would you have me walk in the great shoes like the clumsy boats on the river at my father's village, a coolie girl, with no hope of noble marriage? It would be better that you should be one of the howling mourners at my funeral, Seen Fah, than that you should rob me of my golden lilies."

The slave gazed steadily at the child, then without a word she carefully replaced the bandages. As she drew them firmly into place a hot tear dropped on her hand. She shook it off in surprise. It reminded her of the last time she had wept, when, at 15, her newly scarred face was sodden with tears as her father brutally told her she was too ugly for even a coolie's wife, she must be sold cheap for a servant.

And she had looked down at her big feet and felt of her rough skin and silently agreed with him.

"Honored maiden will be a happy woman," she whispered as she tenderly laid the child down, "she has saved herself from disgrace."

San Francisco, Cal.

A VOLUNTEER FROM SAN JUAN.

BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

Author of "*The Story of the Mine.*"



BEAUTIFUL, unknown, the province of Alta California slept in the sunshine of sixty years ago. Indian peons tended the flocks and herds of their Spanish masters in oak-clad cañons, and valleys of green and gold; antelopes fed on such broad levels as the Salinas plains; deer, elk and grizzlies were to be found beside every stream; the land was new and unspoiled, the fairest of all the Spanish-American colonies. A few ships, like Dana's clumsy drogher, the *Pilgrim*, occasionally sailed along the coast to trade for doubled hides and hairy bags of tallow. A few strangers passed on horseback from Mission to Mission and ranch to ranch, along indistinct trails through the unfenced wilderness. It was a peaceful Arcadia peopled by a kindly, simple-hearted race, forever separated from the noisy European civilization in the midst of which young Alfred Tenyson, "under-graduate," was even then writing of that "hollow lotus-land" so strangely suggestive of old-time California—the land "in which it seemed always afternoon," where "through mountain clefts the dale was seen far inland, and the yellow down bordered with palm."

In vain shall men strive to renew the lotus charm. Once forgotten, it is never remembered again, and yet the sound of it still lingers where

California rivers draw their waters from the purple crests of the Gavi-lans, the snows of the Sierra Madre. Once it was the land of which the poet dreamed, where men might rest "on the hills like gods to-gether, careless of mankind." Nevertheless, even in that lotus-land of old-time California, there were brief fevers of local politics, rumors of Indian wars, and expeditions that seemed marvelously heroic to the sim-ple-hearted Spanish Californians.

Listen, then, to the story of one of these long-forgotten episodes—the story of the gallant Captain José, and a certain volunteer from the an-cient Mission of San Juan Del Norte.

Early in the winter of 1837-38, Captain José Castro of Monterey re-ceived important orders from the Governor. He was to enlist, organize and equip a small body of volunteers with which to punish bodies of marauding Indians that dwelt in the Sierra foothills of the San Joaquin country, and had frequently crossed the great valley and the Coast Range barrier to drive off horses and cattle from outlying ranches. The truth was, they were often led by renegade Indians from the Missions, and were much dreaded by the peaceful Spanish settlers.

The Captain picked his men from among the rancheros of the Salinas, the Carmel, the Pájaro, Gilroy and San Juan Bautista, the San Juan of the North, so called to distinguish it from San Juan Capistrano. Thirty men in all were willing to brave the perils of the unknown mountains and the dreadful horse-eating Indians. They were fairly well armed for the time and place, and the priests had offered up special prayers for their safe return and their protection against the wiles of his Satanic Majesty the patron saint of the savages.

One of the volunteers attracted the particular attention of Captain José. His name was Santiago Trolon. He was a Spaniard from Barce-lona; a strong, well made man of forty-five, with small features and piercing eyes. The moment that Captain José arrived at the Mission, after a long ride through the San Miguel foothills from Natividad, Trolon, who had heard a rumor of the proposed expedition from the Mexi-can herdsmen, rushed into his presence and asked to be allowed to join. The astonished Captain, who had not previously found anyone in that frame of mind, bade him sign the rolls forthwith.

But before the young officer left the Mission, he was made aware that, to quote from his journal afterward sent to his cousin Manuel, Secretary to the Governor, "there was something suspicious about the fellow." The padre of San Juan finally took Captain José aside and told him that the men around the little Mission town called Trolon "El Cojo," the Lame One, although he was straight and strong. This could only mean, the Padre thought, that he had some mental or moral deformity, and though the man was astonishingly brave and rough, there was certainly need of watching him. Not for nothing had he been called El Cojo. Perhaps he had done dreadful things in Sonora or Mazatlan, or old Bar-celona—*quien sabe?* People do not leave their homes for such little affairs as levying highway taxes on the rich, but for some such unspeak-able sin as sacrilege or speech against the Church. It was rumored in San Juan that El Cojo had once said "it was a shame to beat an Indian so that he could hardly walk, for being late to morning service." The Padre trusted that pious Captain José would watch that firebrand, El Cojo; and for his part he thought no member of the expedition could be better spared if the Saints should order that any were to be killed by the warriors of Stanislaus.

The expedition rode northward to the San José valley, thence through the hills to Suñol, Livermore and the edge of the San Joaquin valley. From here, avoiding the marshes white with wild geese and crossed by muddy sloughs, they skirted the Coast Range foothills to what is now Firebaugh's Ferry, where after much labor they were able to ferry themselves over

the San Joaquin river, the horses swimming behind. The week before Christmas they reached the Sierra foothills.

The Captain's suspicion of El Cojo had deepened daily. Some of the men reported that for two nights El Cojo had left the camp under pretext of getting water and had staid away for three or four hours. The gallant Captain José was equal to the emergency; he immediately sent for El Cojo, and on inquiring was told by the latter that he "had been bathing in the river," "an excuse which," wrote the Captain, "I found hard to believe, since there was ice every morning in the shallow pools of the stream."

Captain José continued to worry about the proceedings of El Cojo, and the latter continued to disappear at frequent intervals, coming back with more and more original explanations of his absence. According to his stories he had been the victim of many curious accidents—his "sack of provisions had broken loose and rolled down the cañon;" "a branch had fallen across his foot;" he had "slipped down a steep slope and had to go round the hill to join his comrades." It seemed impossible for poor Captain José to formulate a military code sufficiently explicit to cover so great a range of events.

If it had not been for El Cojo and the fact that they were rapidly approaching the enemy, the journey of the expedition through the Sierra foothills would have been one long holiday. They had left behind the frosts and winds of the valley, and were in a warm, sunny region where the green grass springing up after the early rains was already a foot high and afforded abundant pasturage. The streams were so full of trout that the most veritable tyro could have caught hundreds of them with a bent pin and a bit of flannel. Deer, quail and other game seemed perfectly ignorant of the hunter's wiles, and it was evident that the Indian population was very sparse in the vast areas of the Sierras.

There follows a gap of a week or so in the narrative, for some of the pages of the Captain's journal have been missing since the American conquest. It appears, however, that the El Cojo affair finally came to what might seem a serious resolution on the part of Captain José. "I have made up my mind," he wrote, "to have El Cojo shot at the first sign of treachery."

From a modern point of view this would seem to have carried the whole subject considerably past discussion, but Captain José's journal reveals additional expanses of diplomacy. At dusk on Sunday night, after a long day's march during which El Cojo and two of his most intimate companions had for a long time left the party in spite of strict orders to the contrary, the Captain called upon El Cojo for an explanation, and "again reasoned with him." "The Deceitful Lame One" replied with vigor, saying that no Spaniard could be guilty of so vile a thing as treason, and that he hated with a perfect hatred the wild Indians they were pursuing.

"Nevertheless," continues the astute commander, "I noticed that he could not look me squarely in the face, but hung his head in a doglike manner, and continually kept his hand in a little sack that he had suspended over his shoulder."

"After he had left me I watched him closely, and noticed that he was continually taking something out of his sack and eating it. Presently I discovered that they were piñon nuts. I knew that none of the other men had any, and I came to the conclusion that he had been with the Indians."

Again and again the Captain remonstrated with El Cojo, who answered shortly that there were many piñon trees in California. Sanguinary orders were again issued. Meanwhile El Cojo managed to trade some piñon nuts with others of the company for ammunition, and went to sleep under an oak.

The little party of Spaniards finally came to a fresh Indian trail and late in the afternoon reached the enemy. A severe fight began, and Captain

José finally ordered a retreat to a large pile of rock. They had just begun this change of base, when the two men who had disappeared with El Cojo crept out of the bushes and said the charge of the Indians had separated them from the main body and that El Cojo had been killed.

"I knew they were lying," writes the Captain, "so I had them searched, and found that they also had pifion nuts in their pockets. I ordered them shot, which was done by my first sergeant and a file of five men."

This, considering the drift of preceding events, was certainly unexpected, and must have seemed so to the two deserters thus brought to grief by the habit of pifion nuts. One cannot but think that if El Cojo had suddenly returned, Captain José would have fallen into an argument with him and so postponed the execution, but the spell was broken, and long-delayed military discipline found expression.

The astute Captain continues the story as follows: "I placed their bodies on the trail along which the Indians would have to pass if they followed us. We turned them on their faces, with outstretched arms, which among California Indians is the sign of discovered treason."

Captain José's men had hardly left the bodies of the two deserters before the Indians opened fire, wounding four men and killing a horse. The Spaniards found it impossible to get back to the pile of rock, so they fought desperately, driving the Indians across the ravine. Others, however, appeared on the hills, and skirmishing continued until dusk. Captain José, who really appears to have had some fighting qualities, made a lofty speech to his men, led a charge upon the main body of the Indians, and so ended the fight.

The enemy left seventeen dead and nine wounded. "Among those who were killed," writes the Captain to his cousin, "we found El Cojo, dressed as an Indian. He had a bullet through his head."

The event made a deep impression upon all the Spaniards. Some of the company asserted soundly that the Evil One must have taken possession of the body of El Cojo, revived it, and so acted as the leader of the savages. Finding defeat inevitable, through the courage of the Spaniards and the prayers of so many pious priests, the Arch Fiend had simply given up the contract and deserted the body. This is the favorite form the legend takes among the Spanish Californians of San Juan, where El Cojo is still a terrible name.

Captain José long felicitated himself upon his own remarkable strategy and its happy results, but he could only explain the wickedness of the late El Cojo by the remark that he had "sold himself to the Enemy of Mankind." The closing paragraph of one of his letters to Don Manuel, however, would seem a sufficient explanation: "I searched his body with my own hands, and in a leathern belt that had hitherto escaped our notice I found a letter from his wife in Mazatlan, in which she described the vile treatment she had received from a native Californian—a man from Los Angeles. El Cojo had marked upon this letter from his wife, 'Muerto, 1 1 1 1,' and had also added, 'Uni vida para cada año de su edad' (one life for each year of her age).

Don Manuel, wiser than Captain José, insisted to his dying day that some wicked Californian had committed so great a wrong against El Cojo's wife that he had sworn a Catalan's vengeance, which, he said, was equal to a Corsican's vendetta in ferocity and persistence; that he had killed four men since he had reached California, as his own memorandum plainly showed, and that he expected to complete his programme by helping Chief Stanislaus and his Indians destroy the whole expedition.*

* This story, in its main features, was told me by the late General Manuel B. Castro, who showed me a part of Captain José's journals wherein the El Cojo episode is treated with great seriousness. General Manuel was the "Cousin Manuel," and Governor's secretary of the period.
C. H. S., Niles, Cal.

PIONEERS OF THE FAR WEST.

THE EARLIEST HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA, NEW MEXICO, ETC.

From Documents Never Before Published in English.

©

ESCALANTE'S LETTER (1778).—CONCLUDED.

The following pages conclude the literal translation (begun in the March number) of Fray Escalante's letter of 1778, giving a digest, from papers then in the Santa Fé archives, of the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680 and the beginning of the Reconquest:

4. All the rebels remained masters of the whole kingdom [New Mexico]; and soon as all the Spaniards were gone out from it Po-pé gave orders (under pain of their lives to such as should not obey) that all the men, women and children should take off the crosses and rosaries they might have, and should break them in pieces or burn them; that no one should speak the name of Jesus or Mary, nor invoke the saints; that all the married men should abandon the women with whom they had contracted matrimony according to the Christian law, and should take other [women] as suited them; that no one should speak the Castilian tongue, nor show any holding of affection for the God of the Christians, for the saints, nor for the priests and Spaniards; and that wherever they had not already done so they should burn all the temples and sacred images. He made his general visitation [official inspection] accompanied by a captain of the Taos rebels named Jhaka, by another [captain] of the Picuries (who formerly was governor of those same) named Don Luis Tupatú, and by another head of the Queres (who formerly was interpreter of the pueblo of Santo Domingo) called Alonso Catiti, [and] by a great number of inferior captains. He took from the churches the ornaments and holy vessels which he wished, and divided the rest among the captains and subaltern governors; and established the tribute which the pueblos must pay him in wool, cotton and other things, whensoever he should visit them. In the pueblo of Santa Ana he caused to be prepared an invitation feast of the viands which the priests and governors were wont to use; and a great table, according to the fashion of the Spaniards. He seated himself at the head, and in the opposite place he had Alonso Catiti sit, seating the rest in the remaining places. He caused to be brought two chalices, one for himself and the other for the said Alonso, and both began to drink toasts in scoff at the Spaniards and the Christian religion. And Po-pé, taking his chalice, said to Alonso (as if he were the Father Custodian): "To Your Paternal Reverence's health." Alonso took his [chalice], and rising said to Po-pé: "Here is to Your Lordship's [health], Sir Governor." In fine, there remained in all the kingdom no vestige of the Christian religion; all was profaned and destroyed.

5. Otermin gave account to the Most Excellent Sir Viceroy concerning the uprising and the disasters which followed. The Father Ayeta went on to Mexico [city] and made several reports to His Excellency, to the end that all possible means might promptly be applied to reclaim the apostate rebels of New Mexico to the Catholic faith and obedience to His Majesty. [The Viceroy] granted his permission, with a decree of the King's concurrence, for all which he deemed necessary; not only for the reduction of the rebels, but also for the subsistence of the families of the Spaniards and of the Piro, Tumpiro, Tihua, Gemex [Jemez] and Tanos Indians, who came out fleeing with Otermin (for of all these [tribes] some had come out because they would not apostatize). The Father Ayeta himself came [back from the City of Mexico] with these good dispatches and with the royal interests. On this occasion was erected the presidio [frontier garrison] of El Paso (which today is in the

Carrizal), with the advocacy of Our Lady of Pilar and of Our Lord St. Joseph. He [Otermin] arranged the invasion [*entrada*] of New Mexico. There were some difficulties which caused a very harmful delay. On the 18th day of November, 1681, the force destined for the reduction of the said rebels (it was composed of 146 Spanish soldiers and 112 Indian auxiliaries) set out from the roadstead [*ancon*] of Fray Garcia, bound for New Mexico; with Governor Otermin, Father Ayeta and other priests. On the eve of the Immaculate Conception [which is Dec. 8] they reduced the rebel Tihuas [Tiguas] of the pueblo of Isleta. From here Governor Otermin sent a detachment of part of his force, which got as far as the pueblo of Cochiti; and Otermin with the remainder [got] as far as the pueblo of Zandia (previously causing to be burned the [pueblo] of Alameda) and to Porray [Puaray, near Bernalillo], which he found without any people whatever, but with good provision of herds and vegetables. From Zandia he returned to Isleta; and before arriving there was overtaken by the detachment which had been to the up-river pueblos—that is to say, San Felipe, Santo Domingo and Cochiti. It accomplished no other thing of moment except to capture three apostates—or, it were better to say, one; for the other two gave themselves up voluntarily. Otermin wished to follow up [the campaign]; but already for the rigor of the winter, for the extreme debility of the horses, and likewise for the risk that the recent converts of Isleta return to the apostasy in which they were before (since at the urging of the other rebels 115 had within a few days returned to their apostasy and fled from the pueblo)—[in view of all this] the Governor determined to return promptly to the pueblo, taking with him the said newly converted [*reducidos*] Isleta [Indians] and the prisoners whom he and the detachment sent to Cochiti had captured. The Isletas whom he took with him on this occasion were 385 souls, and the prisoners 8. Among them was a Christian Indian [*de razon*], a Queres of the pueblo of San Felipe, named Pedro Naranjo, a famous wizard [*hechicero*] and master-preacher of idolatry, who as such enjoyed the greatest esteem with Po-pé. This [Naranjo] declared the motives of the uprising and the arrangements of the said Po-pé with more fulness, intelligence, clearness and verisimilitude than any other. The motives reduce themselves to two heads, which are: first, the love which many of the old men retain for their ancient mode of life, for their idolatry, for the estufas and [because of] the destruction of these in the time of the Governor Treviño; second, the vexations and bad treatment which they had suffered from some Spaniards in many pueblos, the persecution of those Indians who were taken to be wizards, and the many chastisements and capital punishments which various predecessors of Otermin had applied to these.

6. They arrived, returning, at El Paso in January, 1682. The Governor soon fixed upon locations for the Indians whom he had brought from New Mexico this time and the other; and he located the following pueblos: Two leagues downstream from Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe del Paso, with Piro and Tumpiro Indians, the pueblo of Senecá; a league and a half eastward from this, with Tihua Indians, the pueblo of Corpus Christi de la Isleta; 12 leagues from El Paso and $7\frac{1}{2}$ from Isleta, following the same Del Norte river [the Rio Grande, now], with Piro Indians, a few Tanos [Tanos] and some more Gemex [Jemez], the third pueblo, with the advocacy of Our Lady of Socorro. In the year of 1683 the Indians of this [latter] pueblo attempted to take the life of their minister, the Father Fray Antonio Guerra, and of one or two families of Spaniards that were there. The which they did not succeed in effecting, because the Zumas, who had settled with them, revealed their [plot]. The ringleaders fled to New Mexico; and those who remained passed by the Governor's order to another location, much nearer to the pueblo of Isleta; where today is the pueblo which a second time they built with the same name of Socorro. In the cited year of [16]83, on the 24th of

October, was founded the first mission of Zuma Indians, 8 leagues south of the pueblo of El Paso, in the spot which they call today Ojite [spring] of Samalayuca. This mission did not survive; for in the following year of [16]84 they rose with the Mansos,* Christian and infidel, with the Janos and the rest of the Zumas, and apostatized.

7. In December, 1683, there arrived at El Paso Juan Sabeata, an Indian of the Jumano nation, saying that all his people wished to be reclaimed to the Faith, and asked for ministers; and that not very far from their country were the Tejas [Texas], of whom he related so many things that he caused it to be believed that that province was one of the most advanced [*politicas*], fertile and rich in this America. For which reason the Father Fray Nicolás Lopez, then Vice-Custodian, desirous to propagate the Gospel, determined to go apostolically, without escort or defense, to this exploration [*descubrimiento*] with the Fathers Fray Juan de Zavaleta and Fray Antonio de Acevedo. He informed the Governor, Don Domingo Gironza, who did not permit that the Fathers should go alone, exposed to so many risks. He formed an expedition of volunteer citizens, sending as commander of them the Col. [*maestre de campo*] Don Juan Domingo de Mendoza, with the proper orders for safeguarding the said priests and for the achievement of the end for which they tried. They reached the junction of the two rivers, Norte [Rio Grande] and Conchos, and preached to the Indians that were there—which were the three nations Conchos, Julimes and Chicolomos. These showed great docility, and the Father Fray Antonio de Acevedo remained instructing them. The rest continued their journey, took to the Pecos river, which they then called Salado [salt], and after having marched many days arrived at a rancheria of Indians who then were called Hediondos [Stinkers]. Among them were some Jumanes; and of the latter [nation] was Juan Sabeata. From here they took their return to the junction of the two rivers by another way, more easterly than that they came by. And before they arrived there was a great discord between the citizens and the commandant Mendoza, which caused much scandal to the gathered heathen and much mortification to the priests. Soon as he arrived, the Indians of the junction asked Father Lopez for six priests to instruct them and administer the holy sacraments. He left them the Fathers Zavaleta and Acevedo, and [himself] proceeded with the rest of the company, returning by Tabalopa and Encinillas to El Paso. After a little time there arrived at the junction of the rivers some Tulime Indians, very resentful against the Spaniards because they had seen two others of their same nation hanged in Parral. As they saw all the catechumens of the junction these latter rose, flogged the two said priests, drove them out from there naked, on foot and without food, slew various Tihua Indians who were in company with the Fathers, and profaned the ornaments and sacred vessels that were there. The Fathers, with enormous toil, and at the end of many days, arrived at the pueblos of El Paso. This same year of [16]84, as I indicated above, the Mansos Indians of the pueblo of Our Lady of Guadalupe of El Paso rose, apostatized and went to unite with the infidels of the same nation, commanded by the captain Chiquito, until then a very [good] friend of the Spaniards. The Zumas and the Janos uprose, and these, by means of the infidel Mansos, took the life of their minister, the Father Fray Manuel Beltran, destroyed the temple and profaned the ornaments and sacred vessels. This mission was called Our Lady of the Solitude of the Janos [soledad]. All these persevered in their rebellion for two years; until, unable to withstand the incessant war which Don Domingo Gonzales made, killing and capturing many of them, they surrendered and sued for peace in the year 1686.

8. The rebel pueblos of New Mexico began to get inflamed one against another and to wage raw war. The Queres, Taos and Pecos fought

* Called also Gorretas, "Little Caps." See Benavides, *Memorial*.

against the Tehuas and Tanos, and these deposed Po-pé for the despotism and rigor with which he made himself obeyed and for the much tribute that in his frequent visitations he made them pay him; and in his place they chose Don Luis Tupatú. The latter governed the Tehuas and Tanos until the year 1688, in which the same Po-pé was chosen again. Soon afterward he died, and the said Don Luis was chosen for the second time. Alonso Catití, superior of the Queres, died sooner. As he entered an estufa to sacrifice, he burst asunder suddenly, all his intestines coming forth to the view of many other Indians. Thereafter each pueblo of the Queres governed itself independently [*se gobernó por sí mismo*]. The Apaches had peace with some of these pueblos, and in others did all the damage they could. The Yuttas [Utes], after they knew the misfortune of the Spaniards [the 1680 rebellion] made war unceasing on the Jemes, Taos and Picuries; and, even with much more ardor, on the Tehuas, among whom they made formidable ravages. Not alone with this and with their civil wars were all the apostates of the kingdom afflicted, but as well by famines and pestilence. The Queres and Jemes finished-off the Piros and Tihuas who remained after the invasion by Otermin, because they considered them friendly to the Spaniards. Of the Tihuas there only escaped some families which retired to the province of Aloqui [palpable misprint for Moqui]; of the Piros none whatever.

9. The year of 1688 Don Pedro Reneros Posada invaded New Mexico, reached the pueblo of Cia, took [from it] some horses and sheep [*ganado menor*], and returned to El Paso without accomplishing anything else. In September* of the following year of [16]89 Don Domingo Gironza† went in unto the same reduction of the rebels. He had a bloody battle in the said pueblo of Cia, in which the rebels defended themselves with such valor and desperate dash that many let themselves burn alive on their housetops sooner than surrender. The number of Queres (as well of this said pueblo as from that of Santa Ana and others who came to succor the besieged) who were left dead in this battle mounted up to 600, of both sexes and of different ages. Only four ancient men were captured alive. They were shot [*arcabuceado*] in the self-same plaza [public square] of the pueblo. It is not proved that in this expedition anything else was accomplished. In the year 1690 Don Domingo Gironza had already formed another expedition to invade New Mexico a second time: but the Zumas, [both] Christians and gentiles, who lived in El Paso and its vicinity, rose, and he was obliged to direct his [expedition] against them.

10. At the beginnings of the year 1691 Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon entered upon the governorship. After having pacified the Zumas he thought upon the reduction of the rebels of New Mexico. He consulted the Most Excellent Sir Viceroy, Count of Galvez; and His Excellency agreed, giving him [Vargas] 50 soldiers from the garrisons of Parral. Before these arrived at El Paso, Vargas set forth to New Mexico with what men-at-arms he could gather and with three of our priests, who were the Fathers Fray Francisco Corvera, Fray Miguel Muñiz and Fray Cristóbal Alonzo Barroso. In Santa Fé the Tanos of the pueblo of Galisteo were fortified. He besieged them, [but] at the outset they showed such stubbornness that to the requests Vargas made them that they should make peace they answered the first time that they would not make it, for they must take the lives of all the Spaniards, so that they should have no chance to flee as at the time of the uprising [1680]. And the second time [they answered] that they would fight until they died, and would not surrender. With all the efficacy they could, the priests preached and exhorted them to make peace. Don

* Really, August 29.—Ed.

† Governor Domingo Gironza Petris de Cruzate.

Diego de Vargas did the same, bestowing upon them his pardon for their past crimes and showing them by all methods a paternal and compassionate love. He overlooked the insults which they gave him by words and actions; and at the same time he disposed with great activity whatever would help to improve an occasion to reduce them by force, in case there should be no other method; like the brave and prudent soldier [he was] and the zealous and compassionate Christian. At last the besieged surrendered, without the effusion of blood, on the 13th day of September; and on the following day, on which befell the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, in the year 1692, they rendered obedience and were absolved from their apostasy by the Father Fray Francisco Corvera. After the town [*villa*] of Santa Fé had been gained, the 50 soldiers from the garrisons of Parral arrived, and Don Diego de Vargas passed on to the pueblo of Pecos, whose Indians forsook it and withdrew to the mesas [table-lands] and hills near by. In different parts of these [hills] our men captured 23 old Indians and young ones, of both sexes, who were the last that had gone forth fleeing. Don Diego de Vargas set all these at liberty that they might persuade the others—who could not be found in four days—that they should return to their pueblo without the least distrust, and that their *principales* [councilors] should come to the town [Santa Fé] to give their obedience. He returned to Santa Fé with all his force; and from here passed, September 29th, to the up-stream pueblos. All the Tehuas submitted without resistance; and the Tanos, Picuries and Taos did the same. All were absolved from their apostasy, and brought to the *padres* [Fathers—priests], to be baptized, all the babies and children of both sexes who had been born during the time of their rebellion. Those baptized in all the pueblos of the Tanos, Picuries and Taos were 926.

Up to this point come the data which I have extracted from the papers of these archives [in Santa Fé].

11. Before concluding this letter I wish to indicate at least what is my opinion upon the Tehuayo and upon the Gran Quivira, whose imagined greatness has given much to think about, from the beginning of the last century up to the present time. The Tehuayo,* according to the diary of Ofiate and other ancient narratives, should be reckoned, at most, 200 leagues to the northwest of Santa Fé. And it is nothing else than the land by way of which the Tihuas, Tehuas and other Indians transmigrated to this kingdom [New Mexico]. Which is clearly shown by the ruins of pueblos which I have seen in it, whose form was the same that they afterward gave to [their pueblos in] New Mexico; and the fragments of clay pottery which I likewise saw in the said country are very like the [pottery] which the aforesaid Tehuas make today. To which is added the constant tradition of themselves, which affirms the same; and that I have gone afoot [*andado*] more than 300 leagues in the said direction up to 41 degrees and 19 minutes [north] latitude, and have found no information whatever among the Indians who today occupy that land, of others who dwell in pueblos.

12. The Gran Quivira, according to the region in which they have always considered it to be, and according to what I have been able to draw out up until now, combining all the narratives about it that I have seen or heard, is nothing else than the villages [*pueblos*] of the Panana Indians [these were the Pawnees]. Nor have they more greatness than living gathered in villages; and with the same advancement [*politica*] (a little more or less) as that in which the Moquinos live today. Two things principally confirm my conjecture. The first is, the first villages [*pueblos*] that are found within more than 300 leagues to the northeast of Santa Fé are the said ones. Of the which, under the name of Pananas, no information was had in this kingdom until the year 19 of this century

* Evidently the "San Juan country."

[i. e., until 1719]; in which [year] news was given by a Frenchman who came to New Mexico by that way. For which motive the Governor* then here sent a force under one Villazur.† The which, having arrived at the river‡ on whose opposite bank were the said villages [pueblos], was perceived by the Pananas. The latter crossed the river‡ in the night, with a great number of guns§ [fusiles]; and at dawn of the day following they fired upon the camp of our people such a discharge that most [of ours] perished; and among them the *Padre* Fray Juan Míngues, missionary of this custody, the commander and the Frenchman,|| who was guiding the force.

The second [of my reasons] is that in the middle part of the last century some families of Christian Indians of the pueblo and tribe [nación] of Taos uprose, withdrew to the plains of Cíbola [not Coronado's "Cibola," but the Buffalo plains] and fortified themselves in a place which afterward was for this [reason] called the Cuarteletejo. And they were in it until Don Juan de Archuleta by order of the Governor went with 20 soldiers and a party of Indian auxiliaries and brought them back to their pueblo [Taos]. He found in the possession of these revolted Taos [Indians] casques [text *casos*, apparently misprint for *cascos*] and other pieces of copper and tin; and when he asked them whence they had acquired these they replied "from the Quivira pueblos," to which they had journeyed from the Cuarteletejo. This caused great admiration and content to all the Spaniards and priests of the kingdom; believing that these casques and other pieces were *made* in the Quivira; and therefrom they inferred that it was a very advanced and rich kingdom. From Cuarteletejo in that direction one goes to the Pananas; and today it is seen with certainty that there are no other pueblos besides the said [Panana] ones, with which the French were by then already trading. Besides this, in all the pueblos which the English and French have discovered, from the Jumana [tribe] to the north or northeast, we do not know any to have been found of the advancement and riches which used to be imagined of the Gran Quivira.

13. In the same manner, from the ill-understood stories of heathen Indians, many were persuaded that on the other side of the Colorado river (which, with the Gila, enters the Gulf of California) dwelt a nation like unto the Spanish, which wore long beards, armor like our ancient one of breastplate, steel helmet and shoulder-piece. And these, with no great doubt, are the Bearded Yuttas [Utes] of whom the Rev. Father Custodian and I speak in the diary of the journey which we made through those lands in the year of [17]76; the which live in rancherías¶ and not in pueblos. They are very poor; they use no more arms than their arrows and some lances of flint [heads]; nor have they any other breastplate, helmet or shoulder-piece than what they brought out from the belly of their mothers [i. e., than their own skin].

This is as much as I can now say and as the limits of a letter permit. God our Lord guard Your Reverence many years in His grace. Santa Fè and April 2 of 1778. Your affectionate servant brother [in priesthood] and chaplain kisses the hand of Your Reverence.

FRAY SILVESTRE VELEZ DE ESCALANTE.

Rev. Father Reader Fray Juan Agustin Morfi.

Fray Escalante's letter leaves us in the very doorway to the serious work of Vargès's long and remarkable campaign of Reconquest. At some later date it is hoped to carry out the interesting story in as concise terms as the good trade's, by a condensation from Vargès's official reports and from other sources. The documents on they stand are too voluminous for this little magazine to undertake an unabridged translation at present.—Ed.

* Don Antonio Valverde.

† See this magazine Feb., '98, p. 129. This ill-fated expedition was in 1720.

‡ The south fork of the Platte.

§ Supplied them by the French.

|| Juan de Archibique, one of the murderers of La Salle.

¶ Small farming settlements.



Has it occurred to you that about all the serious harm ever done in this cool world has been done by the Good People? It is the historic fact.

THE EVIL
THAT
MEN DO.

Not the little, ephemeral personalities like sneakthieving, murder and the benevolent assimilation of a neighbor's wife. Acts harm the actors. These poor fools harm society no more than a madman kills it when he cuts his own throat. The criminal is absolutely powerless as a factor in evolution. We know him, if only late; and he knows himself. Whether we ever catch him and hang him, counts little. His punishment and his futility are in him and on him, anyhow.

But all the great, long, deep, generic wrongs; all the ignorance and bigotry and oppression in human history—all these have been committed by the Good People.

Who blocked the new message of the Nazarene? The rabble? No, the orthodox. Whom does Christ curse—the brute Roman soldiery? Nay, the Good People. Rabblies do not adjudicate systems of religion—such things are approved or rejected by the religious.

Who stood in the path of Luther's Reformation—the slums? No, the Church. Who silenced Galileo—the dunces? No, the scientists. Who made the Spanish Inquisition a byword for cruelty—the bad people? Oh, no! The most pious, orthodox, god-fearing people in Spain. Who hanged witches and flogged Quakers in New England—the riff-raff? Not at all; the most virtuous of our Puritan forefathers. The unregenerate do not care enough what another man believes to roast or rack him into orthodoxy; to be so cruel needs men who would die for the faith themselves. Even in our modern version of the Inquisition—Church heresy trials—it is not the backsliders who play inquisitor.

Who kept Negro slavery alive in this country? Not the Legrees (who were few) but the ministers of the gospel who preached and prayed for the "divine institution" of slavery, and proved by the bible the righteousness of slaveholding; and the orthodox congregations which kept that kind of ministers to do their conscience. Who maintained the War of the Rebellion four years and more? The camp followers and "hard cases"? Never! Scoundrels and scrubs are as small a drop in the bucket below Mason and Dixon's line as above it—and it is an Abolition Yankee who admits this. That war lived because the sober, home-loving, law-abiding, god-fearing people of the South believed in it. They fought as scrubs never will fight—and they made the scrubs fight, who would have run away as soon as the brute excitement wore off. Only, all these Good People were Mistaken.

It is needless to continue the parallel. All history runs the same way. It means something. And the first thing it means is that men can't wholesale their duty. It is a retail business. It means that a majority of the people in any country "mean well;" that they generally start wrong and wind up about right. And their itinerary is so invariably of one method that the student of history knows what to expect. When you see a stolid multitude of Good People; and here and there among them a Good Man arising, with brains in the upper end of him, and disagreeing with the crowd at his proper cost; and the

Word spreads, and persecution spreads with it—why, then you may reasonably figure that in a year or five years or a generation the crowd will agree with the man who wouldn't agree with the crowd. It works that way—whether it be one golden-rule carpenter against Mosaic Palestine; or one protesting monk against Catholic Europe; or one Puritan against a United States half slaveholding and half consenting to slavery. It doesn't mean that every man who protests is right, any more than that every crowd is right by conforming. But when men with heads and hearts begin to break out for conscience sake; when they brave their own party, their own social peers—why, then the crowd that thinks by platoons might as well make up its mind to right-about face. For it is going to have to.

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

Who was John Brown? Why, he was a fool! Also a rude, half-educated backwoods "copper-head" and "traitor." He was against the government of the United States—which then officially sanctioned and protected human slavery. He was so blasphemous as to think God as big as the President. He was against the State governments which desired to extend slavery. He was an impolite person. He did not ask anybody if he please might think. The implied permission God gave him, by giving him a brain to think with, was warrant enough for John Brown.

Do you chance to remember the name of anyone of the eminently respectable persons—bankers, ministers, professors, deacons, merchants, who were scandalized by John Brown, and balked his crusade so that he died a martyr without seeing the Dawn? Remember who the governor was that hung John Brown? Know the name or rank of the patriotic regular army officer who conquered him? Ever hear any songs about them? Or about the president of the United States that year—if you should chance to remember who he was?

But maybe you have heard ten thousand men, in a roar that shook high heaven, sing about the man of Ossawatimie. And felt it, as I have, in your feet; and opened your lungs with it, and felt something crinkle in your blood.

Why?

TIME
TO

GET UP.

The Calaveras Grove of Big Trees seems in a way to be saved—though Californians may as well still watch that the Secretary of the Interior does not fall asleep, now that Congress has empowered him to preserve this noblest forest on earth.

And we ourselves may fitly refrain from undue slumber henceforth. It was high time we wakened to avert the last vandalism—enough had gone before. As John Muir—the Prophet of the Sierra, who has really shaken us all awake at last—writes me: "Every year for the last 25 years, more sequoias have been felled, blasted and sawed into lumber on the Fresno, Kings, Kaweah and Tule rivers than are contained in the Calaveras Grove. Perhaps twice as many. And with scarce a whimper from the public."

This ought to make us Californians truly proud of what we are pleased to describe as our brains. The only excuse is that we have been young and busy; but this excuse is rather senile now. If we ever plan to be weaned of our philistinism, it is about time to begin. It is time for us to see that our representatives, State and National, adopt common-sense and adequate systems for preserving what forests we have left. Appropriations, forces and other measures are at present something like a child's tin-shovel sandheap against the ocean.

We foster in our home circles a belief that we are not imbeciles nor vandals. But we let an irresponsible sheep-herder, or an alien lumberman, or a ravel-witted camper destroy our watershed. We mangle away in our city or town—five, fifty or a hundred thousand of us—and sweat over the serious concerns of councilmen and dog-catchers and

progressive euchre ; while a few vandals sell our roof from over our heads. Now, we are not all such fools as not to know that if our forests disappear, the State will die—well, let us not act as if we were. What shall it profit us to gain the Philippines if California dries up? One “dry year” scares us blue ; yet one can count almost on his fingers the men who are really toiling to prevent *all* our years from being dry. One careless campfire running amuck in our mountains does more harm to California than all the pink teas, underwear bargain sales, literary societies, tally-ho parties, lectures and sermons ever endemic in the State have done it good. It destroys more money than they can all replace and disproves more brains than they ever dreamed of having. Let us keep our forests. And the way to keep is to keep. And the first of it is to keep at our law-makers till there shall be reservations enough, money enough, rangers enough and stiff penalties enough to do the work.

The party whips and administration organs shed their breath in vain in alternately bullying and beseeching us, who are neither whips nor whippies, but plain Americans, to “Stand By the President.” We do. We have Stood By the President right along, even after he became unable to stand by himself. Though he falls down whenever the Syndicate looks unkindly at his legs, we are still Standing By the President, who defined the Philippine war beforehand as Criminal Aggression ; who declared it Our Plain Duty to give free-trade to Puerto Rico. He was quite right then—he has generally been right when he spoke from his conviction. Standing By the President doesn’t mean Falling Down with him nor turning flip-flops with him. If Mr. McKinley—who never reads, and is surrounded by sycophantic ax-grinders—had half-way realized how well the people have Stood By him, he would have stood by himself, and all this sorry mess of vacillation, wrongdoing, and now acute danger, would have been avoided.

We are still Standing By the President. But as for the persons who are crying out to us—*they* are not Standing By the President. They are Standing By the Push, *on* the President. They are what keep him from getting up.

Personally one wishes such a man might have had his heart’s desire, but in history Cronje will be better off on St. Helena. He fits. He is confessed to fit. Westminster Abbey is a little common. It is for some thousand Englishmen who adorn it. St. Helena is for the two foreigners who made it tremble. Historically, two English generals will be remembered because they secured tenants for St. Helena—by having ten times as many men and guns or by the accident of a Blucher and a sunken road.

Though he is 76 years old, President Kruger’s head is evidently still hard as his fists and clear as his hunter’s eye. He outflanks England even in wit ; and even amid the desperate chances of his little republic, he must be smiling to see what easy game the diplomats of England are to an old Dutch farmer. His “peace proposals” did precisely what they were meant to do. “Suing for peace” Why, Kruger knew he had to deal with a class of intelligence that would think so, and would be all the fiercer because it believed him scared. It takes no great craft to trap a hippopotamus. All you have to do is to show yourself on the other side of a deep pit, and the brave, serious behemoth rushes straightway at you and lands where you designed it to.

President Kruger designed to unmask England, and he succeeded. At the click of his cable the Imperial Masked Beauty stands up and flings off not her mask only but her very robes, and stands naked to the world. She is beautiful no longer. Her disguise was pretty. She and her equally unhumorous admirers thought the disguise was herself—that

the silken cant and sophistry and pretence was the woman. But it wasn't. And without the Uitlander's rouge, and the Equal Rights plumpers, and the false hair of Pax Britannica, she is not a desirable figure. She is stark and ugly; fighting not for liberty but for conquest, not for republicanism but for Empire, not for the rights of Uitlanders or Boers or Hottentots but for England's "right" to rule subject nations. She confesses her intention to crush independence. She confesses she dare not leave it to be arbitrated by any other civilized nation on earth whether her cause is just, and that means of course that she knows it isn't. This is precisely what Kruger wished. He has shown England to the world and to herself.

And incidentally "Uncle Paul" has equally shown up the American Tories who have been cheering the big Empire to crush the little Republic. Majuba Hill wasn't a circumstance to the killing the old lion-hunter made on the day of his "Peace Proposals."

THE
LAST

STRAW.

That little Puerto Rico Tariff bill is at last the parting of the ways. For the first time, the re-election of President McKinley is in doubt. If he had stood even once by his own convictions, his second term would be as sure as tomorrow's sunrise. We have forgiven him many times for leaving his conscience behind and running off after Mr. Hanna. We have tried hard to believe him when he said we were in for Expansion not Imperialism. But Puerto Rico is the last straw. It will defeat Mr. McKinley unless something happens. It has shown us once more that our President will abandon Our Plain Duty—as he honestly and truly said—when the Syndicate tells him to. It has shown also that what he thinks only Expansion is really Imperialism, and nothing else. He has agreed to put Our Islands outside the Constitution. He has urged Congressmen to do it. Outside the Constitution is not the United States, it is Colonies. Colonies are not republican, they are imperial. And we have found out at last, authoritatively, that while the President does not wish to be an Emperor, he cannot resist those who wish him to be. Meantime the Philippine war will go on—the President's Own War, for it has now been running eighteen months, and to this day neither the American Congress nor the American people have voted for it. It remains as it began, Mr. McKinley's personal war—for which we pay the freight; three hundred million dollars thus far. Now these are matters our very assiduous and sensitive seeker of a second term had better be reckoning with. The Republican party had better begin to reckon, too. If it would rather lose under McKinley than win under Thos. B. Reed, it can afford to go on Hanna-ing. But it wouldn't. The Push would sacrifice their mothers, not to say their doll, sooner than lose. They would cut McKinley's throat in an instant, if they realized that he was not advantageous to them. There are Republicans who are neither office-holders nor valets to office-holders, nor slumberers. They wish their party to win, if it can win fair. But if it won't, they will try to see that their country wins, anyhow.

MY
BROTHER'S
KEEPER.

Zitkala-Sa, an educated Indian girl, prints in the February and March *Atlantic* two quiet, simple, strong papers, which Americans will do well to read. They are good reading, and of an exquisite pathos. They will help many to understand something—only a little—of the real cruelty of our system of Indian education. And when we in general understand, there will be a bad quarter-hour for the persons who get salaries for administering a system they devised for their own convenience, not for the real good of the Indian.

Meantime, Miss Estelle Reel, Supt. of all Indian schools, is "drawing up a bill for Congress, to make education compulsory for all Indian children." The Lion hoped better of Miss Reel, because she is a woman. He will be sorry to conclude that she is even more a politician.

A blanket bill for all Indians is on its face ignorant and unjust ; for there are different kinds of Indians, and they need different treatment. Miss Reel—that is, the voice is hers, but the hand is the hand of Pratt—desires to teach *all* Indian children “trades.” Does Miss Reel know a trade? Doesn't she know that thousands of Indian children learn at home the trades they need—the trades useful to farmers and housekeepers? Doesn't she know that if these children are forcibly taken away and taught to make brogans and set type they will fail to learn the things they could use at home? Not only will their filial ties be broken, they will be spoiled as farmers and housekeepers. In another generation, under her plan, the farms of the Pueblos, for instance, would find no one to till them. Then it would be easy to get that idle land for white people.

And that is what we are after. We dare not go straight at it ; but we will break up the Indian home, make the young Indians into a servant class, and then pocket the lands they “no longer use.” This is the game ; perhaps deliberately laid out with devilish ingenuity by some one hidden, but carried out and given respectability by a large class of good people too ignorant of the facts to understand what they are doing.

Whatever one may think of Gen. E. S. Otis as an administrator—and what the President thinks is at last shown by sending a commission to hold over him—we must admit that he is a dismal failure as a prophet. The old joke of the Weather Bureau is tame beside his forecasts. Every month for more than a year, now, he has declared the war “practically ended,” and for two months he has had the war “over.” But evidently he does not print his weather bulletins in Tagal. The Filipinos haven't heard the news. They go on bush-whacking our soldiers just as if the war wasn't over. Manila itself, as Otis himself complains, is the most dangerous hotbed of revolution. It has been under his thumb all this time, and still it is not happy—despite the 400 new saloons he has let in to drown its sorrows. And here comes that naughty man Gen. Shafter and says that “we will always have to keep garrisons in the Philippines.” Of course we will. The war has only begun.

THE END
OF THE
BEGINNING.

If the capture, after ten days' resistance, of 3000 Boers and ten cannon by 40,000 Britons with 100 cannon and the devil's own lyddite, suffice to turn London hysteric with joy, the class in mental arithmetic will please figure what would happen if the English in South Africa won a man-to-man victory. As a real friend of England—the country whose people are lovable as ours, and led by the nose by as hateful politicians—the Lion hopes no such shock will happen. It would be sad to see an obliteration of England by heart-disease universal and between two days—though heart-disease might take longer than that in England. The friendly pathologist would much rather see England suffer a rush of brains to the head ; the Chamberlains and Rhodeses kicked back among the sutlers where they belong ; and the policies of Great Britain framed and guided by the real heart and head of the English people.

LET
US
PRAY.

The people who believe that “England is fighting in South Africa today for what our forefathers fought for in the Revolution”—well, they would believe anything. England is fighting today for what *she* fought for in 1776—to force her good government on those who do not wish it ; to crush independence ; to maintain her sovereignty. She says so now, herself ; and makes her apologists look even more foolish than Nature made them to look. And as her defeat in America was by far the best thing that ever happened to England, her real friends hope she will be beaten in Africa.

1776
AND
1900.

BY
THEIR

FRUITS.

Policies, like men, are known by their fruits; and the fruits of the Strong Hand policy are and always have been bad, even among good people—as the English certainly are. The creed of empire always brutalizes. It also makes hypocrisy—particularly now that (thanks mostly to America) those who believe might makes right don't quite dare to say so. They have to invent more pious sounding phrases to justify their practice, and they have to try to discredit the Other Fellows in the eyes of the world.

When we read (from British sources) of "Boer atrocities" against the God-fearing and liberty loving invader, every American who knows anything about this own country's history is instantly "reminded of a little story"—several little stories. He remembers what was said of Yankee atrocities. He remembers the gentle etiquette with which England treated her rebel sons. He remembers the Hessian butchers and Indian fiends our tender mother turned loose on us. He remembers Cherry Valley and Wyoming and Fort Dearborn, and Frenchtown and Fort Meigs, and many another massacre, and the Bulls of *that* day. He remembers the tomahawk and the scalping-knife and the firebrand; the ravishment of women, the dashing of babes against trees, the butchery of unarmed prisoners. He remembers the Right of Search, and the Americans kidnapped off our shores and ships, to fight in the English navy—even against their country—or be triced up and flogged to death. It is no pleasure to any good American to remember these things, this whole imperial attitude so long as we were small enough to look like England's meat. No good American would recall them if England showed fruits meet for repentance. He will not hate the English people for them. But he will hate tyranny and hypocrisy, he will deny the right of kings—good kings as well as bad kings—and prove his right to be a free man, and his title as an American, by believing in freedom.

JUST

COMMON

It is always well to remember that parties and nations are simply collections of men, therefore liable to the weaknesses of men, and in all things to be judged as men are judged, by their fruits.

Now, if you observe two men in controversy, and one of them keeps arguing: "We have no right to do that way; it is unjust, dishonest, wrong." And the other keeps arguing: "You're a liar! You're a copperhead! You're a traitor!" Which of these men do you presume to be right? And which do you fancy feels surest of his ground?

If you were a tourist from Mars and saw two great crowds of men debating a policy; and one crowd appealing to history, to reason, to liberty and justice and the eternal standards of right, even as against their own usual party; and the other side appealing to party spirit, and passion, and chances to make money and "glory"—which would you think was probably in the right of it?

STOP

THE

VANDALS.

1851 is a good way back; but all the good men who came to California by then are not dead yet. And if not dead, is the Society of Pioneers sleeping? Has it not seen the peerless site of San Francisco vulgarized enough, that now it must let gophers of contractors devour Telegraph Hill? It is not only the keynote of the landscape, it is the chief landmark of San Francisco history. In Italy that hill would have been made a wonder of the world. Even now it could be so handled as to atone for half the sins of San Francisco. If the city of the Golden Gate has not yet as much taste as her "dago" bootblacks, does she not hope to have? Taste is a matter of time and temperament; but common sense is open to all. Unless San Francisco is really hopeless she will save Telegraph Hill now, and improve it when she may.

"The Sign of the Lark" (which is William Doxey) removed last month from San Francisco to New York. The Lion fears this was a business blunder. The Coast is short on artistic publishers; the East isn't. Mr. Doxey was a marked man, not so much because he was Doxey as because he was lonely. Every book he printed here had at least an adventitious advantage—it surprised everyone to see such tasteful books issued in California. No one alive will be surprised to see them issued in New York. And with Mr. Doxey gone, several other houses will take his local place—and more too. Mr. Doxey has left a lean pasture of his own for a pasture crowded with ruminants quite as esthetic as he and of a hundred times the capital. Of the result there is no serious doubt.

BETTER
"FIRST IN A
VILLAGE."

All of which is a pity. And quite unselfish to us. The local succession is already established, and without any lowering of standards; and all Western writers will publish in New York anyhow, if they can. But it is hard to imagine what can pay Mr. Doxey for loss of his distinction as the most attractive publisher in a thousand miles.

For 102 years England has "forbid by law" the "wearing of the green." Now Irishmen are allowed to wear their "national flower." Why? To get them to put the South African Republic under the same royal thumb Ireland is under. Irish generals furnish the brains, Irish soldiers stop the bullets, for England's war of conquest. This is to get more of them. A gracious Queen does it in womanly sympathy; but cold-blooded he-politicians put it in her mind. Not because they love the Irish but because they like Irish fighters. They are cheaper than Englishmen, and at least as effective.

NOT
SO
GREEN.

The Lion isn't Irish. He never wanted to wear a Shamrock. He doesn't love the Irish unless they are men—and a man he loves anywhere. But as a citizen of the Fair-Play Country he likes fair play; and the most stupid yokel knows as well as every scholar that England never gave Ireland fair play. The bullying empire which has brutally maintained the brutal edict of 1798, forbidding an Irishman to wear his dear national shamrock, is a fine country to spread liberty and equal rights in South Africa—now isn't it?

The Club's important work of preserving the old Missions and other historic landmarks of California from the swift decay that is overtaking them, lags for want of funds. A great majority of the members have not yet paid in their dues for 1900. There is a vast amount of work to be done at the Missions of San Diego, San Juan Capistrano and San Fernando, and the asistencia or chapel of Pala. And work costs money, even when a few earnest persons give their time. The Club has already expended some \$3,600 in safeguarding the principal buildings at Capistrano, San Fernando and San Diego; but there is a vast deal more to be done. Any person is welcome to membership who will contribute at least \$1 per year to the work. Already acknowledged, \$3,763.96; new contributions—Louisa C. Bacon, Mattapoissett, Mass. (her third), \$10; J. C. and J. M. Nolan, St. Paul, Minn., \$5; Mrs. P. W. Hoyle, P. C. Hoyle, Los Angeles, \$1 each.

THE
LANDMARKS
CLUB.

Lift up your heads, O ye hills! The scholars in the University of Chicago have undone the work of the politicians thereof. Chicago has returned to civilized spelling. The illiterate "reform" is dead; and doubtless will stay dead. In the present march of education it is improbable that Chicago will ever again become so ignorant, even over night.

OVER
HER
"SPELL."

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

Professor Barrett Wendell of Harvard, who used to be, in my memory, the best sprinter in college, is terribly fearful that lecturing to the girls of the "Annex" is going to break down the mental vigor of the Harvard professors. None of the other lecturers seem to have felt their brains giving way. Probably the only professors in danger are those who have the idea that they have to step down when they address women students. Come, Barrett, come West, where the free winds clear such cobwebs out of the brain, and people are less grandmothers, and men and women go to the universities together and no one gets hurt. It is, alas, too much like Massachusetts to be groping in these superstitions and timidities which have been so long left behind by wider-educated folk.

OUR CALIFORNIA

A very tastefully made volume, fat, wide-margined and serious, is Charles A. Keeler's long-promised *Bird Notes Afield*. And as examination shows, well worthy of its careful dress. It is a companionable and a safe guide to our California birds; and should have a place in every thoughtful or teachable Californian's library.

Mr. Keeler is at his best in bird-lore. For foundation he has serious knowledge. He was little more than a boy when his striking monograph on the coloration of birds appeared; a work unjustly treated by a stupid closet naturalist, but fully vindicated by the dean of American ornithology, Elliott Coues; and hereafter to be reckoned with by all ornithologists.

To knowledge, Mr. Keeler adds a vital sympathy. Of poetic temper and entire genuineness, he sees by preference the living bird, though he knows the skeleton to which it is reducible. His sketches, though based on scientific knowledge, are directed to the average human heart. And he makes the birds interesting. A handy and compact descriptive list of 204 California birds forms a valuable appendix to the book. Elder & Shepard, 238 Post street, San Francisco. \$1.50 net.

ON OTHER

WINGS.

Of an entirely different category, even in the beauty of its mechanical presentment, Mr. Keeler's book of verse, *A Season's Sowing*, falls among the luxuries as the bird-book falls among the necessities of California scholars. It is a collection of many little seeds of thought, in distichs and quatrains, in many moods, but all rather introspective; none of it unworthy thought, though most of it is not unusual. It is of a sort difficult to define; instinct with an unmistakable impulse, but without the pentecost of expression. Of Mr. Keeler's potentiality in ornithology there can be no doubt; of his vocation to poetry, what doubts are inevitable must stand to wait in respect for his splendid determination, his patience, his deep care to succeed. If a poet can be made, he will make one; and curiously, all that stands in his way seems to be utterance. The poetic temperament he has to a rare degree—I have known few in whom it is so marked. Yet in the crystallization he does not do himself justice. If rare devotion will bring him out he will win, as he certainly deserves to.

It is not invidious to say that the "better half" is to the book as to the poet. The decoration, by Mrs. Keeler, need not be reluctant in any company. Here is a poet too—and one of really astonishing growth,

though still barely more than a girl in years. Anyone who will compare Mrs. Keeler's work of a twelvemonth or so ago with the beautiful and serene decoration which lends distinction to these pages will not be niggardly of admiration. And not as improvement alone, but *net*, these artistic symbolisms are delightful. There is no publishing house anywhere which would not feel comfortable over the forth-putting of such work; and there are few houses which do not annually father work much inferior. Mrs. Keeler is still weak in figures; but her decoration is literally excellent. Fac-simile pages from this uncommonly attractive book are given elsewhere. Both books, from this beautiful comradeship, are a credit to California. Elder & Shepard.

Was It Right to Forgive? seems to Amelia E. Barr a question; IT MAY
so there are doubtless others who will share her implied belief HAVE
that it *was* right. Unto such it would be unkind as fruitless to BEEN.
protest. The average normal person, however, after reading this novel—
which is not hard—will incline to feel that it would be better to have
to forgive "Anthony" for quietly drowning "Rose"—which he was
unfortunately too stupid to do. Character-drawing does not seem the
rightful trade of this book. It is neither balanced nor judicious. Evi-
dently "Rose" was predestined to be forgiven; but she is as despicable a
character as the author is able to draw; and if she could be forgiven, all
morality and all common sense might as well be thrust outdoors. And
as her mother and brother are equally worthless worms, and as the man
of great love is reasoned out to the last stages of idiocy, the attractive
features of the book are rather downcast H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.
\$1.50.

Of the romantic and little exploited times and pomp of Harun HER FIRST
al Raschid, Khalif of Baghdad, the late Kate A. Benton set forth AND
to write a poem. But not being of the geniuses who write the LAST.
freer the less they know, Mrs. Benton began to study her text; and as
she studied, the horizon widened. Instead of a poem, a novel of nearly
500 pages grew under her earnest hands. And a good novel. As to the
scientific history of that environment, this reviewer is not expert; but he
thinks he does know patient and honest research when he meets them—
and they are met here. Not only warm and sympathetic color and typical
detail inform *Geber*, but unusual skill in the novelist's arts of stage-setting
and character-drawing. "Geber," inventor of algebra and better medi-
cines, a striking type of the half-wizard, half-prophetic physician; his
putative daughter "Yacuta" and her strangely related slave "Gulnare;"
Harun the Just and Zobeide, and Jaafar—these are vital creatures.

Mrs. Benton, who was not before known as an author, died suddenly
last September, but leaves an honorable monument in this book. A
sympathetic introduction is written by our own Jessie Benton Frémont,
to whom she was, I believe, related by marriage. Frederick A. Stokes
Co., New York. \$1.50.

Mark Lee Luther has come a long way from the Reformation— OUTWITTING
if, indeed, he harks back that far. There is no nearer strain of THE
the *Babylonian Captivity* in this latter-day namesake of the man KING.
who split the Papacy than in the biblical title. His bent is rather to the
quasi-historic novel. *The Favor of Princes* is a romance of the court of
Louis XVI; as "historic" as the judicious expect such novels to be
(which is not at all); but a comfortable quantity as reading. As a story
it is well devised and well told—with simplicity and impulse which
forgive the approximate commonplaceness of the plot. Perhaps the
happiest originality in it is "Jabot," the Canadian *coureur de bois*. But
the story is sane and attractive. The Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth avenue,
New York. \$1 50.

- AN IRISH ANALYST. A certain Irish sympathy—and in its critical use that is a highly complimentary expression—vitalizes Shan F. Bullock's Irish-life novel *The Barrys*. Plot it has none, to speak of; nor action. Yet it wins liking by a really strong development of two characters, with two more in the near background. "Nan" is a good type of girl; and "Frank Barry" an artistic picture of villain—more effective by long passing as hero. Clean, cold "Marian" and mouthy "John Butler" are only second as character studies. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.25.
- A HOMELY ENGLISH TRAGEDY. Walter Raymond's apparent familiarity with country-life in the west of England lends color to his latest novel, *A Tangled Web*. As color, that is perhaps rather drab for American tastes; but the strength and tragedy of his progression are not provincialisms. There is something compelling in the quiet weaving of that spider which enmeshes us "when first we practice to deceive." "Ursic" and her skinflint father are very real; "Jack" and the field rather properties. But Fate's drawing of the pucker-strings is genuinely well conceived. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.25.
- AGAIN "ISAM AND THE MAJOR." A certain spontaneous, primitive humor, and the fit concomitant of tenderness, have before now been observed in Harry Stillwell Edwards, to whose *Two Runaways* these qualities gave success. His new collection of nine short stories of the same local-coloration, *His Defense*, recalls "Isam" and "the Major," large as life and twice as natural, with some other worthy contemporaries. There is a consistent pleasure in reading these stories; and often a persistent mirth. The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York. \$1.25.
- ŒDIPUS AND HIS RIDDLE. If from Œdipus to a *Modern Reader and Speaker* be a long step, George Riddle is assuredly the man to have taken it. And taken it he has, with the easy stride of so secure a leader among our stage readers. This volume of well-beyond 600 pages, and bridging space clear from Shakespeare to Henry Cabot Lodge, has much that is worth reading in public, and a very fair share worth reading to yourself. It is dedicated to the veteran rhetorician A. S. Hill, who is doubtless as irreverently nicknamed at Harvard today as he was a generation ago. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.
- A NOVEL OF "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE." Stanley Waterloo rarely fails to give his stories an interest somewhat unevenly admixed of human blood and dusty research. Perhaps just a little more research and just a little more humanity might go into the broth without overseasoning it; for the impression is of the "almost thou persuadest me" sort. It will be time, however, to fall more fiercely on Mr. Waterloo when he shall fail to get in both ingredients rather more liberally than the average *chef* does. *The Seekers* is a Christian Science or Faith-Cure novel, with evidences of considerable study in this solder of leaky minds. Perhaps more than usual, Mr. Waterloo has made up his people for the play. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.50.
- ON THE CINDER PATH. William Lindsey, the trainer who writes as well as he sprints, has rehabilitated and added to his *Cinder-Path Tales* (now out of print) by an attractive new collection, *At Start and Finish*. These nine short stories are sympathetic reading, albeit rather colored by the "coach" than by the athlete. There is, curiously, very little action in them. The splendid thrill of the actual struggle has appealed to Mr. Lindsey less than the professional technique. Or perhaps he distrusts his own powers to vitascope the race itself. But even so, his stories have an appeal. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

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MAY, 1900

Vol. XII, No. 6

CAPT. LEWIS'S GRAVE
WESTERN LETTERS
BURBANK'S INDIANS

Lavishly
Illustrated

"LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA"

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE



THE MAGAZINE OF
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST
EDITED BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS



OUR SUMMER ISLES—AVALON, CAL.

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AND HINTS OF WHY.





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SOLITUDE—IN THE NAVAJO COUNTRY, ARIZONA.

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CALIFORNIA BABIES



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A LION'S CUB AT 40 DAYS OLD.

Photo. by C. F. L.



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LONG MAY THEY WAVE!



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A LITERARY CAREER.



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A CHILD OF THE GREAT DESERT.
(A Little Maid of Moqui in her dance dress.)

From painting by E. A. Burbank.



"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."



VOL. 12, No. 6.

LOS ANGELES

MAY, 1900.

A GREY DAY.

BY ELLA WOODWARD FOOTE.

A drifting fog, blown in from sea—
A sudden blankness in the sky ;
In motionless uncertainty
Familiar outlines lie.

A formless, grey, dividing bar
Athwart the steadfast mountain creeps,
And unsubstantial summits far
Float in imagined deeps.

Swayed by irresolute winds, it lifts
Then falls again, inert, supine,
Levels the distant peaks, and shifts
The vague horizon line.

an logo, Cal.

ANSWERED.

BY NORA MAY FRENCH

The morn crept in and found her dead,
The morn crept in upon our tears ;
"O life of idle days !" we said,
"O short young life of wasted years !
That Death should close the laughing eyes,
And still the lips before we knew
If through her girlhood's mysteries
Shone aught of purpose strong and true."

The Spring came to her where she slept—
"In flowers her nature blooms," we thought ;
For slender daisies round her crept,
Gay, with her careless beauty fraught.
But strange ! we saw them with a start,
We saw, and as we looked, we knew—
For there above the girlish heart,
With upturned faces, Pansies grew.

Los Angeles, Cal.

PAINTING THE FIRST AMERICANS.

BURBANK'S INDIAN PORTRAITS.

“**A**RT is long”—and artists are often quite the reverse. But being short of money is not half so pernicious as being short of wit; and the ground-floor difficulty of too many American painters is that they are sheep-like, whose most acute sense is that of following. A shadow could just as easily get up and walk away from the man who casts it, as some of them could strike out for themselves. A politician goes to conventions only once a year or so; but some painters go to the conventions at the outset and never get back. Having achieved some recognition—their key to the doors of success—they promptly fall in behind the procession of anemic ambitions who flock abroad to paint the South of France about half as well as a Frenchman of precisely the same endowment can do it—because *he* understands the country, and they do not. They are enough limited in their styles; but their worst handicap is their almost utter lack of originality in theme. They reproduce, world without end, the old tired landscapes, the overworked figures and faces, to which they can give nothing new save each the little transparent varnish of his individuality. Doubtless if some philanthropist would assemble in some vast gallery a classified exhibit of the poverty of artists in subject—all the “Spring” and “Reverie” and “Sunset” pictures; all the guesswork landscapes and taxidermist portraits; all the usual “art product” of our painters, each sort in a hall by itself—doubtless people would begin to realize the ghastly sameness, the imitation, the lack of originality, which mark the profession. There would be thousands of each class—thousands of the same sort of landscapes, thousands of the same sort of faces. You could tell t’other from which, it is true. Even in the same pod, the peas are really distinguishable, if you look hard enough. But the striking thing about the whole exhibition would be the deadly poverty of invention, the apparent inability to find subjects which had not been worn threadbare. Yet this is not a particularly monotonous world, if the artists would but see it.

And the artists who do see it are at once distinguished amid the ruck. They stand far above the drifters and imitators who “paint as well” but cannot see anything new to paint. As a rule, too, the men who have this sense and originality have uncommon ability as well.

Everyone knows that Remington is famous and successful because he found a new field. Everyone knows that F. S. Church, and Bierstadt, and Moran, and such men, came to greatness by turning away from the imitative flock. It is well enough understood that Thos. Hill’s \$25,000 Yosemite picture

would not have fetched so much if he had painted in its stead the usual theme.

The West has enough wonders of earth and sky, enough picturesque types of man and beast, to keep all the painters alive busy for a century. They could be so parceled out over that vast area as never to tread on one another's toes ; and they could all get something new every time.

It is a common complaint among artists that the public is afraid to buy anything too new. This is partly true ; but it is as much the fault of the artist-crowd as of the public. If the artists would go to painting fresh subjects, the public would



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R. A. BURBANK.

Photo. by C. F. L.

get accustomed to the idea, and would favor it. One reason why there is no keener general interest in painting is that it is so monotonous.

Among the younger men who have succeeded in part be-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

From painting by R. A. Burbank.

NI-YANG-I-MANA, A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN OF MOQUI.

cause they chose each a field for himself, and were competent to exploit it, E. A. Burbank ranks as one of the strongest. Aside from his very unusual technical ability, he has been wise enough to pre-empt a field which everyone else had *not* painted a foot deep. He became very favorably known by his portraits of darkies; and a Burbank "cullud pusson" is a good possession in any gallery.



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SHU-PE-LA, OF MOQUI.

From painting by E. A. Burbank.

HE SEE O
ZUNI.



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HE-SEE-O, A WOMAN OF ZUNI.

From painting by E. A. Burbank.

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TLI-ICH-NA-PA, A NAVAJO WOMAN. From painting by E. A. Burbank.

But it was logical that Mr. Burbank's specialization should arrive at persons of another color. He is a nephew of Edward E. Ayer of Chicago, first president of the Field Columbian Museum, a trustee of the Newberry Library, and collector and owner of the finest private library of Indian *Americana* in this country. This fine type of a self-made American, a graduate of the rough Frontier, who applies his wealth to the forwarding of scholarship (for his superb collection is accessible to scholars), is as shrewd as enthusiastic in his hobby. Realizing that the human document is no less important than the parchment record, and is being lost, torn and blotted quite as fast; and having at hand so competent a conservator of such things, it was to be expected that Mr. Ayer would enlist his nephew in a work so necessary a complement of the library. The transfer of Mr. Burbank's activities from the Americanized Senegambian to the original American has been a distinct gain all around. Art is the better for it; since the Indian is quite as picturesque as the Negro, and more forceful if less quaint; and science and history are seriously under obligation to the superb series of portraits already made, and in all probability to be greatly increased. Mr. Burbank has already painted some hundreds of Indian portraits, and is rapidly adding to his catalogue. He has already covered a large range, ethnographically—Apaches, Pueblos, Sioux, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Osages, and many other tribes. He has in general selected very characteristic types; and his portraits are done with rigorous exactness. He nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice. He neither idealizes nor blinks. From our personal point of view his pictures are harsh—not “retouched” as we demand our artists to flatter us, but uncompromising as a photograph made in strong sunlight. Popularly, this may give a mistaken impression; for many will forget that one chief reason why an Indian is so much more furrowed and ugly than we are is because he has no retoucher to make him pretty. But scientifically this insistence upon the lines in which life indexes character, is very important.

Mr. Burbank preserves not only the facial type with extraordinary fidelity and sympathy; his portraits are as well a graphic and accurate record of the characteristic costumes, tribal and ceremonial. This is an uncommon service, not only to the future but to the present. The vast majority of our painters and illustrators seem to have neither sense nor conscience about this matter. They are as apt to dress a Pueblo in a Pawnee warrior's dress, or a Kiowa in ancient Aztec costume, as anything else; and still more certain to confound the faces. It would not be quite so ridiculous to portray Quakers in cowboy garb, or Yankees with the physiognomy of Italians. But they do it, right along, and never seem to feel that they



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QUANG, A MOQUI MAIDEN. From painting by E. A. Burbank.

are either stupid or mendacious. Even Remington has never succeeded in seeing past the first Indians who were impressed on him, and has northern warpath faces for every tribe—some of whom look as much like his Sioux as a Dutch farmer resembles a Kentucky moonshiner.

It is a peculiar merit of Mr. Burbank's art and conscience

that he sees these vital differentiations and regards them. He is by odds the most successful thus far of all who have attempted Indian portraiture. His work has historic truth and value for which we seek in vain, from Catlin down to date, for a parallel. As Lungren is doing the best and truest work yet done on the Southwestern arid landscapes and atmospheres, so Burbank is easily master of Indian faces. Many of his portraits are widely known by the admirable "color-type" reproductions of them which have been issued by a Chicago house; a collection almost as interesting to the art-lover and the layman as to the historian or ethnologist.

Mr. Burbank was born in Harvard, Ill., and began his art-training in the old Academy of Design, Chicago, in 1874. He studied in Munich from 1886 to 1892. Admirably grounded in character portraiture by his long and highly successful studies of Negro types, he presently turned westward and began on Indians in Oklahoma, thence working northwest into the Sioux, Cheyenne and Nez Perce country. Later he traveled much among the Southwestern Apaches, Navajos and Pueblo stocks—particularly the Moquis, Zuñis and Queres—and again among the Southern Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, Osages, Ogallalla Sioux, and so on. He has painted most of the more famous chiefs—Geronimo, the last Apache genius, many times—and a great store of typical men, women and children. Without the least disparagement to the art of Brush, Farny, Remington, and others, and not forgetting the powerful sculptures of Proctor, Kemeys, Boyle, Dallin and MacNeil, it is entirely within bounds to say that no one has at all rivaled Burbank as a historical painter of Indians. And as he is a young man still, we have a right to expect of him a great increase in his lead. He has taken up, barely in time—for all the Indianness of the First Americans is disappearing wonderfully fast—one of the least hackneyed, most picturesque and most important fields possible to American art. And he has proved, very emphatically, his entire competence to dominate it.

Incidentally, one reason why Mr. Burbank can paint Indians lies back of his fingers, and was not learned in the art schools. He can not only see but understand. They are to him not merely line and color, but human character. More ignorant people, who fancy that aborigines are not quite men and women, might be enlightened—if anything can enlighten them—by talk with this unassuming painter. His ethnologic horizon is not scientifically exhaustive; but he has got far enough to understand the fact of human nature—and this is much deeper in wisdom than many who pass for scientists, and write monographs of large words, ever wade. One could make a very interesting story of Burbank's experiences and impres-



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TJA-YO-NI, A NAVAJO CHIEF.

From painting by E. A. Burbank.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

KO-PE-LEY, A MOQUI SNAKE-PRIEST. From painting by E. A. Burbank.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

IT-SAY-YA, ZUÑI.

From painting by E. A. Burbank.

sions in this career of painting Indians ; a superficial acquaintance, in one way, but enabled by unspoiled eyes to arrive at the foundations of comprehension. C. F. L.

BIRDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY ELIZABETH AND JOSEPH GRINNELL.
Authors of "Our Feathered Friends,"

THE TOWHEE.

There is no more lovable bird in all Southern California than Anthony's Towhee. He is sometimes called "the brown robin," on account of a fancied likeness to the common robin. The towhee is of a dull brown in color, save a rusty red or tawny patch under the tail, and a mottled throat-patch not observable at a distance. The bill is short and conical, and when on the ground the bird appears to rest its breast on its feet, giving it a squatty figure. The towhee is not admired for its song, since an abrupt metallic chirp is as much as it seems to

know. It is for its gentle and fearless character that it is appreciated. The towhee may be seen anywhere in the arroyos and foothills, but is at home in anybody's grounds, where its confidence attracts the attention of strangers. It is seldom on the wing, never very high in air, choosing to walk rather than fly. It will not fly unless cornered. When running, it hops rapidly, with a sidewise appearance like a dog on a trot. It re-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. TOWHEE—FROM LIFE.

minds one of domestic fowls, for it is always with them scratching in the litter of the stables. It runs in and out of the brush or woodpiles like a mouse, and loves to stay under the orange trees scratching among the leaves and mulching. One might take the sound it makes to be that of some large bird or animal; and, peeping, be surprised by the tiny plump creature making the leaves fly in all directions. It is confiding, and loves to wait at the door or window for crumbs, preferring sweet cookie to bread, and picking at tiny green leaves as soon as they appear in the lettuce bed.

We have many times brushed a towhee from the doorsteps when opening the screen, and it is a common thing to catch them in the woodshed where they are sure to forget at what particular spot they gained admittance and fly distractedly in all directions. If it were not for our door and window screens the towhees would occupy our homes with us. In spite of their usual dull color we have known one exception. This individual bird had three white feathers in one wing which were moulted and re-appeared for four successive years. The sexes of this species are not distinguishable. The towhee breeds mostly in April and May, choosing shrubs or low trees for its nesting places. The nest is of twigs, grass, paper and string, lined with any soft material. One pair of towhees chose the fur from a buffalo skin hung out on the balcony for an airing. Others, the hairs from a very old elk skin. Stray hairs from horses' tails are most often used, and we have often picked up these and hung them upon trees or posts on purpose to attract the attention of the towhees and other birds. One may induce the birds to use all sorts of odd material in nest-building by anticipating their needs and beginning in time.

The towhee lays three or four eggs, speckled with black and brown on a pale-bluish ground. The young tumble out of the nest early, and may be picked up almost anywhere in the season. Indeed, at nesting-time, in a Southern California garden in which birds are numerous, the entire time of a trained nurse might be employed in caring for helpless little ones.

Unlike the mockers, who tell all about their nest before you ask them, the towhees are shy and quiet. We have seen them fly far past the nest and back again several times with food in their bills to be quite certain they are not observed. They may be sitting in a bush, or a tuft of pampas grass, or an orange tree and speak not a word though you could touch them with your hand, until you look straight at them, when they will whisk away with their familiar chirp. The young go about very much as the mockers, teasing for food, but in a less noisy and insistent way. They become self-supporting much earlier in life. Since they are not singers, no one cages these birds;

and yet their enemies must be many, for there seem to be no more towhees in the garden this year than last, although we knew of six nests.

Still, not all the birds we miss have died an unnatural death. As soon as they are able to take care of themselves, young birds scatter out to find "fresh fields and pastures new." They seek to make new acquaintances and to see the country for themselves like any sensible people.

IN WESTERN LETTERS.

THE other night, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, late of Cornell, now president (blest be the luck!) of the University of California, was expressing to me his great surprise at finding in California such a collection of paintings as Irving M. Scott, the builder of the "Oregon," has hung in his home in San Francisco. Perhaps the surprise was not altogether the newly escaped Easterner's wonder at discovering among us the evidences of civilization. It may be that just such a collection, in taste and cost, is a trifle unexpected anywhere. The Baltimore 'prentice boy, who has grown up in a more generous land to be head of one of the largest and best shipyards in America, could probably afford to "match" coppers or canvasses with the average New York virtuoso.

But the striking thing to me is—though it does not surprise me—that in this noble company of Murillos, Rembrandts, Velasquez, Constables, Romneys, Ruysdaels, and that category, one California artist is absolutely at home. Mr. Scott has many Keiths; and "The Dawn," particularly, hung where it is exposed to the most merciless comparison with these masters, holds its head as high as any of them. It is a crucial test to put any modern artist to; but Wm. Keith can afford to stand it. One reason is that he is unspoiled by the modern commercialism. He paints as the immortals painted—as all must paint who are to be immortal—with absolute sincerity as well as mastery. He produces more, probably, than any two other painters in America—certainly as much as any three pot-boilers—and none of it calico. He can do it because he is full of material. He is never pumping from a dry reservoir. A long life of strenuous study and activity has equipped him, and I know of nothing more astonishing or more inspiring than to see him create enduring pictures as rapidly as another man would make sketches. And a man turned of 60, *growing* every day! Keith is doing nobler work than ever before—increasing a range of technic already marvelous, gaining higher mastery yet of the colors in which he was already a wizard, and unspoiled as a child.

* * *



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

WM. KEITH.

Photo. by C. F. L.

There is incidentally a notable Keith boom, as people who do not have to wait to be told by a \$10 reporter what art is, are discovering this painter who is not a politician. Collis P. Huntington, who did not wait for the crowd, has added to his Keiths the magnificent "In the High Sierras." Henry Seligman, the New York banker, has recently purchased "Romance;" and "Sunset in the Woods" was taken by Mr. Schiff, for the Metropolitan Museum of New York. A good many other fat sales—and \$2,500 and \$5,000 are rotund figures for an American artist, though cheap enough for a typical Keith—are encouraging tokens that the recognition of real art though delayed, cannot be denied, by remoteness. And for those who would just as soon know now as twenty years from

now (when they will have to), it may be repeated that the greatest American landscape painter, the most creative, the most prophetic, the most varied and the most masterful, lives in California, and does not charlatan nor log-roll nor play to the galleries. He just paints—as the same breed of men, now mostly extinct, did 300 years ago.

* * *

The same blanc-mange mentality which in America could not see Joaquin Miller's poetry for his boots, and in England saw his poetry mostly *through* his boots, still shivers with its old intelligence—when the table is shaken. It has always made genius uncomfortable and itself content. For nothing is so content as mediocrity, dim forever to the fact that since long before Solomon it has been a quenchless laughter to Them that Live. And that is the only way to take it—laughing. This would be an unbearable world, even to its Maker, if it were not possible to see the humor of the people who press their autumn minds between discarded pages and forget God in conforming to some confident tumble-bug's version of God. They are funny all the time. Doubtless they were foreordained to be. And the funniest thing about common-place people is their terror of whatever is uncommon. Particularly in brains.

* * *

It has a good deal interested me to observe the effect of Charlotte Perkins Stetson on the average intelligence. Symptomatically the rabies resembles hydrophobia—reading "brains" for "water." It is marked by slaver, gnashing of teeth, bristling of hair and a blind desire to bite. I have observed excellent people—who make good bread, keep their feet off the table, and cure insomnia at the sewing circle with papers written down from the encyclopedia—go rabid at the bare sight or sound of her name. And it is always amusing since I know her and know them.

This does not refer at all to those who are entitled to sit on the jury. It does not indicate that a scientist may not sometimes shrug at Mrs. Stetson's science. As to her equivalent balance I have myself had at times considerable concern—as one might have for a good many other people, if their minds were of a sort to make it matter in the least whether they balance or not. With her theory of certain literary workmanship—white-hot metal in a sand mold, and no filing—I have no sympathy whatever. It has several times occurred to me that if we were both chained pretty short to the same tree I should be likely to break the tree; since so long as the stump held, I should have, for very shame's sake, to be continually smarter than is either normal or comfortable to me at a stretch.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

Photo. and copyright 1900 by C. F. Lummis.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

But one *can* be magnanimous enough to forgive someone else for being brighter.

* *

A brain of her sort merits some patience—and is sure to have it from those who have any of their own. Its vagaries are less structural than environmental—physical disinheritance, years of ill-health, certain inexperience, certain hyperesthesias. But its temper is intrinsic, and Damascene. Any Yankee would give to boot for such a blade a whole community arsenal of bread-knives—and get the Yankee end of the bargain. It is an edge almost unearthly sharp. Mrs. Stetson does not by any means see everything; but what she sees is as by a lightning flash. I do not know anyone else whatever who can put so much into so few, so simple, words. The last two lines of her poem in a recent *Cosmopolitan* are a fair example. Her faults are generally those of youth. She was born in 1860, but she is—and is like to remain—eminently young. And the best test of her outcome is the evident process of adjustment. She is growing in balance without loss of fire. When any who are seriously disturbed by her

manage to write any book so grave, so high-thinking, and so far-thinking that any serious tribunal will compare it inclusively with John Stuart Mill, they will have a better title to their disturbance.

* * *

Since people who offend are criticised always in terms the offended can understand, it seems to me fit to remark that Mrs. Stetson is a good woman in spite of her intellect. This is germane, because some suspect that because her head is different from theirs so must her moral standards be. She is not even an Unnatural Mother, as I have heard her called by many good ladies whose children are hired out to be instructed by strangers five days a week. I cannot even find her dangerously subversive. What is unsound in her work will fall of its own weight. What is mere theory must stand the test of proof. The vital thing about her is that she has the wherewithal to think, and uses it; and makes other people go through more or less of the motions, according to their equipment.

Mrs. Stetson is of the family of Lyman Beecher, Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe—all of them rather disquietous to napping intelligences. She has already proved

title to her inheritance; and so long as she is showing visible signs of gain in poise, perhaps it will be just as well for us to pardon the lady for having brains; and to wait with some hope to see what she will do with them.

* * *

George Bird Grinnell, whose sumptuous volume, *The Indians of Today*, is noticed on another page, has long been known as among the most competent of American writers on the aborigine, and among the most in-



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

teresting. His books of Pawnee and Blackfeet tales, his powerful volume in the "Story of the West series," and the present impressive folio, are all to be ranked with the best popular works in this field. An attractive writer, a close and just observer, and for thirty years in personal touch with Indians of many tribes, he has acquired a great store of material as valuable as it is entertaining. His intimacy dates back to times when Indians, cowboys and miners were still wild, and the West had not yet been shorn of its woolliness; and he has kept pace with the startling changes of the years since. A New Yorker born and bred, a Yale



JACK LONDON.

graduate (1870), he went direct from college to the outer West with Prof. O. C. Marsh's first Yale Scientific Expedition. The party was gone six months, and got as far as California. He was naturalist of the first exploring party that went into the Black Hills of Dakota, under Gen. Custer in 1874; and next year of Gen. Ludlow's expedition to the then almost unknown Yellowstone National Park. These travels in his young manhood were enough to inoculate him thoroughly and permanently with the frontier spirit, and to make legible to him the literary and human interest of the aborigine. Ever since that time he has kept up his field studies, sallying as often as possible from the metropolis to learn and grow in the lodges of his brown friends. He has visited most of the Western tribes, and in some of them is very thoroughly at home. Many years ago he was chosen head chief of the Blackfeet, succeeding old White Calf. Above all, he has acquired a deep and sympathetic understanding of Indian character—its weakness, its virtue, its strong, full humanity—and has interpreted it with skill and fairness.

* * *

Jack London is an Oakland, Cal., youngster, not yet 25, who has "had his share" of adventuring-on-purpose, and who has rather more than his share of gift to put his experience into generic shape. A good many boys pursue themselves about the wharf-ratteries of San Francisco without serious advantaging of them; and some run away "before the mast,"

or turn hobo on land, and still are not outfitted to cross the literary Chilkooot. With Mr. London, however, these vagaries seem to have been illuminative and profitable. His short stories, collated in *The Son of the Wolf*, show a most uncommon fist for his age. They are strong, elemental and unusually well poised. Here and there is a crudity; and the general keynote of the conqueringness of the Saxon savors a whiff of youth—an immaturity, however, shared by many whose heads are grey, outside at least. But the general grip and swing of things—the point of view, the handicraft and the restraint of these nine stories are fine and muscular, and not at all unbearded. For a first book, it seems to me one of very direct promise.

Mr. London has been to school to hard work and roving—ranch hand, deep-water sailor, tramp, Klondike fortune-hunter—and not in vain. A grammar-school education, a year in the high school, and less than a year at the State University, comprise his "kit;" but he has hewn good timber and plenty of it, for material. And he is evidently one of the fellows who can do more with a jack knife and a hammer than many with a whole carpenter's chest of tools. He has returned from vagabondage and is now writing in Oakland. His book has notice elsewhere.

C. F. L.

THE STORY OF CYRUS HAWK

BY C. J. CRANDALL.

THE superintendent of the reservation Indian boarding-school sat in his 6x8 office, the first day of school, enrolling pupils, listening to complaints and requests from the Indian parents. Now the little office is full, and many relatives of the one child brought to school for the first time are obliged to stand out of doors.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

SIOUX CAMP LIFE.

This plain statement of fact is by an official in the government Indian service.
—ED.



C. M. Davis Eng. Co.

A SIOUX HOME.

The child in question is an only son close on to eight years, but the Indian agent and superintendent have until now been stood off on the representations of both father and mother that the boy was but four years old. The size of the child will admit of this old subterfuge no longer, and the child is next taken to the Agency physician and is pronounced in good health. Nothing remains to be done but to give up their idol—to place him in that Indian university, where Indian traditions will be set aside, and the "white man's road" pointed out to this child of nature. The first thing seems to be a name. The father is The-Hawk-that-flies-swift, by which surname he is known. The mother has her own individual name—The-woman-that-gathers-buffalo-berries, but the son—alas, he is non-nomen. Now the genius of the superintendent is shown. There are already in school a Peter, John, Joseph, Henry, etc., and the parents are treated to a sample lot of names, all of which they vainly fail to pronounce. At last the name of Cyrus is selected. The Indian father is told that many, many moons ago there was a great white chief called Cyrus, which fact pleases the parents, and they together repeat the name which with them becomes Silas.

Now comes the trying ordeal. Cyrus has long tangled hair, not unlike Absalom's of old, faded, to be sure, from running in the sun and the absence of headgear. Cyrus must part with his locks, and the school barber, armed with combs, scissors, clippers, etc., takes our boy in hand. When he emerges from under the cloth his head is neatly set off



with a Fitzsimmons cut with just a faint streak of yellow ochre to mark the former parting place and wonted decoration. The next step in the evolution of Cyrus is an introduction to the boys' matron, who before supplying our protégé with new fresh clothing, pops him into the bath tub, where he is scrubbed with soap and water and a coarse brush until he sheds tears as well as cuticle. When he emerges from the bath he is dressed in clean cotton underwear, knee-pants, blouse-waist, ribbed-hose, States prison shoes, and a thirty-nine cent wool hat. Cyrus is no longer the camp boy, but presents a striking difference compared to those steadily coming in for a like treatment. The sad parents with a little bundle of old clothing depart. Sad indeed are their hearts. Six children have been born to them, all are now dead excepting Cyrus. Two of the eldest died away from home in an Eastern school among strangers in a distant State.

Soon the supper bell rings and the boys are lined up and marched to a spacious hall, where neat tables with white spreads, high-back chairs, and a plain but tempting supper surprise our boy Cyrus. While they stand with bowed heads, grace is said by the matron, and at the tap of the bell all are seated. All is new to Cyrus; the napkin is tucked under his chin, and he is helped to meat, bread and potatoes, and given a cup of milk; he eats as he sees others.

When at retiring time our boy is taken into the fresh dormitory with its double row of white single beds, he is in a new world; tucked between white sheets he closes his eyes, but can only see the home tepee, the smoke ascending and passing out the top, and his heart is sad; he sheds silent tears as he thinks of father and mother.

On the morrow he is taken to the kindergarten, where he becomes a close observer. The children's plays and antics remind him of the dance which he has so often seen, and at which he and other children have played. In time he learns to skip, to march, and to play the little childish games, and to sing after a fashion the kindergarten songs, "Did you ever see a lassie," etc.

Time flies. Cyrus grows to be a big boy, and is now in the higher classes. He studies the geography of his country, reads about the Spanish war, and fain would be a hero like Hobson. He is apprenticed to the shoe shop, learns to make and repair shoes, to make harness, and in the summer works on the school farm.

At eighteen Cyrus joins a party of Indian boys and girls and goes for a three years' term to an Eastern school, where he is told much may be learned, where he will come more directly into contact with civilization and American citizenship. At first frequent letters come back to his old friends telling how much he enjoys his new school-life. Then there comes an interval of several months in which no letters are received. At last a letter is received in which he tells of having been bound out to a New England farmer for six months, and of having received a stipend of six dollars a month for his services. He also knows that the pay is small compared to what a common herder receives in his own country, which is not less than thirty and often forty dollars



C. M. Davis Eng. Co. BRINGING THE BOY TO SCHOOL.

per month, but he is told that this is education, Puritanic education, in which the entire time is spent at work, so much so that Cyrus in six months has not found time to write. Now his letters come oftener, for he is back at school; he writes about playing in the band; has joined a debating society, and tells about discussing the Indian and Negro question. Another letter tells his friends that he has been taken into the football team; that as a result he is suffering from a fractured collar bone. The letters come less frequently, and there is a long time in which no letters are received. At last an official letter to the new agent informs his friends that one Cyrus Hawk is sick and will be sent home the first of the month; that he is suffering from pulmonary troubles, and that it is thought that a change of climate may do him good. Cyrus arrives home after an absence of over two years, broken in health, and is sent to the hospital. His father has been dead for nearly one year and his mother has married again. Cyrus is without a home or relatives to welcome him. He has forgotten much of reservation life, and now despondent, grieved by the loss of his father, and broken in health, he gradually sinks lower and lower until about Christmas time he is called to rest with his fathers and ancestors—the bedouins of the prairie.


Such is the true story of Cyrus Hawk, and of his kind.

Lower Brule, S. Dak.



LAME DANCING-MASTERS.

AN INDIAN VIEW OF GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS *

 **W**E "Red Men" are taken to be educated, enlightened, made into citizens, taught to take our place in the world. To do this work upon us, the government pays a small army of men and women.

Are we educated? Yes, but how? Can a lame man teach dancing? Ninety-nine out of a hundred of our teachers are lame dancing-masters, and it is lame dancing they teach.

There is the School Farmer, who instructs us. Is he a man who has ever farmed in this locality or anywhere under similar conditions of soil and climate? No, indeed! Has he ever been able to make a living at farming anywhere? Preposterous! That is not the sort of man who would be chosen. A man need not have farmed to pass a civil-service farmer's examination. Indian schools are not "business." If the white-vest farmer cannot raise his own horse-feed—and generally he cannot—the government furnishes it. But he teaches us to plow, rake, harrow, sow, plant, cultivate. How profitable—as we never realize a harvest under his instructions!

We learn to garden as usefully. Beans are much eaten in all the schools—a chief article of diet. They are all purchased—though 'most any land would raise beans, and all schools have land that would. We eat beef and mutton—but are we taught to raise our own cattle and sheep? Only in a few schools. We eat dried fruit the year round in schools, where the neighboring farmers have abundance of fresh fruit.

Manual training—is it taught by a skillful workman who has made a living at his trade, as cabinet-maker, joiner, smith? None of these. Too often the teacher is a woman, who could not sell all the bric-a-brac she ever made for enough to buy a summer hat. If the teacher is a man, he is generally as useless. If he hadn't a job teaching others the trade, he couldn't get a living. Manual training in many of our schools is merely to occupy our hands, and make us content. It asks no practical questions of cost of material, time employed, usefulness of the finished article.

We saw wood, or clean sewers or sink-holes for fatigue duty, so that we may always have all the distate for such work that the penal idea can pile upon its general unpleasantness. We "clean yard" in much the same spirit. Some boys are made to read their bibles as a punishment. This is a good way to make them fond of the Book and of cleanliness!

It is a boast of the service that superintendents of Indian

* This unaffected and simple statement, from the Indian pupil's point of view, is so true that though there are good reasons for protecting the writer from Bureau vengeance, I have no hesitation in vouching for it.—ED.

schools stand *in loco parentis* to the pupils. But they are rather amateur parents. Many of these superintendents—men and women—are unmarried; many who are married are childless. What do they know about fathering or mothering many, if they never fathered or mothered any; they call us to them and make us good talks; but they do not go to the child to see if it is happy. He is fed and clothed, what more does he want? But ah, friends, we have been happy without these things, in our homes where love was; in school we have them and are not happy, because love is not there. How many superintendents ever sat down to listen to and pity the story of a bruised heel or some other child woe? But a father would listen; a father would pity. Even a "Red Man" father.

Our matrons are mostly good women, and mostly old maids. They do not know much about falling in love; they are not quite qualified to deal with growing girls—and grown ones—who still have woman-nature undried. These good but unappointed women do not know how to advise and control natures which crave and have not learned to dissemble; the only recourse such teachers know is to use severe punishments. They cannot understand that my sister's look or gesture of longing is the forerunner of the pretty blush which so many hundred years of careful training have taught the Caucasian maiden—who of course never betrays her nature except by a blush!

Our teachers—can they teach? Have they ever been successful in other schools, not of Indians? Yes, more than any other employés in the Indian service. But everywhere many of them are narrow and *strangers*. Most of them are Easterners who do not understand the frontier; most of them cannot take or make a place in the Western communities to which they have come. They know a little in books—not very much, I think—and *very* little about life. White Westerners are not such fools, and neither are we. The teachers are not always looked up to by either class. They have not as much respect among their own people as we have among ours! Does this seem strange to you? It ought not to, for it is true. Among us Indians, only the wiser teach the children; among the whites, it seems as if those who couldn't make a living at anything else get a job to teach Indians.

Under this sort of a system, of which I have only given hints, we are brought up in a government Indian school, after being taken from our homes. At no point are we in touch with actual life. At home we would have learned, with fathers' and mothers' love, to do the things we shall have to do. At school we are unmade as Indians, and not made into white people. We are always trained by people who do not know our game and never could win their own.

Many of these teachers mean well. But I think that when a contract is let to build a school building, the contractor isn't paid for meaning to put up a building. He doesn't get his money until he puts it up—nor then, unless he puts it up right. Maybe that is the reason so many more take positions than contracts; for the teacher is paid for attempts, the contractor only for results. If half as much care and shrewdness were given to the pupils as to the buildings, the Indian might have some chance to be really educated.

* *

At an Oklahoma Agency

LEWIS'S TOMB

A SHRINE FOR WESTERN HEARTS.

BY OCTAVIA ZOLLICOFFER BOND.



It is but little known that a man whose name was once on every lip—Meriwether Lewis, the commander of Lewis and Clark's Expedition to the Pacific in 1804-6—is buried in the thick of a Tennessee wilderness; though the reading public of fifty or seventy-five years ago was familiar with his career and fate. The account of the expedition, published by Biddle and Allen in 1814, was then considered fascinating literature. Many an aged man still recalls as the most exciting pleasure of his youth, the reading of the book which held him spellbound with the romantic adventures and hairbreadth escapes of 44 men, under Captain Lewis, who penetrated to the sources of the Missouri and down to the mouth of the Columbia river when the Northwest was yet an unknown land.

The brave leader of the expedition came to his death under peculiar circumstances while journeying through Tennessee in 1809. The legislature of that State, in recognition of his greatness, caused a suitable monument to be erected in the wilds of Lewis county where he lies buried. Its stately column of limestone looming unexpectedly in the heart of a monotonous woodland produces an effect which is thrilling. The tall, sculptured shaft, surmounting a square pyramidal base of rough hewn steps, is in striking contrast to the absence of man's art elsewhere in the dense forest in which it is hidden. Towering amid the gloom of primeval trees, its lofty, broken column awakens sensations of awe. Visitors rarely disturb the solemn silence of the place. The old road conducting to it is in many places so dim as to be almost obliterated.

There was a time, though, when the Natchez Trace, as it is called, was a great thoroughfare of national importance, it being the United States post-road from Nashville to Natchez

on the Mississippi. For a number of years it was the western boundary line of civilization. Originally an Indian trail, it was, in 1801, improved by United States troops under Lieut. (afterward Major General) George Pendleton Gaines, and converted into a public highway. This change which was effected through the instrumentality of Hon. George W. Campbell (afterward a member of President Monroe's Cabinet, and later U. S. Minister to Russia), opened up communication with the



CAPT. LEWIS.

From an old miniature.

southern Indian tribes, and with the French and Spanish settlements on the lower Mississippi.

It was on Oct. 11, when the Natchez Trace post-road was still new, that Meriwether Lewis, then Governor of Louisiana, took his fatal journey along that part of it which lies in Lewis county, Tennessee. It was near the spot on which his monument now stands that he came to his death, whether by murder or suicide is still an unsolved mystery.

For two years Lewis had been Governor of Louisiana, a Territory embracing the northern part of the region purchased



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LEWIS'S GRAVE.

from France in 1803. He was then on his way from his seat of government in St. Louis to Washington city on business connected with his department, as well as to look after the publication of the account of the Western exploration. His appointment when only thirty-six years of age to that important position had been due to the warm, personal attachment of President Jefferson, to whom he had endeared himself as his private secretary. A noticeable attribute of Lewis's character was his faculty of attracting sincere friendship.

He had, early won a powerful friend in the President, and by his thoroughness and untiring energy in the performance of every duty, had continued to be at all times his especial favorite and protégé. In a memoir of Lewis, after his tragic death, Jefferson wrote, "His courage was undaunted; his firmness and perseverance yielded to nothing but impossibilities; a rigid disciplinarian, yet tender as a father to those committed to his charge; honest, disinterested, liberal; with a sound understanding and a scrupulous fidelity to truth."

This superlative praise from the "sage of Monticello" was justified by Lewis's courage in facing all sorts of dangers in his exploration of the West; his patient endurance of hardships and privation; by the thoroughness of the discipline of his command, and the completeness and sufficiency of his preparations for the journey, though made on a very limited appropriation from the government.

The service rendered to his country was extraordinary. The expedition resulted in confirming to the United States the title to an area now comprising the States of Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

The information he secured concerning the botanical, zoölogical, geographical and geological resources of the country was of permanent value. His descriptions of the diversity and grandeur of the scenery, together with his testimony in favor of the peaceable disposition of the Indians he met—the Mandans, Blackfeet and Shoshones—created an enthusiasm for settling up the great Northwest.

The expedition was in fact accomplished with unprecedented success, and to the entire satisfaction of the government.

In 1806, after an absence of two years and five months, the exploring party returned triumphant, to receive unstinted praise as their reward.

The president's message said, "The expedition of Messrs. Lewis and Clark for exploring the river Missouri and the best communication from that to the Pacific ocean has had all the success which could have been expected. They have traced the Missouri nearly to its source, descended the Columbia to the Pacific ocean, ascertained with accuracy the geography of

that interesting connection across our continent, learnt the character of the country, of its commerce and its inhabitants, and it is but justice to say that Messrs. Lewis and Clark and their brave companions have by their arduous service deserved well of their country."

The published accounts of the thrilling experiences and adventures of the explorers, which read like a tale of fiction, excited universal interest.

Every detail of the narrative was read with avidity. Not a scene was skipped, from the hour of departure from St. Charles, near the mouth of the great Missouri's current, to the moment when Captain Lewis joyfully cleared it at a bound, near its source. The unabated interest of readers still followed him, when at the instance of a friendly savage, he crossed the dividing mountain range to find the source of a still mightier stream, and, with the same courage as before, to track its windings to the "Big Water" of the Pacific as foretold by his Indian informer. The interest then awakened was in a slight measure revived a few years ago by the publication of a new edition of the once popular work.*

Aside from the qualities that won renown for Meriwether Lewis, his dignity and courtesy, his courage and manly firmness, united to gentle graces of form and feature, were elements of his power to win affection. His attractive personal appearance is perpetuated in an exquisite miniature taken of him in Paris at the age of 35. Attired in blue coat, red velvet waistcoat, buff knee-breeches and brilliant buckles, a costume he is described as wearing on occasion, he should have been altogether irresistible to the belles of the young republic, who adorned Washington society in the beginning of the century.

Yet in truth he was never married. An untold romance may have been responsible for this sin of omission. Or a possible explanation may be found in the fact that he inherited from his father a tendency to melancholia and was subject to moods of deep depression.

It was with the hope of diverting him with new scenes and novel experiences that Jefferson had procured for him the command of the Western exploring party, as well as the commission as Governor of Louisiana. Jefferson's hopes seemed to be fulfilled when, at the end of a few years of exposure and dangers in the West, Lewis's mind was apparently restored to healthy action.

In Gilmer's account of the "Early Settlers of Georgia" he appears at nineteen years of age in the act of saving the lives of the pioneers by an exhibition of courage and presence of mind, when a number of Virginians (including his mother's family) were moving to Georgia, then plagued with maraud-

*The monumental and definitive edition by the late lamented Dr. Elliott Coues.—Ed.

ing bands of Indians. When tents were struck for the night and fires brightly blazing for the evening meal, savages suddenly descended upon the travelers. Confusion seized the camp. No one knew what to do until young Lewis, taking in the situation at a glance, put out the fires and under cover of darkness helped the men to repel the attack.

He doubtless owed much of his personal attractiveness to his mother, who is described as being "perfect in form and feature and possessed of a quick intelligence and a benevolent heart." She long survived her renowned son. When we read of her again she is mentioned as a very old lady, though still active enough to "come pacing home on her pony from a visit to a sick neighbor." Early widowed, she sustained, alone, the responsibility of forming her son's principles and character. Viewing him as an interesting composite of human weakness and human heroism, it is not hard to understand the epithet of "Sublime Dandy" which has linked itself with his name.

This was the traveler who, on the evening of October 11, 1809, halted his roadster on the old Natchez Trace, in front of Grinder's Stand.

We lose sight of the august dignity of His Excellency, the Governor of Louisiana; we forget the man of affairs and the weather-beaten explorer and have only thoughts of pitying solicitude for the handsome soldier (only thirty-eight years of age) riding to his death.

All day his spirits had been weighed down by a gloom so intense that his fellow traveler, Mr. Neely (the United States Indian agent) who had tarried at a point ten miles back, seriously opposed his going forward without him. But it was in vain that Mr. Neely argued of the unsettled state of the country, reminding Lewis that the highway was infested with thieves and cut-throats. Equally in vain he assured him of the responsibility he felt toward the public for the Governor's safety. Lewis could not be turned aside from his purpose of pursuing his journey. Insisting that it was important for him to proceed, he hastened on, accompanied only by his Spanish body servant and an Indian guide, with the intention of going as far as possible that day. He reached Grinder's at dark. As the next place of entertainment, at the head of Big Swan Creek, was many miles distant, he resolved to stop for the night at Grinder's Stand, though like most of the backwoods hostleries of those rude times it was only a log cabin of two rooms connected by an open passage-way. The crumbled remains of a stick-and-stone chimney still mark the spot it occupied, with a sad little mound near the monument. On that particular evening Grinder was not at home. In his stead his wife appeared in the passage-way in answer to Lewis's lusty halloo. She looked searchingly at the three men. Turning

from the dark face of the foreign servant to the fierce features of the savage, she took alarm. A glance at the gloomy brow of the white stranger did not serve to reassure her and she promptly refused them entertainment in the absence of her husband.

It was only after long parleying and through persuasive insistence that Lewis prevailed upon her to admit them on condition that the travelers should confine themselves to the room across the passage and leave her undisturbed with her little children in the family-room.

The little that is known of what afterward occurred would better be told in the words of our guide to the monument, a native of Lewis county :

"'Twas nigh on to three o'clock in the mornin'," he said, "when the woman heerd firin'.

"She wuz plumb skeerd an' she riz up in bed, she did, an' listened close. She kep' on a heerin noises o' one sort 'n another till the chickens crowed fur day.

"Oncet, she most knowed somebody hollered 'O-o-o.' Then agin it 'peared like whoever 'twuz sorter whispered, 'It is hard to die.'

"'Atter while she made shore he wuz a tryin' to get a drink o' water. The gourd kep' a scrapin' an' a scrapin' 'ginst the bottom of the bucket 'longside'n her dore—which she 'lowed, in reason, he didn't git none, fur her young 'uns they had fooled about it an' dipped in till thar wan't narry drop left when she went to bed.

"B'sun up she onlatched the dore an' the strangers and the nags wuz clean gone—she didn't see ha'r nor hide of 'em a-nigh the house. 'Twuz mos' dinner when Grinder come in—an' purty soon Bob Smith he come along. Smith rid the mail he did, an' 'twuz his day to come from Natchez. Them two found the corpee a little piece from yan' tree. Grinder 'lowed it wuz some big man from his fine clo'es. No sooner'n Smith seed 'im he up and sez, sez'e, 'This here's Governor Lewis,' sez'e.

"An' when he tuk notice o' where the bullet hit'm under his chin an' went clean through out'n the top o' his head he 'lowed somebody had shot 'im or he had shot hissef, one or 't'other, Bob couldn't tell which."

That it was an act of suicide, committed in a fit of mental depression, was Mr. Jefferson's conclusion, after taking great pains to collect evidence as to the cause of his friend's death.

But the family of Governor Lewis thought differently. There was no money found on his person, and his guide and servant had disappeared.

These facts, together with other circumstances, led them to believe with the people of Lewis county that the Spaniard, with the Indian probably for an accomplice, murdered and robbed his master.

There is a belief in the country, also, that the murderers became alarmed by the groans which disturbed Mrs. Grinder, and that, fearing discovery, they hastily hid the stolen pouch of gold coins in the earth, with the intention of securing it later.

Hue and cry was raised throughout the land, and it is thought that the thieves did not venture to return, but disappeared toward the west where they probably joined the lawless band of Elkswatawah, the prophet-brother of Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief. Quite naturally, superstition has added liberal notes to the simple text of tradition.

The gold lies buried to this day—so the story goes—on the very spot where the victim was afterward interred.

The occasional visitor to the grave may chance to be told also of "sperits" that guard the treasure, and of certain "blue lights" which play among the crevices of the foundation stones when some over-bold fellow ventures, with pick and spade, to approach the tomb at midnight "on the dark o' the moon," the only hour, it seems, when success may be hoped for.

Our own guide intimated that many had made the attempt, but that just so many had "seed lights and heerd noises" which caused them to beat a hasty retreat.

Recalling the historic associations of the old Natchez Trace, it is easy to invest it with an air of wild romance. Along this route traveled Aaron Burr when on his way to interview General Jackson before visiting the island home of Blannerhasset, in the Ohio. The disguise he was accustomed to wear on the secret journeys connected with his treasonable enterprises did not conceal the raven blackness of his hair nor dim the dark and searching eyes which from time to time shot lightning glances that indexed the intensity of his daring thoughts. Fancy pictures him indulging, in the loneliness of the woods, visions of a great Western empire of which he shall be monarch.

And again we see him, with "intellectual keenness only equaled by his lack of principle," studying out forms of the poison of ambition with which to inoculate his amiable dupe, Blannerhasset. A downward glance at the bridle hand—the hand that should be glowing with the innocent blood of Hamilton—perhaps brings a scowl of hate, which gives way to a flash of exhilaration as his thoughts revert to the alluring magnificence of his plans.

At one time entrusted with Vice-Presidency of the Republic, he now appears as the "Benedict Arnold of politics," weaving schemes as he rides on his way to tempt, if possible, the very bulwark of free government to join his treasonable plot. But we all know the signal failure of his effort to inveigle "Old Hickory" by polished flatteries and artful sophistries.

Jackson himself traveled the Natchez Trace at an early day. Another famous man whose name was associated with the old road was Thomas Benton. Long before he was the distinguished United State Senator, when he was but a rustic youth, he lived beside it at a point called Gordon's Ferry, where he acted as clerk and book-keeper for the brave pioneer, Captain

John Gordon. Along this road, when it was simply an Indian trail, Capt. Gordon had chased many a party of hostile Creeks or Choctaws, southward.

Along its northward course he annually sent pack-horses to Philadelphia, with instructions to his men to purchase from Mr. Meeker or from Evans and Jackson (noted merchants in those days) such merchandise as was suited to his trading-post on the frontier.

At a later date the robber band of Murrell made traveling on the old highway a hazardous undertaking. He was the Jesse James of his generation. His exploits furnished the theme for many a stirring border story.

To a mind sensitive to impressions, it would not seem incredible if told that savages still lurk in the untamed woods which border the ancient Indian war-path. Remembering Tecumseh's frequent presence on the Natchez Trace, the withered leaves of some distant, gnarled stump might easily represent to the imagination the tawny bronze figure of that great Indian statesman on his way from tribe to tribe. For here he passed along when inaugurating his well devised scheme for uniting all the southern and northwestern tribes into the general uprising against the whites, which resulted in the horrors of Fort Mims and the Creek war.

Over this course, too, galloped Red Eagle (William Weatherford) when sent by Tecumseh on missions to the "war party."

The wily half-breed chief McGillivray also frequented certain parts of the road when engaged in his machinations with the Spaniards at Natchez to destroy the American settlements.

These thrilling scenes on the ancient frontier have passed like the slow shifting of a panorama. But a fixed memorial of their times is found in the lonely monument of Meriwether Lewis, standing solitary and apart from the hum of human existence in the wilds of the county which bears his honored name.

Crestview, Tenn.

BETSY.

BY CLOUDESLEY JOHNS.



O every post and tree in Tierra Blanca, horses were tied. Horses hitched to carts, wagons or buggies; horses saddled, or with simply a sack or old blanket strapped to the back. From all over Springvalley the ranchers had gathered in to see Betsy. Betsy was coming to Tierra Blanca.

Betsy had done great things over on the Placerita; still, there was much doubt as to whether she could do what was expected of her in Springvalley, and all were curious to see her.

More than eight hundred acres of Martin Yarrow's ranch was cactus land. Without the cactus it would be worth no less than \$50 an acre; with the cactus it was worth nothing. Yarrow had tried clearing it, but with very little

success. A few of the men he employed to do this work had stayed with the job nearly two hours, and one old cactus-grubber put in almost a full day at it; but the majority got discouraged in a very few minutes, or as soon as one of the thorny leaves, in its fall, came in contact with some portion of their anatomy.

The cactus leaf, thick and heavy, bristles with poisonous spikes—some myriads per leaf—ranging from the almost invisible ones, in tiny tufts, up to formidable things the size of a darning needle. All are generously barbed, very sharp and tough; and circumstances favoring, the big ones will penetrate a heavy cow-hide boot. The removal of these larger spikes from the flesh occasions exquisite torture, for each clings with every one of its several barbs, while the search for those infinitesimal points which one acquires so extensively when meddling with this invention of the devil, is like seeking a million needles in a haystack—and finding some of them.

After two years Yarrow had got rather less than an acre cleared, at an expense of something more than a hundred dollars; then he abandoned the enterprise until he conceived the idea of sending for Betsy to come and trample down the cacti.

The ranchers who had come to Tierra Blanca to welcome Betsy, saw very little of her that day, for all horses left town as Betsy entered it. Where the halter-rope was stronger than the tree or post to which the animal was tied, such post or tree went with the excited horses. After the runaways went the owners; so Betsy came into a very sleepy, empty town after all.

Next day the Springvalley ranchers came again to Tierra Blanca. Some who had ridden in buggies the day before, were now mounted on horseback; a few came on borrowed horses, and all left their animals some distance from the town.

Betsy was moving majestically up and down the one street.

"She'll do it!" exclaimed Martin Yarrow, enthusiastically. "Grind 'em to pulp. Cactus mash, eh? Ain't she a whopper, though! Sorry 'bout you fellers' rigs. I never thought 'bout Betsy scarin' 'em that way. Do much damage, boys?"

"Shaf's er my buggy's pretty good yet; got to get th' res' new."

"Didn't find nothin' o' my cart, but the hoss come home, an' he ain't stove up very bad."

"Noi wagone, noi hawse! I look long time; not can find. He take one tree; I find tree."

"That's hard luck, Ruperte; but I guess the critters'll git home all right bimeby. Say, boys; if Betsy does that job like I think she will, I'll stand for the busted rigs."

Betsy was an object well calculated to strike terror to the heart of an unsophisticated cayuse. Twelve feet high, from the ground to the top of the smokestack; her two great drivewheels, seven feet in diameter, and a tire-width of two feet six inches, making her width more than eight feet, while the steering wheel in front gave her a length of over fourteen feet. From the bulbous-topped smokestack, above the upright boiler, poured a dense volume of black smoke, for this seventy-five-horse-power traction engine was fired with black oil, fed into her boiler by means of a pipe leading from a reservoir above the water-tank.

She rolled heavily from side to side as she rumbled along the street, snorting and puffing. Truly, any horse might be pardoned for thinking evil of so fearsome a monster on first seeing it, and those poor hysterical broncos of Springvalley had never beheld a traction engine before.

Betsy soon started for the cactus land, and after her went the curious ranchers. She stopped when close to the cactus, and stood as if looking doubtfully at the fearful stuff she was expected to overcome. It was apparently a solid mass; certainly nothing larger than a rabbit,

unless as large and thorn-proof as Betsy, could enter it. Most of it was about six feet tall, with here and there a bunch nine feet or more in height.

The fireman opened the oil-cocks enough to insure a hot fire, and then stepped off from his platform behind the engine, for the position would be untenable while Betsy was fighting the cactus. The engineer's seat was on top of the oil tank, eight feet from the ground, and practically above the danger line.

"All right, Frank," said the fireman.

Frank Hollis reached down and pulled the rod in front of him, and Betsy started. The steering wheel crunched into the cactus with a sound like the splitting of a gigantic, half-ripe watermelon.

In plunged Betsy, and was drenched with the cactus juice. She went slowly, and sometimes came almost to a halt in some particularly woody bunch, yet always crushed her way through and waddled on.

She had gone about a hundred yards when Hollis concluded that he needed a little more fire. He dared not stop the engine, for she might not start again, so setting the steering wheel straight in front, he climbed down to the fireman's platform and turned on more oil.

Betsy lumbered on.

As Hollis started to climb back to his seat, a broken branch which had been pressed back against its neighbors by the big drive-wheels, dropped behind the engine, striking Hollis on the leg as it fell. With a yell of pain he loosed his hold and fell back into the prickly pulp. He tried to stand, to get back on the engine; every movement caused him acute agony, and presently he lay still.

Betsy went on alone.

Those that were watching Betsy's performance saw the accident, and as many as wore heavy boots went in over the crushed cactus to bring out the engineer. Even the boots of the rescuers did not wholly protect them from the thorns, and it was with tightly pressed lips, twitching with the sharp pain occasioned by the poisonous stings, that they reached at last the tortured man.

Hollis screamed when they lifted him, and moaned incessantly while they carried him out.

Half a mile away, nearing the center of the patch, Betsy maintained her warfare against the cactus. It swung back as she thrust her steering wheel into it, and then crushed heavily against her sides, beating her with its spiked leaves, thrusting itself through the spokes of her drivers; but Betsy struggled on, hurling down all that opposed her, churning it to pulp and riding over it in triumph. At times only her black smokestack, with the blacker cloud above, was visible to the watchers; but they could see the tall cactus trees hurl themselves against the iron monster and sink beneath her grinding wheels.

Some of the ranchers took the engineer to Tierra Blanca, others stayed with the men that had brought him out, to help them cut off their boots and pull out the thorns; the rest ran around the cactus field with Yarrow and the fireman to meet Betsy if she should get through.

The steering gear could not move from where Hollis had set it, and Betsy went straight on. Had her engineer been with her, she would have avoided the toughest bunches, but he was not there; Betsy was alone, doing the work all her own way, and she would not be dismayed at anything that opposed her, but plunged straight on.

Yarrow and his companions were now in front of the engine, watching her as she forced her way toward them.

"She'll do it, the beauty!" exclaimed Yarrow.

Betsy was not a beauty at all, but her owner's enthusiasm was not wholly unjustified, for she was certainly magnificent.

"What are you going to do with her when this job's done?" asked one of the men.

"Just as good for a stationary as for a traction; I'll run a thresher with her."

Out she came, puffing complacently, apparently well satisfied with her success. The fireman turned off the oil, for the water was low in the boiler, and then climbed up and shut off the steam. When she had cooled down a little while, recovering from her tremendous efforts, he turned her round and started her back across the cactus patch.

The leveling of the cactus was now merely a matter of time. There was no longer any doubt, nor was there any danger of Betsy being stalled, for where the bunches were heavy and woody she could be turned off so as to crush the standing cactus with but half her width at once.

Hollis soon recovered, and took charge of Betsy again.

When the cactus was all laid, many big wagons were chained behind the engine, which hauled them here and there over the ranch, while they were being loaded with straw and dry branches of trees. When they were full she took them to the cactus field, and there they were unloaded. This was continued till a layer of inflammable stuff, three feet deep, was spread over the entire field, and then it was burned. The fire did not consume the cactus nor even kill it, but it cooked two or three feet of the mass so that it would not sprout strongly. Even a fairly well cooked cactus leaf—just a single leaf—will often put forth roots if left on the ground, and in time, if not interfered with, will become a tree—that is if a cactus plant can be called a tree.

For two months the partly cooked cactus was left to wither and die, or sprout; then Betsy went through it again, this time with a dozen gang plows trailing behind her, turning under what was partly dried and bringing up that which was still green, after which the burning was repeated. Still no horse could go on the field, so Betsy went over it several times more, with hayrakes behind her. It was a costly method of clearing land, even with the wonderful Betsy to make it possible, but it paid. The land cost about twenty dollars an acre to clear, and though the cactus could never be wholly eliminated, it acquired a value of forty dollars; as there were eight hundred acres, Yarrow was making money.

In November Yarrow took Betsy off of the cactus field and put her to plowing. She drew nine eight-gang plows as easily as eight horses could draw one.

In May, Yarrow burned off his cactus field again, and then set Betsy to raking it once more. When she had finished that she was laid up for a while, as the black-oil had burned out her flues, and Hollis and the fireman had to put in new ones. Betsy then rested until the middle of June, when a rancher who had been threshing fifteen miles from Tierra Blanca came to hire her to run his machine. So Hollis and Betsy's fireman started with their big pet (their pet for six years) to take the place of a crippled "stationary" and its incompetent engineer.

Betsy waddled along steadily at about four miles an hour (she was not designed for racing) till they came to Rocky Creek; there Betsy stopped; and there she stayed till Pertle came down to find out "why the h—ll" the engine didn't come.

"I don't like that bridge, Mr. Pertle," explained Hollis. "You see, Betsy ain't one of your little ten-ton stationaries."

Pertle said many unprintable things—he was losing about ten dollars an hour while his machine was still—conveying his opinion that the bridge was quite strong enough to hold up the engine. Finally he agreed to be responsible for the engine, and then Betsy started.

Hollis set the steering-gear, climbed down, and dropped off as the front wheel went on to the bridge. The fireman stepped from his platform a moment later, and Betsy went on alone.

For fourteen yards the bridge was no more than six feet above the

ground, and then there was a straight drop of fifty feet to the bed of the creek.

Betsy rolled along calmly for thirty feet; then she trembled, and puffed loudly, as if afraid, grinding her great drivers into the splintering planks till they gave way and she sank through. Solidly on her wheels she fell, three yards from the edge of the cliff. One half revolution of her drivers would carry her over, but her drivers had stopped, and now they began grinding deeply into the earth as she shrank back from her doom. The shock of the fall had thrown over the reverse lever, and Betsy was fighting for her life.

Pertle swore savagely; if she went into the creek it meant a loss of several thousand dollars to him. Hollis and the fireman were silent; they loved the great clumsy monster. They ran forward, for Betsy had come to a standstill, and with more steam she might still back away from danger. Before they could reach her the bank began to sink. The ponderous drivers turned backward, clutching at the earth as it slipped from under them; then fifteen feet of the bank split off, borne down by that fearful weight. The whistle-cord caught in the shattered timbers above as she fell, and Betsy plunged forward, screaming, to her death.

Harold, Cal.

THE COMPADRES.

BY VERONA GRANVILLE.



TELL thee a story, light of mine eyes? Nay, not a "true one;" for such in these wild parts are too terrible for young ears. What? Thou must have it true? Well, then, thou shalt hear of two *compadres*, who lived in their innocent youth on opposite banks of this river. Hark, how it rushes by like a mad thing! And how the wind lashes the *alisos*! It was such a night as this that Heraclio Bernal—Ah, thou turnest pale at the mention of that terrible name. It were well to defer the story. No? Thou wilt have it? Then sit here at my knee. There, thou wilt have no fear with thy old grandfather so near.

Thou knowest what it means to be *compadres*. To take an oath to love another youth forever and forever; and love him above father, mother, wife and all kin; to be to him more than brother, to suffer for him, to succor him, aye, if need be, to die for him. To turn from him—heaven knows no more heinous crime. Thou knowest the two rocks above the Cirupa barrancas, like two men striking each other? They, 'tis said, were two *compadres*, who forgot their vows to heaven, and were turned to stone. Their like may also be seen on the Naiel road, close to a great city of the south called Guanajuato.

Two youths lived near this wild river when thy grandfather had but few more years than thou. They were only sons of families long friends, and their fathers had been *compadres* before them, so that in truth they were as brothers. And when the father of Manuel died, he had a second father in Pancho's father; and no want came to the little house whose ruined walls thou art afraid to play about, because 'tis said the dead come back there to mourn, and *brujas* dance in the empty rooms after dark.

One day the father of Pancho was found dead at the foot of a great barranca, just where Rio de Candemafia makes a wild leap a thousand feet below. He must have slipped, and crushed his head, for he was a good man and numbered none but as friends.

Pancho grieved for his father, whom he had dearly loved; but there is much to heal the wounds of youth, and Pancho's grief was soon assuaged. Not so with his little *compadre*. He grieved and would not

be comforted. To make the *comadre* and the little ones more comfortable, he gave all the money he earned by trapping and selling deer to the *gringos* who came to work the mines at Concheffio. One day after an outburst of grief he fled to the mountains and was seen no more. Then came hard times for the people of the river. The waters came as never before. The family of Pancho was drowned. The mother and sister of Manuel became a prey to grief which ate their hearts away. And when they died, Pancho left his native forest and the *bruja*-haunted river. He went into the great world of the interior and there worked in the mines of Durango. In the years that passed he took to wife a sweet-faced girl with eyes of heaven's own beauty, like unto thine own, little one. And her name was the same as thine, my Perla. And as the happy years passed there dwelt in his heart but one grief, the uncertain fate of his *compadre*.

It was in the days when Mexico had but few railroads, before the good Diaz came to make happy and prosperous the people, and when bandits swarmed the mountain passes to rob and kill packers who supplied the merchants with cloth and spices and other foreign things from the distant port of Mazatlan. Terrible deeds were done in the lonely passes, and scarce a week passed without some of the bandits coming even into the town itself. And so skillful was the terrible Heracilio Bernal at disguising himself that 'twas said he walked the streets of Durango when he listed, and he or his companions heard all that was said in their disfavor. And anyone speaking ill of Bernal or his men was sure to suffer sooner or later. Toll was exacted from every merchant in Durango, which was gladly paid, that the pack trains from Mazatlan might be unmolested. One day a party of *gringos*, two men and two women, left the plaza to visit their mines two leagues away. They were strangers to the country, and when warned of bandits scoffed and jeered at those who knew. And before they had ridden a hundred *metros*, a tall man in silver brodered *charro* suit, with fair hair, eyes like the skies and terrible mien, commanded them to halt. They could do naught but obey, so terrifying was the appearance of the man; and, mounting one of the horses and leading the other three, he galloped thrice around the plaza in bravado; and not a hand was raised to stay him as he rode off toward the mountains, leaving the *gringos* to lament their folly. For years the bandits prospered and were as kings in the high passes where no one dared to venture in pursuit.

Time passed and changes came to Mexico. The good man who became the leader of the people caused a railroad to be built and Durango was no longer isolated from the world. Soldiers came farther in one day than before in twenty. All breathed freer, and said that bandits would soon be no more in the mountain passes of Durango.

Yet as time passed the terrible Heracilio Bernal, with a great price upon his head, still flourished. He lived a charmed life and 'twas said that *duendes* and *brujas* were his accomplices.

Pancho had never seen the terrible man and when the *administrador* of the mine told him to prepare to take the bars of silver to Mazatlan, in place of the conductor who had been killed, he felt but little fear, because a detachment of cavalry would leave an hour before the bullion train. The general of the division was determined to capture the terrible Heracilio Bernal, who, it was rumored, had been wounded and deserted by his men. The price for his head was ten thousand *pesos*. "This sum," said Pancho in his mind, "perhaps I can win; for in my journey over the mountain passes, on my return from the safe conduct of the bullion, I may tarry a little and search for the nest of the bandits. My mountain-passed boyhood will teach me where to look for the hidden foe. I have heard this Heracilio Bernal, even as I, is mountain-bred."

The soldiers had cleared the path of bandits and the journey to Mazatlan was made in safety. There was naught to fear on the return, for

the packers carried but a few fanegas of corn and a little salt, killing a deer as they had need of more food. When they reached the *cordon* of the mountain, Pancho sent ahead his companions to Durango, and taking a little salt and a rifle, he left the trail and crept softly through the underbrush, his keen eyes alert, his ears open to the slightest sound, his fine strong young body, supple as a deer's, bending like a reed among the thick chaparral that none but a mountain-born man could penetrate. Every fiber of his body thrilled, every sense was exquisitely attuned. The old life, the one real life—the mountain life—was his again. But following the sense of exultation was a bitter drop. Something was gone from the old life. The forest blossom had lost its odor; the strong man lacked a sixth sense—a *compadre*.

"Were he but here," he said bitterly, "what sport 'twould be to chase this Heraclio Bernal to his den and fall upon him, even were he supported by a score of men, Manuel and I could vanquish them. Ah, Manuel, Manuel, Manuel," he cried, "how my heart has grieved for thee, my friend, my brother, my dear lost *compadre*." Then, checking his grief, he went on and on, ascending and descending the rocky defiles and clambering like a goat from crag to crag. The rain began to fall, the wind to moan among the branches of the great alisos, lightning forked the sky and thunder claps resounded from peak to peak. And as he descended into a trail made by the wild sheep to a little stream in an arroyo, his quick eye caught sight of something that made his blood rush through his veins like fire. 'Twas a bit of silver cord, such as is used to cross from button to button on the *charro* pantaloons. No horse-man could pass that steep trail. There was a fugitive ahead of him. Creeping on hands and knees and peering over the bank he saw a man bathing a wounded knee in the water. He could not see his face, but the long, fair hair told him that it was Heraclio Bernal, the bandit chief. For he was fair, of good Castilian blood, even as were the two *compadres* of whom I speak, with naught of an Indian strain that gives the Mexicans so dark a color. Pancho raised his rifle to fire, but something akin to pity filled his heart as he heard the heavy groans of the wounded man. He was dying. There was no mistaking the awful sound that issued from his clenched teeth as he fell back on the bank, his wounded limb dangling in the water and making crimson its spray as it leapt over its pebbly bed. Throwing himself down the bank, Pancho caught the dying man in his arms. His fair face was as white as the snow, his blue eyes like glass. Between his clenched teeth came words that Pancho bent close to hear, and the dying man murmured, "Pancho, Pancho."

"Who art thou", cried Pancho, "that knowest my name. Speak, man, before thou diest!" And the dying man essayed to speak, but before he could give utterance, the eyes of Pancho fell upon a little iron cross that hung from the man's neck by a cord. He knew the cross. It seemed but yesterday that he had given it to Manuel Varela to seal their vows of *compadreria*. Snatching the cross from the breast of the dying man he cried, "Speak, and tell me truth as thou art dying. How camest thou by this cross? Where is my friend, my brother, my *compadre* to whom I gave this symbol?"

The man opened his glassy eyes and said, "Pancho Valtierra, dost thou not know me? I am Heraclio Bernal, the bandit chief, he who was thy *compadre* in days long gone; he who killed thy father. There, on the ground is my *machete*. Take it and sever my head from my body. Take the head on which a price is set and gain for thee and thine ten thousand *pesos*. 'Tis all I can do to expiate my crime of killing thy father. It matters not that 'twas by accident I threw the stone that hurled him to his death. I could not stay to see thee mourn a father, my *comadre* mourn a husband. I fled to these mountains where I hoped to forget the past in deeds of violence. Hark, what is that? Pursuers,

soldiers! They come to gain the price upon my head. Take my *machete* and sever it from my body. I could at best live but an hour. Strike—quick. But stay a moment. Press thy lips to mine and say 'I forgive'—'tis but a little word and it may count with God to my credit. Ah, that is well—thou hast forgiven. Strike—strike!"

And when the soldiers burst through the chaparral like wolves scenting their prey, a man rose before them, and in his right hand he held a *machete* and in the other the head of Heraclio Bernal, the outlaw, and claimed the price of ten thousand *pesos* set upon it.

What did Pancho do when the money was his? Like many another, money was his ruin—blood money—blood money!

First his sweet-faced wife fell a prey to the evils brought about by wealth to which she was not born. She left Pancho and the little Perla to lead a gay life in the great city of Mexico. The little one, light of Pancho's eyes—even as thou art of mine—made sore his heart always by his light ways, and she, too, followed in her mother's path, leaving the old man to care for her babe. And then he left the gay town of Durango, where maidens love to do naught but coquette with every passing stranger on the plaza. He took the little Perla back to the mountain home where maidens are so near heaven that naught of evil can befall them.

Why do I weep, little one? Oh, 'tis only because I am an old man and such wild tales bring back the memory of one long dead, rest his soul with the angels, for he was not all bad, not all bad.

There, there, little one. Bring thy cot and place it close to mine. Hold my hand until sleep closes thy sweet eyes; and dream not of the terrible Heraclio Bernal, but of him who was not all bad, not all bad, Manuel Varela, the *compadre*.

Metechie, Chihuahua, Mexico.

THE SOLDIER'S WILL.

THIS quaint and touching "last will and testament" of a Spanish soldier in New Mexico, 77 years ago—long before Americans knew that country—was ferreted out by Dr. Elliott Coues in the archives of Santa Fé, shortly before his death, and is here translated.

WILL OF JOSÉ ANTONIO ALARID.

In the name of Almighty God, and in the presence of Our Lady the Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our Lady, and of all the Saints, Angels and all the Celestial Court, I, José Antonio Alarid, state that I protest and say that I faithfully and truly believe in the Mystery of the Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, three distinct persons and one only true God, and that the second person, which is our Lord Jesus Christ, became man in the most pure womb of Our Lady the Virgin Mary, she being virgin before, during and after the birth; and I also believe in my heart and confess with my mouth all which Our Holy Mother the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church holds, believes and confesses, and in this holy faith I desire to live and die, wherefore I make this my testamentary memorandum in the following form:

In the first place, I give my soul to God our Lord, who created and redeemed it at the price of his most precious blood, and my body I give to the earth from which it was made; and if God should be pleased to take me unto Him, I hereby request that my body be buried at the entrance of the church, and that my funeral be an humble one, as it becomes a soldier, which I am, and according to the ordinances.

I also state that I am a soldier with the rank of first sergeant in the Santa Fé Company, now on duty at this post of San Fernando.

I also declare to have been married, and have received the nuptial blessing according to the rites of our holy Mother Church, to Rosa Sandoval for thirty-eight years, from which marriage we had and reared eight children, who are, John, Mariano (deceased), Dolores (deceased), Manuel, Floréncia, María de la Cruz, Ignacio and Yaidro, whom I declare to be my lawful children and heirs.

I also declare for my property a cut-off regulation gun, one cartridge box, one leather shield, one saber, one scabbard, one pair of spurs, one saddle, one pair of saddle bags.

I also have of wearing apparel : one new uniform, a pair of trousers ; also a new red waist-coat, a pair of buckskin trousers, hemmed, lined, and never used ; a worn cloak, a worn hat, a colored blanket, a white blanket, a zarape of blue color, a change of underclothing—much used ; an embroidered pouch, an Ordnance Manual, two pair of oxen, one horse, one mule, two spits, a big ax, an adze, a chisel, one branding iron, two plow points, my dwelling-house, which consists of seven rooms, and of a straw-shed, and a stable with its piece of land back of it for an orchard ; a tract of tillable land that measures from north to south fifteen hundred and twenty-eight varas, from east to west one hundred and eighty-nine varas ; another tract of land at the entrance to the cañon of San Fernando, which is from north to south thirteen hundred and fifty-two varas, from east to west one hundred and sixteen varas ; one platform for forage with nine uprights with its roof and railing in the same land.

I also declare to be my wish that my dwelling-house, with all its furniture and utensils, a yoke of oxen, and all the tools, and half of the land belonging to the house remain the property of my wife, and of a little boy I raised.

I also declare that my son Juan owes me three hundred and fifteen coin dollars. I order that two hundred and eighty-nine dollars be paid to Tomas Sanchez for the house in which I dwell and its land.

I also declare that the soldier, Tomas Maldonado, deceased, owes me fifteen coin dollars, as it is shown by his last will, which is in the hands of the Governor.

I also declare that Antonio Duran, citizen of the Cañada de Cochiti, owes me four cows with their calves.

I also declare that Anacleto Valensuela owes me thirty-two 10-quarter blankets, and five sheepskins.

I also declare that my son Manuel owes me two cows with their calves, a pair of three-year-old bulls and five goats with their kids, which he got without my pleasure and permission.

I also declare I owe Manuel Gallego one hundred and forty coin dollars.

I also declare I owe Antonio Ortiz, I do not remember how much, but from my accounts and credits it will be seen. The last payment I made was four volumes of Columbus, which he took for twenty-eight dollars, a sorrel mule in twenty-two dollars ; whatever I may yet be indebted to him, I wish it paid ; and this last payment I delivered it to the deceased Fernando Delgado in his own hands, and he it was who loaned me that amount.

I also declare I owe D. Atanacio sixty-six dollars ; to Pablo Lucero twenty-two coin dollars, and a cow with a calf.

I also declare that I owe José Francisco Ortiz twenty-six dollars ; to the heirs of the deceased Gertrudis Ortiz twenty-one dollars ; to Josefa Miera twelve dollars ; to the soldier José Jaramillo six dollars.

I also declare for my property and balance of my accounts whatever the paymaster says, after he has gone over my accounts ; and from that I request that all these items that I owe be paid, and from the remaining

surplus I order that six masses be paid for the repose of my soul to San Miguel, six to San Juan Nepomuceno, six for the souls in purgatory, one to the great power of God; and after having paid everything, that a third part be given to my wife, and the remaining money as well as goods be divided in equal parts among my children, so that they may enjoy it with the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

I also declare that I appoint as my executors, in the first place, my son Juan; in the second, corporal Jose Salaises, of my company, and in the third, my wife, whom I request and charge and ask for love's sake to do and act as I have requested.

I declare that I had forgotten to mention the land I have in Galisteo, a ranch. I ordered it to be sold for ten cows, that being what has been offered to me. Also that Miguel Griego owes me three goats with their kids and three one-year olds. I order that they be collected and that everything be distributed in equal parts among my said heirs.

I also declare to have a hall and a room at the town of San Fernando which belongs to the lands of the cañon, and all of it may be distributed; it is also my desire that of the rest of my property and money six dollars in coin be given to the forced legacies.

I also declare that I have made no other will or codicil, and in case any such should appear I revoke and annul any such memorandum or codicil that may so appear, and I only want this to be real, true and sure.

And for its greater validity I requested the corporal of my company and actual commander of this post, Josef Salaises, to interpose his military decree; and I said corporal said that I would and have interposed it to the extent by law conferred upon me, with two assistant witnesses, who are Josef Torres (carbineer) and Josef Xaramillo (soldier), and the party executing it signed with me and the witnesses named. To all of which I certify. Fortified Post of San Fernando, March twelfth, eighteen hundred and twenty-two.

JOSE ALARID (Rubric).

JOSEF SALAISES (Rubric).

Attending:

JOSEF TORRES (Rubric).

Attending:

JOSEF XARAMILLO. (Cross.)

SOLITUDE

BY LOUIS J. BLOCK.

FORTH from the many noises let me pass,
 Under these trees I find my younger soul again,
 I hear the soft faint whisper of the grass,
 And sweeter is it than the words of men;
 I must forego the weariness of strife,
 The saddening search for things of little worth,
 The bitter foils that break the heart of life,
 And dull the sources of the truer mirth.
 Let me be freed from all those storms awhile,
 Be glad to watch the light play on the brook,
 Bathe myself in the sky's unvarying smile,
 And read again the songs in nature's book;
 So shall the day's swift changes bring to me
 The olden joys, the lost serenity.

Chicago, Ill.

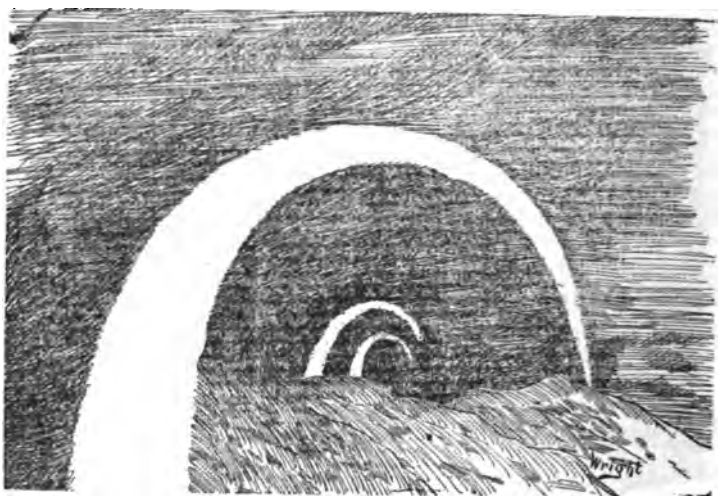
FOG-BOWS.

BY WILL A. WRIGHT.

THE rainbows, believed in our school days to promise that the world shall never again be destroyed by flood, are so common that probably every grown person has seen at least one every year of his life.

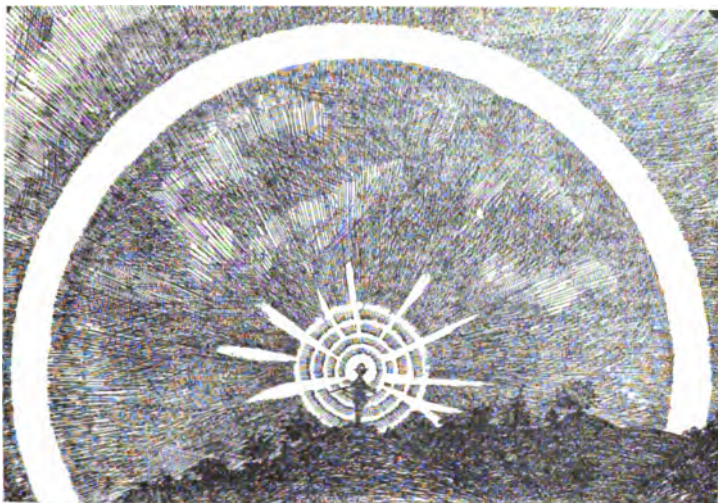
Fog-bows are of rarer occurrence. These weird apparitions of the fogs occur only, so far as I know, in countries bordering on the sea-coast.

October 2, 1894, while on a hunting trip in Orange county, California, I witnessed a strange freak in fog-bows. About seven o'clock in the



morning a fog of unusual density still hung over the valley. So dense was it that I could hardly see twenty yards away. Suddenly the sunlight broke through the mass, and immediately the fog began to fade. At the same time a fog-bow made its appearance, not against the bank of fog, as is usual, but set right down in its midst. One end of the arc appeared to be only about twenty yards away. From this point the bow gradually diminished throughout the curve until it faded, in the distance, to a faint streak. As the sunlight grew stronger and the dissipation of the fog continued, two smaller bows appeared in the center, having the same trend, proportion and color as the primary bow. This bow lasted fully half an hour. The commoner fog-bows consist of a single arc of silvery whiteness.

On July 5, near Los Angeles, I saw a most remarkable fog halo, of which an imperfect idea is given by the illustration. I had climbed to the top of a hill about 500 feet altitude, where everything below me was shrouded in a thick undulating fog, that spread over the country



like a vast white sea. The sun arose above the fog, clear and bright. At half-past six o'clock the fog began to drift. With this movement the halo made its appearance, unusually clear and sharp. Walking to the crest of the hill to get a better view, my shadow was thrown in almost inky blackness upon the fog in the center of the halo.

The observer of a rainbow well knows that he is always situated exactly on a line between the sun and the bow itself. Around the head of the shadow was formed a series of prismatic rings of clear rainbow brilliancy. As the bow began to fade, streaks of light radiated from the head in the shadow and from between and behind the rings. In the center, directly around the head of the shadow, was the same silvery whiteness of the primary bow.

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

I please my fancy thinking, moons ago,
 The lands played here the old Hellenic tale.
 Came one with earnest face and cheek o'er pale,
 With eyes lore-laden. And another one
 Whose regal front owed vassalage to none,
 High browed and haughty. Then her azure veil
 The third one loosed, and clothed in dazzling mail
 Of perfect beauty, met the morning sun.

Holding the golden fruit, the arbiter
 Advanced to judge between the three who sued;
 He gazed, he paused a breath's incertitude,
 Then reached the prize, afraid of no demur,
 And yielding to her beauty great and calm,
 Laid it in California's rosy palm.

Redlands, Cal.



LOOKING-
GLASS

"An Old Subscriber" seems really concerned to know "Why the Lion mentions God so often, and how the Lion comes to know so much about God?"

Confidentially, now, the Lion does not know much about God—though he has friends who do. They can tag, measure and delimit Him. They know what is His native tongue, His religious denomination, His political party. The Lion also used to know, until he got too many friends. It was more comfortable so; for with infinite good taste God always belongs to the nation, church and party of the speaker. The Lion's embarrassment came when his friendships were no longer confined to the provincial, and when he began to learn that the Human Race is human, instead of only a few streets in Boston; and while God agreed with all these people, they did not agree with one another. It is at least disconcerting, after twenty-odd years of New England certitude that English is the only language understood in heaven; that God is a Methodist, and is really sorry for Baptists and Universalists, and doesn't recognize the "Romish" church at all (a pleasant christian word He is supposed to have invented); and that His Hand is chiefly exercised to push politicians of my party where they wish to go, and fear the people wouldn't let them go if they were not Divinely Pushed—it is disconcerting, I say, to find out later, on equally good authority, that the Almighty is Catholic, a Democrat, and understands prayers in Spanish, French and Parsee, without an interpreter. And it has been too much for the Lion. He has had to give up putting Wanamaker clothing upon the Infinite. He is no longer even dead sure that God is an Anglo-Saxon! But he is surer than ever of a rather more important fact.

It is a curious study to see what different people think God "looks like;" and having seen now, not only their own exemplary diagrams but a great many thousand actual portraits, the Lion confesses himself inextricably tangled. The hideous Aztec porphyries wreathed with snakes, the wide-winged money-lenders of Assyria, the curly Jove of Olympus, the Brighamite personage engraved in my bible of 300 years ago—far be it from me to say which of these, or of ten thousand others, is the better likeness. The Hebrew artist never draws a God with a Grecian nose, nor the Hottentot a God of light complexion, nor the Administration politician a God who looks as if He could insist on the decalogue a month after He promulgated it. In fine, man makes God in his own image—"only a little more so." That is the reason he makes so poor a job of it on the average. For when you come to build Someone to swing the universe, and possess Space as it were a span, and construct Him on the lines and specifications of a tinker who cannot solder a leaky tea-kettle any too well, there is likely to be a certain disproportion.

Do these ironies seem acute? Unfortunately, those who may be offended at them really believe these things and do not know it—for we believe as we do, not as we say.

There are a great many things I do not know about God. But this little I do know—for He tells me. God is not my belly, nor my pocket,

nor my ignorance, nor my lusts. He is not a chance to rob my neighbor, nor an excuse to do what I like, nor a scapegoat for dodging my duty. Whatever else He is, He is the something bigger and better than I. He is what I must climb to, not what I can fall into. He is the Right.

And the reason He is frequently mentioned here, in the crude methods of speech He outfitted me with, is that I believe it is better to look up than down—or than in the mirror. "God" in these pages means simply—but literally—the Best We Know. Scientifically, that is what it means anywhere. And the Best We Know is a good enough standard to apply to whatsoever case.

It is not pleasant to believe that the people who still claim **THE DEADLY DIVERGENCE.** that our conquest of the Philippines is expansion like Jefferson's, and that we are merely repeating the acquisition of Louisiana, California and the like, are willfully dishonest. And it is not necessary. In all probability they are merely very ignorant of history, and just a little obfuscated by the buzz in their ears. For there is no more parallel than there is between a republic and an empire. All our previous expansion has been in territory, to get room for our People. The few thousand natives concerned in the transfer did not fight against it. We guaranteed them—and have given them—all the rights and privileges of our citizenship. That was republicanism. But the McKinley innovation is empire pure and simple. It takes in densely populated countries, not to get room for our People, but to give swing to our Trusts. It buys ten million inhabitants at \$2 per head, refuses them citizenship, and when they fight for their human rights it shoots them down. The Constitution covered Louisiana and California, and all our other expansions. It is not allowed to cover the Philippines nor any of our Imperial conquests. And the man who pretends that we have not hereby departed from all our traditions and all our principles must accept the charge of gross ignorance or stand a much more serious indictment.

Prof. Bernard Moses, of the University of California, and just **MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.** now an ornament to the Philippine Civil Commission, is one of the handsomest men in California—and one of the least imaginative. His signed contribution to the last *Blue and Gold* (the annual book of the U. of C.) out-Beveridges the Boy Orator of the Wabash, without any of Beveridge's button-hole rhetoric—for Prof. Moses is a sober man, not an Infant Phenomenon. He believes that the Trust is the perfect flower of American institutions; and that Philippine soil will be a first-rate place to set out more plants. He confesses—as even so punctual a literalist has to confess—that the Islands are no place for Americans who work. But they are bully for Trusts, Syndicates, Corporations. The American occupation will be, he says very truly, by a *class*, not by the people. No other territory, he admits, was ever before taken by the United States for the Privileged Few—all our "expansions" hitherto have been to make room for American settlers, not American monopolies. The present war of conquest, precipitated and waged by one man who does not lie awake nights to hate Trusts, is purely and solely for the benefit of what Prof. Moses is pleased to call "the organizing and dominant class." That class numbers a few thousand people, smart enough to get 70,000,000 to pay their freight. Common Americans, as Prof. Moses wisely observes, will have to stay in America. Expansion is for the schemers. The Lion has no bones to pick with Trusts. He expects them to go as far as we let them—power always does. The curious thing in the matter is that Prof. Moses, being bright enough to see that nobody but the Trusts can be benefited by Imperialism, should be temporarily dull enough to presume that a whole nation will furnish soldiers and war-taxes forever to fatten a class we seriously talk of dieting a little, anyhow.

NOT DEEP

BUT

LOUD.

In early days a New York collection agency sent to its correspondent in Dakota several accounts to "push." When a report was made, one bill bore the legend: "No one to collect from. Man dead." By an oversight the same account was sent the same agent a year later. This time it came back with the memorandum: "Man still dead." Congressman Loud's little Postal Bill to drive small publishers out of business is "still dead." There are needs for postal reform, certainly; but as long as the government pays railroads for hauling the mail about twenty times the rate that a corporation pays them for hauling oil or sugar, Mr. Loud's solitudes seem tender at the wrong end.

THE

WHITE

INDIAN.

The death in Washington, April 10, of Frank Hamilton Cushing, removes one of the most striking figures in ethnology, not only here and now, but in all the history of the science. Mr. Cushing was altogether a sort by himself; an astonishing compound of traits great and small. It is hardly too much to call him a genius in a certain line; and he was even more paradoxical than genius is expected to be. Some brief review and estimate of this extraordinary character will be made in another number.

HONOR

TO WHOM

HONOR.

The plan to found, in honor of the late D. G. Brinton, a "Brinton Chair of American Archaeology and Ethnology" in the University of Pennsylvania, is commendable. Here was a man who merited remembrance; and there are living Americans whom it is well to remember at the same time. We need such a chair—we need a good many. For the field is ripe unto the harvest, and the laborers are few. It is to be hoped that this plan to forward American research will find people of brains and money to endow it. Those who are interested may learn particulars from the Brinton Memorial Committee, 44 Mt. Vernon street, Boston.

NOT

SUCH

FOOLS.

With the natural impulsiveness of youth, a good many of us who sympathize—as all unadulterated Americans do—are a bit sore because the embattled Dutchmen in South Africa "can't take anything." Ladysmith, Mafeking and all—why don't these superb defenders of their liberty capture what they besiege?

This is natural, but young. The Boers are rather grayer about the temples. They cannot afford to take things—and they do not try. They just besiege. Ladysmith, eh? Well, here were 7000 Boers imprisoning 15,000 Britons in the town, and gluing 30,000 more, under Buller, to the same part of the map, for weeks and weeks. That is brains. In war, time is money to any invaded country; and the invader pays. Every day's delay is profit to the Boers and loss to the English.

And suppose the farmers had taken Ladysmith? What would they do with 15,000 prisoners? March to Pretoria with them, stay in Pretoria to guard them, add 33 per cent. to the little republic's expenses to feed them, and leave Buller and his 30,000 free to invade the Transvaal.

Never thought of that? Well, you may be sure the Boers did. That is the reason they conduct "unsuccessful sieges." Their game is not to catch white elephants, but to tie up five to ten times their number and let Time do its work.

ONE

OF THE

TOKENS.

Machiavelli did not say—though it is put in his mouth—that "speech was invented to disguise our thoughts." It was really invented, perhaps, to hide our lack of thought. For instance, no one needs to think, who can say that the South African Republic is a Hateful Oligarchy, largely unwashed; and that England's is a daily-tubbed divine mission to spread Freedom and Democracy. He doesn't even have to think what is on the blackboard. In the army of the Hateful Oligarchy, a Republic Only in Name, the officers are chosen for their brains. There is no objection to a common person if he can

Bamboozle Britishers. That is a reason why the Boer army is so liberally supplied with officers who can. In the army of the Only Lover of Liberty, on the other hand, no poor man can be an officer. The captain is captain not because he knows anything, but because he has Blood and can buy his commission and has a lazy income so that he can live up to it. No man like Miles, a crockery clerk; or like Lawton; or like Grant; or like Sheridan could be a general in the British army. He isn't an aristocrat, he hasn't the Blood, he hasn't the money. What have his brains to do with it? And that is the reason why the British side of the war has been one long series of stupid blunders. There are people foreordained to believe that England is fighting for liberty. They would believe anything. England is fighting for the precise conditions she fights by—and finds it mighty expensive—the amiable doctrine that a gentleman is one who does nothing; and that any man born with an income is divinely appointed to captain men born without one; and that both are hereditary lords of any base-born farmers in Lexington or Pretoria.

It was the good edge of a good wedge when David Starr Jordan, THE FIRST STEP
President of Stanford University, Benj. Ide Wheeler, President COSTS.
of the University of California, and Thos. J. Kirk, Superintendent of Public Instruction, were duly empowered to appoint the other members of a much-needed State Educational Commission. Naturally, these judges picked a good venire; and the Commission held its first meeting last month in San Francisco. Its aim is to better our public schools; to knock some of the politics out of them and some common-sense into them. And they need it. California is no worse off than other States—but it ought to be a great deal better off. So long as it is notorious that Germany has better public schools than this whopping nation has, Americans have some obligation to be trying to catch up; and for a good many philosophic reasons, California is the most hopeful corner for the catching-up process.

The Commission meeting was admirable in tone and temper, THEIR
in the freedom and impetus of its discussions, in the prompt LARGE
sanity with which it rejected the only plugged quarters attempted to be passed on it, and in its evident determination to improve CONTRACT.
conditions as far and as fast as possible. The only discouraging feature was no fault of the Commission. The people who do *not* try are the ones to blame that reforms can go neither faster nor farther. The meeting was perhaps most significant in the fact that this company of maybe forty people, educated and education-caring, from all parts of the State, did not dare to think of hoping to do more, at the outset, than recommend some changes in styles of manicuring. Any radical hope to simplify and rationalize the enormously complicated roller-process mill into which our school system has been turned, must fall a long way ahead. Meantime, the real friends of education must be content to do only what they may.

Just how absurd much of our educational machinery has become, it is certain that few people realize. The technicians do "THE HEATHEN
not, for they are too busy with the machine—and too near it. IN HIS
Parents do not, for they are too far from it. They care less and less. BLINDNESS."
A great many of them do not even know the name of the teacher of their children. I meet hordes of such parents—"good people," who would be scandalized if called "worse than a heathen," as the scriptures are impolite enough to term them. For a smart people—as we make no bones of calling ourselves—we have allowed an incredible amount of folly to leak into the first thing a really smart people would take care of. It is mighty convenient to send our children to school and "get shut" of all parental responsibility thereby. It is mighty comfortable

to think that the attraction of gravitation takes care of the schools, and that we needn't bother. But comfortable and convenient as it is, it isn't business. Eternal vigilance is the price of several other things besides liberty.

The first step to a reform is to know its need. Is it too harsh to speak of our public school system as now at the manicure stage? Let us see.

STRICTLY

BURGLAR-

Are you aware, for example, what a serious misdemeanor it is to teach music, drawing, penmanship, gymnastics or manual training in one of our public schools? A blacksmith cannot lawfully be hired to teach boys to pound iron; nor a carpenter to instruct them how to saw straight; nor a woman to show girls how to make bread less sodden than the average school-board's brains—unless he or she has passed a critical examination and obtained a Teacher's Certificate in each and all of the following modest and pertinent studies:

Vocal Music,
Psychology
Physiology,
School Law,
Algebra,
Drawing,
Orthography,
Reading,
Arithmetic,
Penmanship.

Composition,
Defining and Word Analysis,
English and American Literature,
Botany and Zoölogy,
History of the United States,
Elementary Physics,
English Grammar,
Plane Geometry,
Book-keeping,
Geography.

Now, in the name of all the gods at once! Take this along with you to the basement or some other corner serene for thought, and set your mind at it.

BAR

OUT

MEN.

Of course it is not too much to say that no absolutely first-class cook, carpenter, or smith ever lived who could pass such an examination. Wagner couldn't, Rafael couldn't, Hercules couldn't. It is not unscientific to presume that no one ever will. We are all poor worms of the dust, inching along in our finiteness. And with all our conceit we know enough to know it. We care more whether our blacksmith can shoe a horse without throwing it lame than for his views on the Greek aorist. A Bridget who can boil water without burning it is nearer home in our economics than one up in psychology and down in the culinaries. Fancy choosing a carpenter for his grasp of the Victorian poets! But that is what we are doing in our schools; and our children pay the freight. Bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, bud of our immortality—what are they, that we should consider them?

BERTHS

FOR THE

AMATEURS.

This provision of law is, of course, by deliberate intention of the heelers, to whom we leave law-making. It is to save all the manual training jobs for the nice young graduates of our Normal and University training schools, and to keep workmen from breaking in. For these amiable youths are no more workmen than a retoucher in a tintype gallery is an artist. Doubtless there are some of them who could make a living by selling the things they make; but I never saw one. And the law is expressly designed to support those who cannot. What do our children count, compared with our patriotic duty to supply jobs to all who would rather go to college than learn to make shoes?

TO SAVE

THEIR

FEELINGS.

Another reason for this confluent idiocy in our system is that the able persons already "certificated" to teach Latin, algebra, or literature in our schools wish to protect their own republican dignity. It would be pretty hard on some of them to have to meet any man who had actually contracted sweat at honest work and

couldn't smatter in psychology. Any one who knows the average caliber of these people must feel for them—any one who is aware of their endemic grammar, spelling, and horizon; any one who knows how soon science and the classics would wilt and die without them. Their only comfort must be the reflection that so far as the artisan is concerned who *can't* pass an examination in 23 smatters, the feeling is mutual. One is reminded of the rural lovers:

"Don't you tell nobody you beamed me home tonight, Silas."

"Now, Nell! Don't you be afraid! I'm just as 'shamed of it as you be."

The Lion would be the last brute to deride "book-learning" or to adore a Walking Delegate. Scholarship is good—if it's scholarship, not sham. Manual labor is often stupid—particularly since we have invented Unions to keep the sober, industrious, ingenious workman from getting any higher than the drunken, incompetent shirk. The great mistake is in thinking that either head or hand can get along without the other. Real education needs both. It is the process which fits a man to live. HEAD
AND
HAND.

A classical training is a good tool. The Lion had nearly 20 years at the grindstone—beginning Latin at seven, Greek at eight, Hebrew at nine, and the rest in their due order and proportion. He finds them useful every day of his life. He doesn't count the time as wasted. But he learned more of vital utility in one year on his own feet than in fifteen years of "fitting" and four years of Harvard. When he had to find his way in the wilderness or perish there; and cook for himself or starve; and house himself or go stark under a hard sky; and stand alone or fall apart—why, he came to understand the post-graduate Man-course, and to approve of Education. Which means, in fact as in heredity, drawing a man out; and not instruction, which simply signifies Piling it Into Him. WORDS
AND
DEEDS.

Genius is a thing God is stingy of. We can't go and buy it nor yet pick it up in the road. But there is nothing on earth to hinder us from having common sense. The brute beasts all have it, and it's "coming" to us. And it is high time we went back and met it half way, and hung at least a sample of it in every room of our public schools. AS TO
COMMON
SENSE.

Ah, the old days! How fast they are fled—and how far! Was California ever at the ends of the earth? Was there really a paleozoic time when men walked a continent's width to get to it; and a letter home cost as much postage as two hundred and fifty letters require now; and the Santa Fé trail was the overland line, with prairie schooners for Pullmans; a day of bullwhackers and the Pony Express? Aye, there was—so long ago that doubtless not forty per cent. of the easy people who dwell in California now could give any intelligible account of what all these things were and meant. How many of us are aware of Alexander Majors, who died the other day at the mild age of 86? Yet this old man, superseded and poor, ran the first mail route and the first freight line across our continent. His caravans dotted the Great Plains, his headlong riders carried across a 2,000-mile desert the fastest mail the world had ever seen, at \$5 the half-ounce letter. Forty thousand oxen were locomotives to his Merchants' Express. Five thousand men were in his employ. They were the link between the hundred thousand rovers and the Old Folks at Home. And now? Why we sit in upholstery and are in Chicago in three days. And so is a two-cent letter. May be there is no Royal Road to Learning; but California is made easy—even though many never learn anything when they get here. As for the pioneers, they are few now. They were of the size of Men, and another of the larger of them is gone, now, where railroads shall never come—God rest him. GONE
OVER THE
DIVIDE.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.



THAT WHICH IS WRITTEN

A large, rich and dignified folio, embellished with more than fifty full-page portraits (from Rinehart's admirable negatives), and of text to warrant so expensive a setting, Geo. Bird Grinnell's *The Indians of Today* is a

INTERESTING
AND

VALUABLE.

good book for any library. It is hard to imagine any sort of mind whatever which would not find real interest in this work ; even those who think they "don't care anything about Indians" will be very likely to find, if they once dip into its sumptuous pages, that they care about this presentment of Indians. It is a very straightforward, unaffected, common-sense dealing with a human subject by an expert who is judicial though sympathetic. There is no maudlin sentimentality, no poetic vagueness, no brilliant inaccuracy. Mr. Grinnell "only speaks right on ;" soberly, coolly, and with the experience and study of a lifetime to back his dispassionate summing up. Nothing could be quieter than his arraignment of most of our Indian policies—the land-in-severalty swindle, the agency iniquities, the stupidities and cruelties of our system of Indian education. In an entirely impersonal way, as a book should, he insists upon most of the important points which this magazine has been making for nearly a year in its fight for reforms in our scheme of educating Indians. Perhaps no other book has made so clear the superiority of reservation schools, or schools near the reservation, over the big Eastern schools like Carlisle.

The breadth and sanity of Mr. Grinnell's treatment of a large question are admirable. His experience (as has been shown in former works) is strongest among the Plains Indians. As to the Southwestern tribes, it is palpably more academic and not infrequently weak. The statement, for instance, that the pre-Columbian tribes *all* had movable lodges, is grotesque in face of the thousand-year-old architecture which has made the Southwest famous, the world over, for three and a half centuries. Such misprints as "Grand Quivera" for Gran Quivira, and "Zuni" for Zuffi, are doubtless slips. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$5.

AN
INDIAN

PREACHER. A book of uncommon interest as record is *Samson Occom and the Christian Indians of New England*, by W. De Loss Love. The chronicle of the life and labors of this Mohegan Indian of New England, a century and a half ago, missionary among his own people successfully, and with honor among the whites, is of much historic worth and no small attractiveness to the curious reader. Mr. Love has done his work scrupulously and thoroughly ; and from a great number of sources has drawn us a very typical picture of that half-forgotten and rather narrow one-time activity for the conversion of our Eastern Indians. The only serious criticism of the book is a relative one. It might be much more illuminative if it had some comparison of other missionary work among American Indians ; for beside the enormous, effective and enduring policies which had already been at work for two centuries in Mexico and other Southern lands, all the missionary efforts of the Puritans were a futile fly-speck on a great map. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. \$1.50 net.

More varied and therefore more satisfactory than *Blix* or *Mc-Teague*, Frank Norris's latest novel, *A Man's Woman*, has all the strength and all the grimness one has come to expect in the work of this young California writer. There is a good deal of originality in the plot; and the drawing of the three chief characters is vivid. "Bennett," the hero, is an enormous brute; an impossible iron mastery fit to clutch even the frozen North by the throat. If any of our arctic explorers were really of his mold, the pole would have been conquered already. "Ferris," his lieutenant and victim, is more normal and doubtless more admirable. As for the heroine, "Lloyd," she is decidedly "a man's woman" done by a man; and yet inspiring in her way. The description of the horrors of the Freja expedition in search of the Pole is rather tremendous; and all in all the book is of very uncommon force. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

BEAUTY
AND THE
BRUTE.

The mere journalistic "assignment" on which Ida M. Tarbell began, half a dozen years ago, to collect unpublished documents and portraits of Abraham Lincoln, has grown unburiedly and logically in her hands to a serious and honorable contribution to history. Miss Tarbell may well feel proud of the two rich octavo volumes, aggregating nearly 900 pages and with more than fifty illustrations, in which her long and conscientious work has resulted. This very full and careful story of Lincoln is good reading for Americans at all times; and no less so now that so many forget what the Rail-splitter really was like—and how unlike he was to some others. A great number of documents and letters hitherto unpublished, and a remarkable series of interesting portraits add much to the interest of this worthy biography. Doubleday and McClure Co., New York. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. 2 vols., \$5.

THE
REAL
LINCOLN.

Evidently there is one more who counts. The nine stories in Jack London's *The Son of the Wolf* are good stuff, elemental and compelling. The hard-fisted, stiff-lipped, sound-hearted life of the men under the Arctic Circle; the elimination of the weaklings and scrubs, the oaken strength of the hard-trained fittest who survive, are here shown with a firm hand. There is something of crudity, now and then—though very little for a first book—but a grim strength all through. They are stories sure to take hold upon anyone with the real breath of life in him. Such tales as the title story, "The White Silence," "An Odyssey of the North," and "The Wife of a King," no one need be ashamed to have written; and the young Oaklander has every right to be proud of them. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

TALES
OF THE
FAR NORTH.

A reprehensible book, if I am any judge of boys' books, is Wm. O. Stoddard's *Running the Cuban Blockade*. Leaving aside altogether its political complexion—which may easily be inferred—it is a palpable and pernicious pot-boiler, done by the yard after Oliver Optic calico patterns, but without the presswork of even Oliver Optic. It is of the inherent-absurd order of adventure, and the music hall brand of "patriotism." Worst of all it seems intended to make boys believe that the officers of the United States navy are a dishonorable crowd, which they are not. If Mr. Stoddard has to write these cheap and vulgar catch-pennies to make a living, he isn't entitled to one. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. C. C. Parker, Los Angeles. \$1.25.

TRASH
FOR
BOYS.

Very 1900 in its make-up, and in the excellent style of its publishers, E. Gordon Craig's collection of 19 whisk-portraits of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry is something no family should be without. These pictures not only figure two actors who are household words; they are interesting documents of the school which throws a few

ART
AS SHE IS
DID.

ends of colored string at a piece of sticky flypaper and gets a "portrait" by the adhesion. Like [the lines in Mr. Crane's *Black Riders*, these portraits *must* be good—because we cannot see just what for. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$1.

The same firm publishes, as tastefully but with very handsome half-tones and a delicate pen-drawing by Penrhyn Stanlaws, *The Picture Book of Becky Sharp*, being a souvenir of that play upon Thackeray, with Minnie Maddern Fiske as "Becky." Paper, 25 cents.

TWO GOOD EYES. "Europe? Why, I can take the whole cream off it in a month!" The real person who said this has been embalmed in a select proverb. Sam T. Clover, the alert managing editor of the *Chicago Evening Post*, has not skimmed the whole cream of Europe into the slender pitcher of his *Glimpses Across the Sea*; but he has certainly made a very readable series of thumbnail sketches. His "impressions" of a six weeks' trip abroad have unusual freshness; clear American eyes with good American common-sense. His 16 days in London and Paris were evidently well spent. And the well dressed little volume is not only pleasant but illuminative. Windiknowe Pub. Co., Evanston, Ill.

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SOME SOUND VERSE. A slender volume of poems by no means slender is added to the achievement of Robert Cameron Rogers, of Santa Barbara, Cal., author of *The Wind in the Clearing*, and a couple of other books. The present outgiving, *For the King*, is something the most devout Californian need not blush for. The title poem is a strong setting of a biblical story; and among the "Lyrics of the Great Divide" and the miscellaneous numbers are several of uncommon appeal; direct, virile and of no trivial grace in thought and word. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.25.

HORNUNG'S STORY OF "THE BUSH." A new number in the handy and handsome "Ivory Series" is E. W. Hornung's *The Boss of Taroomba*. Like Mr. Hornung's other stories of the Australian bush, this is good flesh-and-blood, of the out-door virility. The sheep-station in the wilderness; the jealousies and meannesses which isolation begets upon little minds; the breadth it gives large ones; the ruffianism and the heroism—these are all in place. And with them the story of a love perhaps a trifle whimsical, but fine and clean. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. 75 cents.

DARKIES AND OTHERS. Ruth McEnery Stuart ought by this time to need no introduction, to any one who reads at all. Her stories are always welcome; for if the technique of their telling be a little bit conscious, it is very good technique, and above all she always has something to tell. *Holly and Pizen* is a collection of five of her short stories of the South, and as characteristic as any of her work. "Queen o' Sheba's Triumph" is as human as the rest, and the most ingenious of its company. The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York. \$1.25.

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